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LIFE IN INDIA.

A SERIES OF SKETCHES SHOWING SOMETHING OF THE ANGLO-INDIAN—THE LAND HE LIVES IN—AND THE PEOPLE AMONG WHOM HE LIVES.

98393

BY

EDWARD BRADDON.

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PREFACE.

THE SKETCHES that comprise this volume appeared originally in the pages of *Fraser*.

Their reproduction in this form is not attributable to any high opinion that I entertain of their literary merit; but because of the growing interest in Indian subjects which may render acceptable to the British public a truthful picture of Anglo-Indian life.

Beyond depicting the manners and customs of England's sons and daughters in that land of exile and the general nature of their surroundings these pages do not go. My highest aim has been the truthful delineation of simple things. And because I believe this accuracy to have been for the most part attained, and know it to have been always intentioned, I venture to offer 'Life in India' for the perusal of those who want to know something about our great Eastern Empire.

E. B.

LUCKNOW: *May* 1872.

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LIFE IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY.

It is not a matter upon which the British public can be congratulated, that the ignorance still prevailing in this country as to the character of the brightest jewel of the British Crown is almost as benightedly dark as it was two thousand two hundred years ago, when the son of Philip of Macedon tried to fix that gem in the diadem of Greece. We have, undoubtedly, made vast strides in the path of civilisation during the many centuries intervening between the reign of Alexander the Great and that of our gracious Queen Victoria. In science and the useful arts there has been material improvement. We know a great deal more about a great many things than ever came within the knowledge, or was shadowed forth in the wildest visions, of the wisest philosophers of Greece. And if we cannot say quite as much for the arts ornamental—if the statues recently erected in our

metropolis do not excel those of Phidias—if Mr. Frith's last picture is not immeasurably superior to the greatest effort of Apelles—and if Mr. Boucicault's dramas are not, in point of language and construction, quite as powerful as the works of Euripides, we can, at least, fall back upon our useful inventions and improvements—our electric telegraph, railway travelling, gas, kerosene oil, constitutional government, parish unions, and divorce courts, and point triumphantly to those irrefragable evidences of the progress we have made. In geography, above all, have we advanced. Whereas, to the educated Grecian of the palmiest days of Greece, the world was a flat surface over the edge of which (if you could find it) you might enjoy the luxury of taking a header into space, we know that the planet we inhabit is a sphere slightly flattened as an orange (*vide* Elementary Geographies) at the poles. Further, we know of the existence of vast continents and small islands, wide oceans and land-locked seas, which were wholly excluded from the Atlases of the ancients. We believe that we have discovered the sources of the Nile (though what we are to do with the sources when we find them is not yet made clear to the majority of us). Dr. Livingstone, if he ever return (and we earnestly pray that he may), will, in his account of his present expedition, add considerably to our knowledge about Central Africa; and, if we have not yet discovered

the North-west Passage, we hope some day to find out that route which is to be so eminently useful when we know it, but which hitherto has only resulted in the expenditure of much money, and, what is more to be regretted, the expenditure of the valuable lives of some of our hardy Arctic explorers. Yes, we know a great deal more about the geography of this planet than was ever known before; but about India (the brightest jewel, &c.) there are yet many of us, even in civilised and highly-cultured England, who are little less ignorant than were the Grecians of that early period when Alexander met Porus on the plains of the Punjaub, and when, there is reason to think, the hardy veterans of Macedon carved their way from the north-west frontier nearly to the site whereon now stands Calcutta. In spite of weekly mails, telegraphic communication, and the enormous interest that India should have for England, the majority of us know as little about that vast land as we do about the interior economy of the moon. We have a vague idea that it is rather a large place, rather a hot place, and rather a good place for making money in; but beyond a hazy conception of its area, temperature, and commercial importance, we do not go. Excepting some of those who have been in India—the few who have crammed for the civil service of that country—and the small number who have given exceptional interest to the subject, how many are there who could, in any

sort, describe the territorial divisions of India, or detail the languages and dialects of the many peoples between Peshawur and Cape Comorin? And the number of those to whom the habits and customs of the Indian and Anglo-Indian are known is yet smaller. The B. P. is satisfied that the *lascar*, who is to be met sweeping a crossing, or selling matches in our streets, is the prototype equally of the powerful and manly Punjaubee and the effeminate inhabitant of Bengal; and the Anglo-Indian is generally believed to be a luxurious idler, whose life is spent in hookah-smoking, servant-scolding, tiffin-eating, sangaree-drinking, and the collection of those lacs of rupees which Providence (kinder to the Anglo-Indian than to others) pours upon him without any effort made on his part to secure them.

Had the Indian Empire, with its untold commercial wealth, its immense area, and its two hundred millions or so of population, come to us by one great *coup de main*, the general interest about so valuable an addition to our possessions could not but have been excited; but this was not the mode by which the British flag was raised over the kingdoms once ruled by Mogul, Rajah, and Nuwaub. From generation to generation, almost continuously—from the time of Elizabeth down to the year of grace 1855—our Indian Empire has grown by a steady process of accretion: a province annexed here, a kingdom con-

quered there—now some new acquisition gained by diplomacy, and anon some further acquirement won by treaty; a splendid empire has grown, marvellously as did the giant beanstalk, out of a small patch of land granted to a company of merchants; and that empire we now call British India. On but few occasions has there been a check to our progress, or anxiety as to our supremacy, in the East. When Labourdonnais and Dupleix successively threatened to oust us from Madras; when Suraj-oo-dowlah, the Nuwaub Nazim of Bengal, seized our stronghold, Fort William, in Bengal, and drove to their ships in the Hooghly those who were fortunate enough to escape; and, in our own day, when a pampered native army attempted to strike down that flag under which it had heretofore fought and bled, England has had cause to tremble. But the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle undid the evil Labourdonnais had done us. Clive, the civilian soldier, carried our arms triumphantly over the fields where the French and Suraj-oo-dowlah disputed empire with us; and Clyde, Havelock, Outram, Rose, and Napier brought England through the terrible crisis of 1857–8. The danger on these occasions, rudely as it may have menaced us, was afar off even when it was greatest. Moreover, except in 1857–8, it was overcome without any serious call upon England's strength and resources; and it is not wholly unnatural that a danger barely recognised while in

existence, should not be long borne in mind when it had ceased to be of any immediate importance. The great majority of the British public have grown up in the belief that India belongs to us; that we intend to keep it; and that it is a good country to have, because we get from it tea, sugar, hides, cashmere shawls, &c., and export to it piece-goods, grey shirtings, and a large number of promising younger sons who could not be otherwise provided for; and there's an end of the matter. Whether in the House of Commons or in ordinary society, the subject of India is one which—few being sufficiently conversant with it—is to the mass uninteresting to the verge of boredom. But there are signs that this state of things is not always to continue. Within no very long period there have appeared works upon Indian Administration and social life which have done much to awaken the interest of the public. Notable among these are Colonel Chesney's very able volume, and the series of papers by a 'Competition Walla;' but the subject can hardly be said to have been exhausted, and we will therefore endeavour to show, in a popular shape, what India is.

One can imagine that the merry monarch, his glorious Majesty Charles II., thought but little of the small tract of Indian territory which, as the dower of his not-too-happy queen, he obtained from Portugal. It is probable that he thought as little

about the dower as about the Infanta with whom it came to him. Had it possessed more value in his eyes, there is reason to suppose that he would have sold it to the highest bidder, as he did Dunkirk; and, for the matter of that, would have sold England, had he been in a position to put up that lot for sale. This good-natured prince had better things to think of than India. The fair dame, who was Lady Castlemaine by right of her husband, Duchess of Cleveland as a king's mistress, and flower-girl as a visitor to the chambers of Wycherley: the romping, honest (?) Nell of orange-selling celebrity; the fascinating Frenchwoman who was enriched for her services to the Grand Monarque and ennobled (as Duchess of Portsmouth) for her services to England: these and other ladies of like quality occupied much of Charles's attention. The last lampoon of my Lord Rochester, and the latest act of rebellion projected by his shifty Grace the Duke of Buckingham, were of more importance to Charles than Indian commerce or territory. And while their Sovereign thought so little about the East, it is not to be wondered at that the people of England, who had upon their hands and minds such grave affairs as the plague and the great fire—not to mention such minor troubles as Titus Oates, Judge Jeffreys, the gay doings of the Court, the possibility of England being absorbed into France, and the threatened dissolution of the Protestant religion—it

is not a matter of wonder, I say, that the people of England, *tempus* 1660 to 1685, gave but little of their time to the contemplation of the Indian question. But *nous avons changé tout cela*; we have now something more than a few acres to look at as our possessions in Hindostan. We need not in this day anticipate hearing at Whitehall the hostile guns of the invading Dutchmen, or fear (whatever the Conservatives for political purposes may assert) the annihilation of our Church, State, or nationality. Our attention need not be wholly taken up by home affairs; and we may, therefore, very well give some amount of our consideration to a dependency which maintains out of its own revenue by far the greater portion of the British army, and which is an important pillar, if we may not say the corner-stone, of British commerce.

It is a further inducement to us to take up this subject that our papers may be useful to those able novelists who, being in no way restricted from describing a place by the fact that they have never seen it, sometimes select India as the *mise en scène* of their tales. There is necessarily a limit to the usefulness of an author's inner consciousness for the purpose of objective writing. It is not even always certain that a slight knowledge of the elementary geography of India, and such few facts as relate to the colour of the people and the degrees of temperature which

prevail in that sunny land, will carry an imaginative writer through half a dozen chapters upon Indian life successfully. A vague idea that the country to be depicted is somewhere in or near the tropics may guarantee the introduction into the landscape of feathery palms, tawny peasants, and monkeys; but this is not quite enough. *Par exemple* we may select a piece of descriptive writing which lately appeared in a popular magazine, and which, in a well-rounded period, gave to Agra PATHLESS MOUNTAINS. Now, to talk of Agra's pathless mountains is just as much in keeping with truth as it would be to speak of Hampstead's boundless seas. It is true that there are no paths to the mountains at Agra; but then, there are no mountains upon which, by any amount of human ingenuity, paths could be made. There are no mountains at Agra, unless that 'dream in marble,' the Taj Mehal, is to be considered one (that *having* paths, by the way), and the Bedouin of the Desert would find his good Arab steed founder under him if he attempted, riding forth from Agra, to reach the nearest hills in anything like one day's journey. It may appear to be breaking a butterfly on a wheel to make so much of this trifling slip; but we cite it as an example of many errors equally or more glaring, and we treat it somewhat ruthlessly because it comes from a talented writer, who ordinarily devotes much attention to correctness of detail.

CHAPTER II.

A GENERAL VIEW OF NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN INDIA.

It is not an uncommon thing for the friends of Brown, just proceeding to India, to say to him, 'Oh! Robinson is out there, mind you remember us to him when you meet him.' Now Jones may be bound for Hydrabad, while Robinson is stationed at Peshawur; the chances of their ever meeting being as remote as if one were in Central Asia and the other in the Salt Lake city. But the common acquaintances of the two exiles fail to recognise this fact. To them India is India, just as London is London; and, as there is a smaller European society in the former than that to be found in the little village, they conclude that any two members of it must, as a matter of course, come into contact. Just as they fail to appreciate the extent of India, many also overlook the variations which distinguish the climate, natural features, and people of that country. To give to Northern India the moist warmth, the forests of palms, and the rank vegetation of the south, is as inconsistent with truth as would be the introduction in a de-

scription of Siberia of the sunny sky, the vineyards, and the clumps of olives found in Southern Italy; and yet there are many who entertain one stereotyped idea of an Indian scene, be it overshadowed by the mountains of Afghanistan or scented by the spice-ladened zephyrs from Ceylon.

Undoubtedly heat is a universal feature of the climate of the plains of India, but then it differs in degree and duration to a very great extent. In the south there is an equable temperature which is never sufficiently cool, though never unbearably hot. Here the seasons can hardly be divided into the three—cold weather, hot weather, and rains—which further north are the equivalents (if three can be the equivalents of four) of our English winter, spring, summer, and autumn; for there is no cold weather, and in many parts rain falls so frequently that it is not easy to set aside any particular period as peculiarly devoted to wet. The enjoyment of a perpetual summer, and a very hot one, tempered for those near the coast by an occasional cool breeze off the sea, cannot be ecstatic. People have been known to get tired of the months of continuous day or night which may be spent in the neighbourhood of the North Pole. There are those who are not sufficiently long suffering to bear with perfect equanimity the protraction over two or three days of a London November fog. And it cannot be ex-

pected that the Anglo-Indian of the south should always survey with feelings of unmixed pleasure a thermometer that invariably registers the temperature at about 90°, or a wet bulb that proves the air he breathes to be charged with 995 of moisture. It is true that he has advantages to compensate in some measure for what he suffers. He can wear in January the garments that he covered himself with in June, and he can economise space in his house by omitting fire-places in the building plan. But these are not of a very solid character, and barely atone for the evil effect of the climate upon his conversation.

It is a Briton's birthright to talk about the weather. To bashful men, who have nothing else in their conversational budget to draw upon, the weather is, as it were, a life-buoy clinging to which they are saved from sinking into the depths of utter silence. But one cannot get much out of this topic when the weather is marked by the very slightest variations. It is a dreary truism to say that to-day is hot, when in this respect to-day does not differ from the 364 that have preceded it, and when it may be safely predicated that the 364 days to come will, so far, be very much the same; and the Anglo-Indian down south who can make anything out of this branch of small talk must have an inventive genius which renders him independent of it.

In Northern India the variations of temperature and the changes of seasons are more forcibly marked. In the Punjaub the cold weather lasts from about the middle of September to the end of April. For some months of this season, although one is still reminded that there is a sun overhead, the mercury stands at 40° to 70° in the day, and not unfrequently falls below the freezing point during the night. Woollen clothes, broad-cloth, and overcoats are worn; the British soldier is paraded in sheep-skin wrappers; the native huddles himself in his *rezai* (a sort of coverlet which, with its padding of cotton and external coating of dirt, is an armour of proof against the cold air); and the Anglo-Indian sits over a good wood fire, and drinks hot brandy-and-water without distressing himself. May is uncomfortably warm. But from June until the rain sets in the Punjaubee lives in an atmosphere of which the Englishman of England can have no fitting conception unless he spends a day or two in a baker's oven, or a July evening in the saloon of the Alhambra. The country around is parched and barren as the Sahara; not a blade of grass is to be seen throughout the land, save the few patches which, as croquet-grounds or gardens, have some degree of verdure retained in them by constant irrigation. The sun above seems to be a ball of fire: a haze of hot gas rises from the earth; and from the west

blows a scorching wind, the *sirocco* of that *cuisine de diable* the Daodpore desert, which comes upon every object, animate and inanimate, with all the effect of the blast of a furnace. Without artificial appliances for cooling a house, the temperature indoors at this time runs up to about 110°, and there is little difference in the range of the thermometer day or night. What it is out of doors few Europeans care to ascertain by actual experience. Tiger-shooting or inevitable exigencies of business may impel the Anglo-Indian to brave the open-air heat, and he is in either case satisfied that the glass indicates a temperature somewhat below the boiling point. But, as a rule, he spends the day in the shade of his roof; and the social duties of cultivating his acquaintances, leaving limp parallelograms at their houses, or meeting them at the band-stand, as well as the personal duty of taking exercise, are performed either in the morning before the sun has attained its full force, or in the evening when that bright luminary has completed the heating operations of the day. As an agreeable change, the Punjaubee is now and then visited by a 'dust storm.' This meteorological phenomenon consists of about 6 parts hot wind and 4 hot sand; it bears a strong resemblance, as to density and colour, to a London fog, and it possesses a pleasant peculiarity of finding its way through doors and windows into every domicile.

During one of these storms the darkness of Egypt is upon the land; after it, dust thicker than the dust of ages is upon the furniture; and when its force is expended, it is something to be thankful for if the thatched roof of a bungalow is upon the walls to which it of right belongs, instead of being deposited in some distant field. It is to be said in favour of a dust-storm that it cools the air for some little time; but then the man who finds himself roofless, sitting in a cloud of dust which profanes the Lares and Penates so dear to him, is not exactly in a position to thoroughly enjoy a fall of 5° in the temperature. As to the 'hot wind,' it must not be supposed that this is the worst feature of the Punjaub summer; on the contrary, those who can successfully use *kuskus tatties*, find in the scorchingly dry wind from the west a very good friend. A *kuskus tattie* is a screen made with the roots of a peculiar sort of grass; this is placed in a doorway with a western frontage, and is always kept wet. The layers of grass are so arranged that the air passes through them freely, and the air in its passage through this damp medium is cooled to a very great extent. So far as possible all other ingresses for air are closed, and a room in which this artificial expedient fully operates can be kept at as low a temperature as 75°. When *the* 'hot wind' is not blowing, i.e. when the wind is not westerly—

for every wind is hot—the Anglo-Indian in the Punjaub uses the thermantidote. Air is artificially created by a wheel, and cooled by a small screen which admits it into the wheel-box; but even when the native who turns the wheel is not asleep (and he very frequently is), this machine is but a poor substitute for the *tattie*.

The rainy season in the Punjaub lasts from early in July to early in September, and is endurable enough. It is much cooler during that period in the north than in the south, and the rainfall is more speedily disposed of by absorption or drainage.

Besides these variations of climate north and south, there are others to be found between west and east. These are more remarkable in Upper India than they are lower down, and amount to this, that the further west the situation may be the more it is exposed to the influence of the hot wind.

Taking the three provinces, the Punjaub, Bengal and Madras, we may epitomise the seasons in tabular form as follows:—

Provinces	Seasons	Duration of Season	Remarks
Punjhub	Cold weather	Commences in September and ends in April.	Thermometer goes down below freezing point, and rarely rises above 70°. Fires almost indispensable; three blankets necessary; tub in the morning unpleasantly cold; open-air life delightful all day. Climate dry, cold, and bracing. Fall of rain a rare occurrence.
	Hot weather	Commences May and ends July.	Thermometer goes up anywhere, and stays there. Tatties, thermantidotes and punkahs save the Anglo-Indian from perishing. A sheet is too much covering by night, and shirt-sleeves are more than enough by day. Tub necessary three times a-day. Open-air life simply death. Fall of rain highly improbable. Hail-storm probable. Dust-storms of frequent occurrence.
	Rains	Commence July and end September.	Rain-fall moderate. Air often cool, and only occasionally muggy. Punkahs not always required. Out-door life practicable, and a suit of thin flannel bearable.
Bengal	Cold weather	Commences in November and ends late in February.	Thermometer goes down to 50° in the night, and rises to 80° in the day. Fires a possibility; one blanket sufficient; open-air life pleasant. Climate, as a rule, cool and not very damp. Punkahs only used exceptionally. Rain occasionally; little hail; no dust-storms.
	Hot weather	Commences in March and ends in June.	Thermometer ranges between 80° and 100°. *Tatties* and thermantidotes no use, because there are no hot winds. Punkahs go night and day without ceasing (except when the punkah-puller falls asleep and drops the rope). Out-door life and exercise possible to those who can afford to lose a stone a day by perspiration. Rain a frequent occurrence. Climate hot and often damp.
	Rains	Commence in June and end in October.	Thermometer conducts itself much as it did in the hot weather. St. Swithin's day is realised during the greater portion of these months. The country is for the most part flooded, and all the frogs of Egypt appear to have dropped upon India. Mushrooms grow on one's boots, and fungi sprout from one's dress-coat. It is an impossibility to put on a dry shirt, or to live without a punkah immediately over one's head. Snakes, scorpions and centipedes enjoy this season, and, emerging from their homes in holes and corners, find comfortable lodgings under the cushions of the ottoman or the pillows of the bed.
Madras	Cold weather	Does not commence at any time.	*Nil.*
	Hot weather	Commence January 1 and end Dec. 31.	Rain being an ordinary occurrence all the year round, it is unnecessary to distinguish the hot weather from the rains. The same remarks apply to both seasons. The climate for the twelve months is very much what we have described that of Bengal in the rains, only that in the neighbourhood of the coast the favourable influence of the sea is experienced.
	Rains		

There are, of course, gradations of temperature and climate throughout the country, and the preceding synopsis only professes to give a general view of these as they are found in the greater part of the three provinces referred to. In the Punjaub, the cold weather of Peshawur lasts longer and is more severe than that of Delhi, while the hot weather is shorter and hotter. At Dehra Ismael Khan, and the four other military stations on the western frontier of the Punjaub, it is said by the people that they have only a thin piece of paper between them and Avernus; and the rainy season might, for this part of India, be very well omitted from consideration, so seldom does a fall of rain visit it. The climate of the upper part of the North-west Provinces is much like that of Delhi; south-west it merges into that of Bengal. And similarly the climate of Bengal merges into that of Madras as we proceed south of the 20th degree of latitude.

"The heat of India is certainly not appreciated by those Englishmen who have never experienced it. We not unfrequently hear it said in a hot English summer, that the heat in India cannot be greater than it is at home. Our friend Major Porker, who is stout and has a slight tendency in the direction of such uncomfortable ailments as apoplexy, walks from the Rag to his chambers in Jermyn Street on a July afternoon; he is imprudent enough to take the sunny side of the

street, and, getting warm, he propounds with much emphasis and some expletives the *dictum* that it is as hot in London as it is in Calcutta. If Porker were to attempt to walk 400 yards on a July afternoon in Calcutta, dressed as he is and in the hat he wears in London, the only matter of doubt as to the conclusion of this pedestrian feat would be whether *coup de soleil* or heat apoplexy carried him off first. Strange to say, many retired Anglo-Indians who have spent years in India appear to wholly forget what the Indian climate was, and fondly imagine that they are enjoying the summer warmth of Hindostan in the region of Bayswater. It is certainly hot in England sometimes, remarkably so was it in the summer of 1868. It is very hot in the south of Europe during the summer solstice. But nowhere in Europe can heat like that of India be discovered, unless we betake ourselves to the oven, furnace, or hot-house to find it.

With such variations of climate as we have described, and under such different conditions geographically considered, it necessarily follows that Northern and Southern India vary very materially in their natural features. The description of Eastern scenery given in *Lalla Rookh*, though it does give some idea of Cashmere, is altogether inapplicable to any part of British India. A painting which rendered accurately a landscape in Madras or the Deccan, would no more pourtray a scene in the Punjaub, than

it would a rustic 'bit' of Dartmoor. And those who create an ideal of India out of the glowing word-painting of poets, or the exaggerated imagery of the *Arabian Nights*, are very far from knowing the country as it is. India is by no means the 'land of the cypress and myrtle' that many suppose. The Anglo-Indian does not ordinarily find himself in the neighbourhood of a lovely glade, 'where the Etrurian shades high overarched embower,' and pour down richly-scented blossoms upon his *sola topee*;[1] where ripe grapes and other inviting and luscious fruit hang within easy reach; where the bul-bul murmurs his song to the rose; where splashing fountains with their sweet monotony lull the tired wayfarer; and where (last though not least) the lovely village maidens, with their gazelle eyes timidly cast down, trip past him quickly yet gracefully to the music of their ringing anklets. As a rule, the scene is more prosaic and far less agreeable. The only scents he is likely to become acquainted with are those which emanate from a stagnant pool, or something worse; white ants are just as likely to fall upon his hat as perfumed blossoms; the fruit he sees would hardly tempt him if he had not to purchase it, which he must if he wants it; the bul-bul, he has long since discovered never warbles, and is only patronised by the natives because, like the quail, he will fight; the

[1] A *sola topee* is a pith hat worn as a protection against the sun.

fountain is non-existent; and the village beauties are represented by two old women who are exchanging compliments of a questionable character, and evincing their mutual affection by taking each from the other what few locks of hair time has left upon their ancient heads.

Instead of inviting our reader to take a walk with us down Fleet Street, we will suggest that he or she accompany us (in the spirit) in a ride through one or two scenes of India. Hey! Presto! Pass! we are in lower Bengal or elsewhere in the plains of the sunny south. We have, perhaps, spent a restless night; a few mosquitoes have got under the mosquito curtains and broken our slumbers by their occasional bites and incessant trumpeting; or a couple of lively rats have made of our recumbent form the ball-room floor upon which to perform a rapid galop; or a part of the house has been blown down by a gale. But it is morning, and if we wish to avoid the heat of the day we must be up and off. We get up and start. The country through which we pass is flat to the last degree, if not 'stale and unprofitable.' In every direction the eye seeks in vain for a rise or fall; there is not an undulation to be found equal to that in Regent Street. The country is green, often thickly wooded, and sometimes marked by rank vegetation, suggestive of all the ills that are the legacies of malaria. Now and again we come upon a picturesque

bit: a village shrine shaded by a grand old banyan tree or tamarind; or a pool covered with water-lilies and overhung by bamboos; but, as a rule, the elements of the picturesque are wanting. There are no hedgerows with their wealth of wild flowers to enliven the landscape. Field is divided from field by a low wall of earth from six inches to two feet high (some of these small embankments being used as foot-paths from village to village), or a boundary is more clearly distinguished by a ditch and bank ornamented by some species of cactus, prickly-pear, or the like. Over a broad expanse of cultivated land or grass waste we look without seeing any object to break the monotony of the scene. There are no weeds even to contrast with the standing crops. Over a sea of rice, or (if the rice be cut) over a wide area of thin stubble, we see in the distance and all around us an horizon filled in with dense masses of mangoe trees, palms of many sorts, tamarinds, banyans, peepuls, and bamboos. It is a proverbial saying of the Bengallee that every man should beget a son, plant a tree, and dig a tank, and this apophthegm is freely acted upon throughout the south. As we ride on we pass many tanks; some are small and shallow excavations, only calculated to last a short time as receptacles for water in any quantity; others are of a more permanent character, and a few of an ambitious description have ghâts (or flights of steps) for the convenience of

bathers and water-carriers. Pausing at one of these larger tanks, we see men and women bathing together on the steps of the ghât and discussing the scandal of the neighbourhood, or their monetary concerns at the same time. A Brahmin is going through his morning's orisons, repeating the name of some deity two hundred and twenty-three times, or some such useful form of prayer, as he counts his beads or thumbs his Brahminical thread, and occasionally dipping his head in the water; and one or two mothers are evincing the unselfishness of their maternal love by washing their begrimed offspring in that particular part of the tank which is resorted to for drinking purposes. On the platform above the steps, and in the shade of a wide-spreading tree, a barber is shaving the head of a Hindoo, and a vendor of dirty, greasy, and generally objectionable sweetmeats, is driving a brisk trade with a knot of loungers who alternate the consumption of confectionery with the tranquil enjoyment of the hubble-bubble.[1] Let it not be supposed that the men and women who thus share the pleasures of the bath are very much less decorous in this respect than the fashionable people of both sexes who do much the same sort of thing in France. Like the French, the Hindoos enter the water in costume, only the costume is that of every-day life, not one specially adapted for the purpose, and it is

[1] The plebeian hookah.

the fault of the climate that the clothes of normal wear are not very thick.

But let us proceed upon our road—our road, by the way, is principally occupied by two deep ruts cut in it by native carts, all of which make it a point to pursue one beaten (or rather cut up) track. These ruts vary in depth from six to eight inches, and, as there is not sufficient space outside them, no wheeled conveyance can be driven on our road unless its gauge be exactly that of the native vehicles. We come upon a native cart in our way, and find it to be a framework of bamboo upon a clumsy wooden axle, and equally clumsy wheels. It is yoked upon the neck of two oxen, and the driver sits upon the bamboo pole at a convenient distance from the tails of his cattle. A twist of these tails is now and again administered as an encouragement to their wearers to proceed, but it is of no use twisting tails now, for the wheel of the cart being imbedded in very tenacious mud a foot in depth, one ox has quietly subsided, and, in a recumbent posture, is chewing the cud of what can only be 'bitter fancy.' The Hindoo holds all animals of the bovine order in high reverence. He would not kill one by any direct process upon any consideration, much less would he think of eating it. But he can, nevertheless, nerve himself to inflict a considerable amount of physical suffering upon this creature of his adoration, and we find our cartman

administering a good deal of whip to his prostrate bullock, and relieving his feelings by objurgating that beast and all the female members of its family.

Leaving this carter to settle his differences with his ox as he best can, we ride into a village of some pretensions as to size. The houses are mostly built of mud and thatched with grass (a few, such as the houses of a well-to-do money-lender or zemindar, may be humble structures of bricks), and, save in the roadways between them, imbedded in jungle. We might call this jungle the luxuriant growth of vegetation and make poetical capital out of it thereby, but the term rank jungle better describes that mass of foliage and underwood which shuts out all pure air and disseminates noxious gases causative of disease. Up to the very walls there is a wilderness of trees, shrubs, creepers, weeds and grass, the home of the cobra, and the manufactory of miasma. Even the roof is not free, for trailed upon it are creepers of the pumpkin tribe, or some sort of esculent. Here and there about the village are stagnant pools covered with duck-weed, and highly suggestive of cholera and other epidemics. And nowhere (unless a sanitary commissioner may have enforced it) is there any show of drainage, sewerage, or other measures for the preservation of health. The native of the south is quite contented that things should be so. They were so in the time of his father and grandfather, and

why should he wish to have them otherwise? So he does not have them otherwise if he can help it, but goes on breathing the poison that killed his father and grandfather with the most perfect complacency. Another generation is rising about him and being taught the same philosophy. The children of the village, who being brought naked into the world continue in that state of undress for some years, paddle about in the fetid pools and disport themselves in the jungle with happy infantile disregard of snakes and malaria. Sometimes the too close contact with an angry cobra removes one of these cherubs from the bosom of his family. Sometimes half a dozen scions of Hindoo houses are swept off by a visitation of cholera. But, though the bereaved parents may sincerely grieve for their lost ones, they fail to see in their affliction any warning for their future guidance.

Like every other health measure, ventilation is entirely lost sight of in these villages. In many instances the houses are packed so close that you can step across the street from roof to roof, the roadway between being only sufficiently wide to answer its main purpose as a receptacle for filth. The walls are distinguished by very few windows, and these very small ones, for windows afford facilities of flirting to the frisky Indian matrons, and the Indian husband thinks it the most efficacious plan of keeping his

better half faithful to shut her up in semi-darkness, wherein she can hardly see, and in an atmosphere which makes breathing extremely difficult. Further to add to the delights of this domestic interior, the houses or huts are generally constructed without chimneys, and so much of the dense smoke from the wood fires burnt inside as cannot make its escape through the crevices in the thatch, the small windows, and the one doorway, settles as a rich black deposit upon everything and everywhere in the house, or is taken into the lungs of the inhabitants.

We have said that our village is a large one, and being so, we are not surprised to find a bazaar (market) in it. Oh! ye shades who watch over the bazaar of Soho, the markets of Billingsgate, Smithfield and Covent Garden, what would you say to the emporium we are now about to enter? Oh! Rimmel, what would you think of the perfume that surrounds this Eastern mart? On either side of the roadway is a row of open-fronted huts, and the goods for sale are exposed either in these open fronts, or under the shelter of a rough thatch, outside. Here is a grain merchant's shop, with its heaps of rice, Indian corn and pulses. Then comes a dealer in spices, &c., with nutmegs, beetul, tobacco, coloured powders for the Hindoo to besmear himself or herself with, assafœtida and other rich spices. The odour of assafœtida is agreeably diversified by that emanating from a

fishstall next door, where are offered to the public several varieties of the finny tribe that have been out of their native element a day or two more than is good for them. Then we have a shop where sweetmeats are sold. The tempting wares here exposed consist of various combinations of sugar, ghoor (raw sugar with the molasses in it), curds, and ghee (clarified butter), and very greasy and uninviting they appear to the uninitiated. Here also are baskets of parched rice steeped in ghoor, parched Indian corn, and unhusked rice prepared like groats, the which are freely eaten by the natives at any time when they cannot procure a meal of boiled rice. This confectionery shop, though it tempt not us, is not without its attractions to the native multitude, and has irresistible charms for the wasps and hornets. The Gunter who presides over it sits in a cloud of these pleasant insects. 'The bees swarm round his mellifluous mouth;' and every sweet, like every rose, has a sting in it. Flies divide empire with wasps and hornets, but then they are to be found everywhere. Covent Garden is only represented in our bazaar by a few hawkers of pumpkins, country beans, radishes (as big as carrots and as hot as mustard), spinach, mangoes, plantains, jack-fruit, custard-apples and, perhaps, pine-apples. But be it not supposed that the fruit for sale is such as would commend itself to English taste. The mango is a fibrous abomination

which, if you venture to eat it, leaves in your teeth the material for making several yards of twine, and on your palate a combination of the essences of carrot, geranium and turpentine. The plantain is dry and insipid; the jack repels you by its scent alone; the custard-apple is only passable; and the pine-apple is altogether innocent of the rich flavour of its hothouse congener. The new meat-market of London is only represented in our bazaar if there be a sufficient Mahomedan population to maintain a butcher's shop. The Hindoos, excepting those of the lowest castes, eat only the flesh of the goat; some eat no flesh of any kind, and few eat it habitually. Their wants in this direction are supplied by home produce, or they buy a kid and kill it for themselves. If there be a butcher's shop in the bazaar, it is mainly supported by Mahomedans, and its contents are mostly rudely hacked joints and scraps of the goat.

For the other requirements of the native, besides those of an edible character, there are several shops. There is a cloth merchant's, where are gaudy chintzes, American longcloth, English cloth, and muslins; a brazier's, where are the brass and copper utensils for cooking and drinking; a shop where are sold the snakes and general apparatus of the hookah; a tailor's, whereat may be obtained skull caps, turbans, and the short tight-fitting jacket worn in very full dress; and a jeweller's, where armlets,

anklets, and bracelets made of lac, shell, or the baser metals, may be had for a very moderate consideration. Finally there are shops for the sale of tobacco and the intoxicating drugs eaten and smoked by the great majority of the people; and hovels where is sold the country liquor indulged in by the lower orders openly, and by many of the upper classes surreptitiously. The grog-shop frequently affords a very pleasant example of the manners and customs of the Hindoo; for as those who resort to it drink their liquor on the premises, and with only the one idea of getting as intoxicated as possible, it is not uncommonly surrounded by a small crowd of drunk and incapable customers.

The wasps and hornets are not the only living creatures that levy toll upon the bazaar shops; crows hop about from stall to stall, and lose no opportunity of appropriating anything eatable. Now and then a Bhramnee bull (a more than ordinary sacred animal, which is branded in its calfhood with the mark of Hindooism, and turned loose upon society for the rest of its days) stalks majestically into the stores of the grain merchant; and sometimes a monkey (or, may be, a troop of these active quadrumanas) drops from the roof upon the road below and seizes anything that takes his fancy. The shopkeeper resigns himself to the infliction of these visitants with all composure. The Bhramnee bull and monkeys are inevitable nui-

sances of a sacred character that he cannot kill and must therefore endure. The crows are far too astute, not to say too useful in their performances as scavengers, to be dealt with capitally. And to interfere with the wasps and hornets would involve the necessity of being stung severely.

If it be the market-day and hour when we ride through the bazaar, it will be with no little difficulty that our horses cleave the mass of men, women and children that throng the road. Buyers, sellers, idlers and beggars have all their senses devoted to the business that brings them there; and the idea that they are stopping the thoroughfare only comes home to them when a horse's head is in the small of their back, or a rough-shod hoof is upon their toes. The clamour is incessant. Nearly everybody is or seems to be particularly angry; everybody is talking about *pice*, or squabbling over a pecuniary difference of something like half a farthing; and yet everybody is enjoying himself or herself thoroughly, according to the popularly received notion of enjoyment. There is not much of the picturesque to be seen in this crowd, although so much is said of the Hindoo maiden and her gracefully flowing robes. The men, for the most part, have a piece of cloth wrapped round their heads as a turban, and round their waists another cloth, which descends to the knee. Many men have even less covering than this;

some few who have more wear a small tight jacket, or have a *chudder* (a sort of *toga*) wrapped round them and cast over the shoulder. The women wear one large sheet (the *saree*) which partially envelopes them from the neck to the calf of the leg, but not so sufficiently that all the body between these points is properly covered. The colour of the clothes worn by both sexes was originally white, but now varies according to the ideas of cleanliness entertained by the wearers.

Beyond the village we come to a *jheel*, or large lake. This sheet of water may be partly fed by some neighbouring river, or may depend for its supply upon springs and the drainage of the country around. It extends for miles in length, and is from half a mile to a mile in width. Here and there upon its bosom may be seen a fisherman in his small boat, or perhaps in a dug-out, a rude canoe made by hollowing out the trunk of one of the palms. In many parts there are thick weeds and long grass, which give cover to the thousands of wild-fowl that visit India in the cold weather months; and dotted about upon the edge are herds of cattle engaged in cropping the rank pasture of the swamp. Very poor specimens to exhibit in Islington are the cows, bulls, and bullocks of the Indian herd down south. They are, like the people, undersized, and they are also, as a rule, underfed. Broken would be the heart

of that Devonshire dairymaid who attempted to fill her milking-pail from a Bengallee cow; a teacup would be a more becoming vessel to use, for the yield of milk of an ordinary Bengallee cow is from half a pint to a pint. But quantity compensates for quality, and in some parts of the country the herds of the gwalas, or cowkeepers, are numbered by hundreds. Physically poor creatures and monotonously white as to colour, these cattle are driven to and from their grazing-grounds by youthful cowherds, who are yet innocent of tailors' bills, and attended by a swarm of crows, minahs and paddy-birds. The crows and minahs perch upon them and pick out from their ears and elsewhere the flies that have found homes there, and the paddy-birds follow their footsteps and seize upon the insects disturbed by their hoofs. The attentions of the crows, however, extend beyond the lifetime of the animal upon which it waits thus tenderly. When a cow is ill unto death, the crow is all watchfulness by its side. The cowherd has deserted his sick charge and left it to die, but the crow is constant ever, and surveys, with all the gravity and much of the usefulness of a physician, the struggle between life and death. It cannot be said that the crow does much to alleviate the distress or save the existence of its patient, but it ascertains by a few vigorous pecks of its hard beak the precise moment when the cow has breathed

its last, and proceeds without further delay to give to its friend the only burial rites that Indian cows are accustomed to. It is wonderful how soon any dead animal in India is disposed of, and it is providential that this should be so. A cow is dying, and, save its one or two attendant crows, there is not a flying or four-footed scavenger to be seen. The cow is dead, and from the blue vault above there come down upon the carcase many vultures; from every point of the compass arrive the crows; and the mass of winged life thus collected is shortly disturbed by the arrival of the jackal and ravenous pariah dog. In the course of a few hours an imperfect skeleton only remains of what was once a milky mother of the herd.

Lakes such as that we now look upon are common enough in the south. They never fail in their supply of water, as do those of the north; and in the wet season they are, in some parts, not to be distinguished from the country around. In Bengal, when the land is inundated, it is sometimes possible to take a boat for miles straight across country, over what was once cultivation, garden or grazing land, and through the villages. When the floods are very severe, the people in the neighbourhood of the rivers may be seen sitting on the roofs of their houses, helplessly surveying the waters that have taken possession of the interior. Occasionally the em-

bankment of some river subject to rapid rises, such as the Damoodah, gives way, and the waters pour over the land for miles; or, if in the vicinity of the sea, a tidal wave lays waste the country, and fills the tanks with brackish water unfit for drinking purposes. To the native this is all very unpleasant and often very disastrous, but then it is *kismat*, and that ought to satisfy him. It is far from satisfactory to have his crops, his house, his cattle, and, perhaps, two or three of his children swept away by an inundation; but then, he argues, inundations, like epidemics, are sent by the Supreme Being, and he must take them as they come. It does not occur to him that he may adopt protective measures against future visitations, and he sees the floods of one year depart without the most remote idea of being better prepared for those of the future.

For the rest of our ride the country is only a repetition of what we have seen already. The most striking feature throughout is the extent to which water exists: in the lakes, in the tanks and in the rice fields, on the road, anywhere and everywhere there is water. The most agreeable feature is the freshness of the verdure. There is green grass (further north, if there is grass at all, it is brown or red), and there are green trees whatever the season for the grass, and, with few exceptions, the trees are evergreens. But the picturesqueness of the scene

is marred by its flatness and monotony; and the faculty of admiring such beauty as may be found is weakened by the muggy atmosphere that surrounds the spectator. Leaving the subject of the scene we are viewing, let us consider the *dramatis personæ* who act upon it. We have seen the crowd in the bazaar and briefly described it. We also meet herdsmen and cultivators at their work; many women in gangs going to the river to bathe or bring water for household purposes; a few men pursuing their avocations about the villages, or travelling from place to place; and several children engaged in the fascinating employment of plastering as many inches of dirt upon their naked forms as those naked forms will carry. We meet a Baboo on a small pony (called a tattoo) of nine and a half hands. The Baboo is stout; it does not befit his dignity to appear on foot; and it is no easy matter to him to get out of his padded saddle, but he mistakes one of us for the magistrate of the district, and tumbles off his horse to prostrate himself before us. Being undeceived, the Baboo is no longer remarkably civil; he ceases the prostration business, and climbs upon his pony again with an injured air, and as much expedition as he is capable of. We have wronged him, in that we have unintentionally obtained from him civility only given to those in authority, and he goes off mumbling something that is neither a blessing upon,

nor a compliment to, us. We meet a marriage procession. A youthful couple whose combined ages may aggregate thirteen years are carried in a palanquin. These are the bride and bridegroom, and they are tricked out in all the tawdry finery that the means and bad taste of the relatives could cover them with. They are preceded by a band of unmusical instruments of the drum and serpent order, and followed by as many friends, horses and elephants as can be brought together. It is a great feature to have as many equestrian followers as possible, but the marriage which is distinguished by many elephants in its procession commences under the happiest auspices. It has nothing to do with the future of the married couple that they are tied together before they have reached an age at which it is possible to discriminate upon any subject more serious than the flavour of sweetmeats. The parents have got together a goodly array of horses, elephants, drums, trumpets, &c.; they have spent three years' income upon the marriage ceremony; they have feed Brahmins and fed faqueers; and their concern with the nuptials ends with the epithalamium. A few years hence the bridegroom will carry off his bride to become the mother of his children and the slave of his household. He will not care for her half as much as for his horse, supposing him to possess such an animal, and she will give back his regard measure for measure. And

again a few years and they, in their turn, will be uniting their sons and daughters after a similar fashion to the daughters and sons of their neighbours. This is very much the manner in which native marriages are contracted throughout Hindostan; exceptions are to be found among the Mahomedans, among some of the Hindoo castes, and among some of the other and smaller races, but early marriage is the rule, and unhappy results the general consequence. Leaving this marriage procession, we come across a procession by which the majesty of the law is vindicated. A police-inspector with his myrmidons are escorting a dozen prisoners to the nearest police-post. There has been a robbery somewhere, and the police-inspector, with that singular detective ability which characterises the Indian constabulary, has followed up the wrong track and acted upon the wrong information, until all traces of the crime and criminals have been completely effaced. The *corpus delicti* is no more to be discovered now than would be the body of Harold, if we went to look for that on the field of Hastings. But it will not do to admit that the instruments of justice are as blind as justice herself, and so the police-inspector has seized upon a few of the worst characters of the neighbourhood and is leading them off, hopeful that a few hours' confinement and, possibly, a slight exhibition of

kattan or thumbscrew, may do what detective powers failed to accomplish.

We see all these specimens of the southern people, and they show us that the Indian of the South is in complexion dark (varying, however, in this respect from what is described as 'wheaten' to black), in stature small, and in build slight and puny. If he be well to do—that is to say, if he can afford the luxury of indolence, combined with a diet in which milk and sugar enter largely—he is fat and bloated; but he is in this form more unsightly, and no stronger, than the most emaciated of his kind. He is a thorough coward, though he can bear the inevitable with the stoicism of the Spartan; he is a fawning slave who can be a grinding tyrant; he is avaricious though lavish; cunning and simple; patient and yet easily moved to anger; treacherous though often blindly faithful; and his life is spent in the wildest faith in fatality, and a besotted belief in the perfection of things as they are. All human creatures are more or less psychological curiosities, but the Indian of the South is peculiarly so, and the contradiction of character is, perhaps, greater in Bengal than elsewhere. Most of our readers will remember Macaulay's description of the cunning of the Bengallee; and what Macaulay said of this characteristic might also be said of his cowardice and other peculiarities. No one would dream of enlisting a Bengallee into our

native army—least of all would the Bengallee himself dream of such a proceeding—yet tell him that he is sentenced to be hanged, and his lip will not quiver or his hand shake; lead him forth to execution, or to some painful surgical operation, and he will go through the ordeal with as much equanimity as though death and pain were matters of everyday experience to him; and so with much more that is contradictory in him. That he has his good points unstained by some collateral vice must be freely admitted. It must be conceded to him that he is admirable in his conduct towards his family. Sometimes a wife is ill-used. Occasionally a father who has contracted the bad habit of omitting to die has his departure from the world facilitated: and now and then an uncle or brother, or some such relation, who is *in* the way is put *out* of it: but, as a rule, the Bengallee (and, for the matter of that, the native generally) is excellent from a domestic point of view. His roof shelters any parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and widowed female relatives, who may be dependent upon him; and as the re-marriage of widows is not permitted by Hindoo law, the system of early marriages throws many young widows upon the bounty of their kindred, and tries the hospitality of the Hindoo to the last degree.

Fortunately for the Indian of the South, his wants are few. His clothes, as we have described them,

never cost much—for the first ten or twelve years of his life they cost nothing. His food consists of two —possibly only one—meal of boiled rice a day, relieved occasionally by a vegetable curry, some fish of doubtful freshness, or a piece of kid's flesh. He can and does sustain the existence of himself and family on something like two shillings a head per month, and this very moderate expenditure includes the cost of the tobacco, which, in the family *hubble-bubble*, is smoked by all the household of both sexes and of every age from three upwards. Under such conditions as we have described, is it to be wondered at that the Indian of the South is a poor weak creature?

Let us now take a flight of some thousand or fifteen hundred miles, and look at the country of the Rohilla, or Seikh. We are in quite another climate up here, and, if we take our ride in the cold weather, there is no occasion to start betimes in the morning, unless we want to see the frost on the ground. When we do go forth, it is in a country very different from that of the south. There are wide sheets of cultivation here also; but wheat and barley are grown instead of rice, and the standing crops do not require several inches of water to keep them alive. The country is dry, the grass has lost the short-lived verdure of the rainy season, and there is none of that wilderness of jungle, and only a few of the palms found in lower Hindostan. There are undulations in the

landscape here and there. There are large lakes too; but these are more manageable pieces of water, and do not at any time overspread the country about, although in dry seasons, when they have been scantily supplied by drainage and heavily drawn upon for irrigation, they are apt to assume the appearance of the land in their vicinity. Dryness instead of damp is the general feature of the north. We are in the country where drought, not inundation, is the dread of the landowner and agriculturist. The crops may fail from an insufficient rain-fall. In late years they have frequently so suffered; but the farmer rarely sees them injured by excessive rain, and, save in the very low lands upon the banks of rivers, never sees them swept away by floods. The rivers vary as to depth and width in the different seasons very considerably. In the dry season the Ganges, Jumna, Indus, and other rivers of the north, flow clear and smooth in small channels between wide beds of sand. In the rains they spread over the sand up to the banks beyond, and pour down, boiling, turbulent and muddy, with all the force of a mill-sluice; but they do not rise above the level of the surrounding country, and the Hindoo who bathes in the sacred waters of Gunga Mah (or the maternal Ganges) has not to reflect that this holy stream may at any time in the rains wash him and his off the face of the earth. As we ride on, we see that the country is

sufficiently wooded (always supposing that we are not in the extreme west or north-west). The open area is broken by single trees, or clumps of two or three trees, scattered here and there. The villages have a few trees and shrubs about their wells and gardens; and now and again we see a large grove, chiefly consisting of mangoes, planted in lines, in the grateful shelter of which the traveller halts, or the Anglo-Indian official pitches his tent when on tour. But we see no more that unbroken horizon of tree and grove which we found down south, and the dense undergrowth that there festered round every village and covered every spot left untouched by the plough is here unknown. The villages are healthier-looking and better built. The houses are mostly made of mud, with flat mud roofs; but there are many of brick among them, and they stand out, clean-looking and comparatively substantial, in the scene, undisguised by a sea of bough and foliage. In many instances the villages are built, as it were, in terraces, converging to a common centre, and, so constructed, they tower above the plain like forts; some, indeed, have other and closer resemblance than this to forts (for we are in a country where war was not so very remotely carried on, and where, until British rule prevailed, every man was ready enough to draw his sword against his neighbour), and there yet remain around some peaceful hamlets the ruins of battle-

ments, or the indications of what was once a fosse. For the architectural plan of the houses we cannot say much that is favourable. Windows and doors are much as they are in the south, and the court-yards about the houses are smaller; but then the residents can enjoy the fresh air sitting on their roofs; and as most of the roofs are pierced to emit the smoke of fires burnt inside, those within doors, if they suffer from insufficient ventilation, are not smokedried like their southern brethren.

One very noticeable feature of the northern landscape, as distinguishing it from that of the south, is the occasional plain of sandy waste that is to be met-with. Except the *babul* tree, and this only sparsely, nothing grows on these plains, and sometimes one looks across two or three miles of barren land, white with the efflorescence of various salts, without seeing any object to relieve the eye save, perhaps, a herd of antelopes, or a few passing carts or wayfarers. Very uncomfortable places are these plains at all times. In the hot weather they look like huge lime-kilns; and there may be seen upon them, as in the great Sahara, that phenomenon, the *mirage*. Exceedingly beautiful is the delusive scenery of the *mirage*; but we cannot take beauty so evanescent into consideration, and it must be admitted that these plains, though admirable galloping ground, are very far from being picturesque.

Tanks are not so commonly seen in the north as in the south; but there is good reason for this. In the south, where water is almost at the surface, it is only necessary to excavate a few feet, and throw up the earth so as to form an embankment around, and the tank is made. In the north the springs are not arrived at so easily, and the work is one of time and expenditure. But what tanks there are (and there are many) are large and well made; and not unfrequently they are lasting structures, walled in with good masonry, and surrounded by solid flights of steps, and covered bathing-places. The native of the north, however, is, to a great extent, independent of this supply of water, for he ordinarily uses the water drawn from his village well for all his requirements, whereas in the south, well-water is little used for any purpose, and cannot with any safety be drunk.

Pursuing our course along the road (which road, we may observe, unless it be a metalled one, is probably knee deep in light sand and cut up by cart-tracks like that described in the south) we notice these features of the landscape, and fail to draw from them any deduction favourable to the idea that the scenery of the north is more picturesque than that of the south. If superiority in this respect is to be conceded to any part, it must be given to the lower provinces. But when we consider the *people* who inhabit the north, there is little doubt as to our bestowal of the

palm. We are now among a manly race, and many of the better class who pass us are stalwart and soldierly-looking men, who would become a military uniform well enough. Among the cultivators we see some who are undersized and in poor condition, but generally the people of all orders and both sexes are far superior in *physique* to the people of the south. There is an independent self-reliant air about them which it is pleasant to see; and if they are not as cringingly polite as our Baboo friend, they are, at least, more genuine in such courtesy as they do favour us with. In stature they are some inches taller, and in build they are much stouter, than the Bengallee. In complexion they are much fairer, many being little darker than the bronzed peasant of Naples or Sicily.

If we ride into a bazaar hereaway we shall doubtless see many of the sights and smell all the odours that we met with in the lower country, but we shall also find more that is interesting. The crowd assembled is engaged in the same noisy chaffering about small fractions of a penny, and equally oblivious of the fact that it blocks up the thoroughfare; but it is a picturesque one to look upon; and if we survey it from the artist's point of view we shall find much in it to admire. Men, women and children are all more substantially dressed, and there is considerable contrast in colour to be found in their costume. The cloth worn by the men round their loins covers

them nearly to the ankle, though many wear tight trousers instead of this; the jacket or a long coat (or *chupkan*) is almost invariably worn; round their waists is a large cloth, the *kumurbund*; on their heads is the turban; and over their shoulders the loose hanging sheet. The women wear petticoats or trousers, and the *saree* above. The loin-cloths of the men are often dyed yellow, the petticoats of the women dark blue; but the colours of these garments vary, and red, blue, pink, green, puce, and other tints are to be seen effectively mixed in all the apparel of the groups before us.

If the goods exposed for sale in this bazaar do not differ very materially from what we have already seen, there is a wide difference in the architectural features of the shops. These are stronger and more regularly built. If the bazaar be a large one, they may be two-storeyed structures; and the road between them is wider. Perhaps, as we pass through we meet a string of camels bringing from Cabul dried fruits, goat's hair, and camel-hair cloths, grapes packed in layers of cotton in small wooden boxes, walnuts, and Persian cats. Very dirty but athletic-looking are the Affghans who accompany these caravans. Cleanliness is with them a long way off from godliness, unless the latter be very low down in the scale; for it is said, with every appearance of truth, that the Affghan never changes the suit of clothes he has

upon him until, in the fulness of time, it falls off his back. Year after year do these mountain people —our troublesome neighbours on the North-west frontier—bring down their wares to sell in Hindostan, taking in exchange such cloths, &c., as find ready purchasers in their own country. The produce of Cabul does not find a large sale in our bazaar unless it be a very large one. The majority of the people frequenting it have more immediate wants than those the Affghan can supply, and, when they have purchased their supply of flour, dhal, salt, tobacco, cloth, and other everyday commodities, have little to spare for investment in such luxuries as dried fruit or Persian cats.

Leaving the string of camels—a single file of patient ugly beasts connected together by pieces of cord which pass through the nose of each to the tail of that before it, and from the nose of the leading animal to the hand of the conductor—we come to a country cart, which is being unloaded at a grain merchant's. No simple framework of bamboo is this, but a solid, though clumsily built, vehicle of good timber strongly put together. It has four oxen instead of two, and the cattle in it are more powerful and larger than the southern breeds. As we pass on we observe that all the cattle to be seen are the same, but we miss the large herds we met in the south. There is but scanty pasturage to

nourish large herds here, and there is a more widely extended population of flesh-eating Mahomedans to thin off the superfluous stock. The cows grazing in the stubble or upon the waste lands have to do some very close shaving to crop any grass at all, and have a very bad time of it when they are not supplied with chopped straw and oil-cake. As to horses also we notice an improvement. There are more equestrians to be seen, and these are ordinarily mounted on full-sized animals of the Kattiawar or some other country breed, not upon diminutive *tattoos*. The riders look at home too in the saddle, whereas the Bengallee Baboo bestrode his pony with no more appearance of a 'seat' than might be expected of a sack of flour. Ponies enough there are; strings of these and of donkeys come to the bazaar laden with sacks of grain, skins of raw sugar, &c.; but their duties are mainly confined to those of pack-carriage, a purpose to which they are rarely employed southwards.

We have said that the Indian of the North is more manly than his southern brother, and that he is superior in point of *physique*: let us see how far he differs in other respects. He is certainly more active. Though he may be independent or even wealthy, he is not always a creature of sloth and indolence. A well-to-do farmer will, upon occasion, walk his twenty or thirty miles without a murmur. A rich landowner

will ride for hours or take violent exercise while hawking or shooting for his amusement. He is not a coward. Time was when, as a matter of every-day existence, he went forth to fight *à outrance* about some disputed boundary. In the Punjaub there yet live those who in the Seikh campaigns fought with the British upon more than one hard-won field. In the North-west Provinces and Oude and elsewhere, northwards, are many whose fathers fought for us and fought well, and not a few who are now ready to enlist if their services should be required. He is a fatalist and submits to the inevitable with sufficient philosophy, but he is not afraid to voluntarily seek danger that is not thrust upon him, nor altogether above protecting himself against such visitations as fate may send. He is not so cunning and untruthful. It is true that he will lie when it is necessary for his own ends that he should do so; that he will deceive where deceit appears to be required to gain his object: he is an Asiatic, and, as such, has no compunction on these scores; but he is not systematically and gratuitously false like the Bengallee, to whom truth would too often appear to be an evil only to be adopted where untruth has completely failed. In his views as to progress he is little less conservative. Agricultural exhibitions are held under Government auspices throughout the country, with the object of stimu-

lating the native to improve his manner of cultivation and the breed of his cattle, but he pursues the even tenour of his way much as his great-grandfather did before him, and his great-grandson may do hereafter. He sees irrigation pumps, improved ploughs, and other superior instruments of agriculture exhibited, but they suggest nothing practical to his mind, and he goes back to his fields to use the rough implements employed centuries ago. He accepts the advantages afforded by English progress without any notion of making progress himself. If a railway be within reach of him, he travels by it as a matter of course; but he gives little heed to the wonders of the iron road, and would be quite satisfied if Watts and Stephenson had never existed, or if railways were to be abolished. In his domestic relations he is much what we have described the southerner; he is, perhaps, not quite so ready to dispose of any inconvenient relative, but he is equally prompt to support those relations who may be dependent upon him. His matrimonial arrangements are not more propitious, for he, too, is the victim of an early marriage; his wife is little more than a household drudge, who is useful in the way of keeping up his race, but utterly untaught, untrusted, and uncared for. After a fashion, he is civil enough to this necessary feminine piece of household property, but he is no *placens uxor* of indulgence and consideration

He will allow her to carry a four-year-old child on one hip and the family bundle on her head when they go upon a journey together, while he walks on ahead with no heavier burden than his staff, or, may be, the family hookah; and it is barely possible that he would send her forth to perform many of the duties of husbandry if he could only trust her sufficiently. But it is unnecessary to describe the native of the north so far as he resembles the inhabitant of the south, and, having described the main points of divergence in their character, we will avoid repetition by turning to the consideration of another subject.

To a great extent we have been obliged to generalise in what we have said of the characteristics of the country and people in northern and southern India. We have endeavoured to give, as briefly as possible, a general view of the most marked features that suggest themselves; and to do this within the space allowed us here it has been necessary to overlook much in the way of detail that may be subsequently introduced to the notice of our readers. It is certainly no easy task to convey an accurate idea of a land like India to the minds of those who have never visited it. The vast extent of the country, the many differences of climate, people, and modes of life to be found in the several provinces into which Hindostan is subdivided; the very wealth of matter

upon which to write, constitute the difficulties of the writer who would depict this great possession of England. But we hope, at least, to be able to show, with some degree of accuracy, what life (more especially life as the Anglo-Indian sees it) is in India; and to this end what we have said in this chapter will serve us very considerably.

CHAPTER III.

INDIA EIGHTY YEARS AGO—A RETROSPECT.

In considering India from a social point of view, we must divide the subject into three epochs. The early period when, the overland route not yet being discovered, communication with England was a matter of months instead of days; twenty or thirty years immediately preceding the mutiny of 1857; and the present time. To the first of these we must give our exclusive attention at some length. The second can be treated of when we describe social India as it is at this day.

One hundred years ago the manners and customs of the English in England were widely different from what we find them to-day. In India, a century ago, the Anglo-Indian bore but a faint and merely superficial resemblance to the Anglo-Indian of the present time. From the Governor-General down to the humblest junior factor at a factory; from the veteran commandant to the junior ensign, the Englishmen in India in the middle of the eighteenth century no more resembled their descendants of the nineteenth

century than the Norman horseman who fought at Hastings resembled the present proprietor of the acres won under the banner of William the bastard. To some extent the Anglo-Indian of 1760–70 did observe the fashions, manners, and customs prevailing at that time in England. But the new and evanescent fashions had lost their novelty during the six or seven months' voyage round the Cape, and the manners and customs had to be adapted to a climate which rendered much that attached, as a matter of course, to every-day life in England simply impossible. In some instances, the Anglo-Indian of that period went beyond his compatriot at home; in others, he could only feebly imitate him. Within the walls of Fort William it was as easy—nay, easier—to drink too much wine as it was under the roof-tree of a London tavern. A duel could as well come off, provided that an early hour were selected, near the large banyan tree on the Calcutta race-course as it could in Battersea fields. And the Anglo-Indian of the period *did* drink and fight his duel with as perfect satisfaction as though he had not been exiled from his native land. But there were many things that he could not do, or could only do incompletely. He could not enjoy the pleasures of the society of his fellow-countrywomen upon as large a scale as he had been accustomed to in the country of his birth. Englishwomen were scarce. It was not the fashion

of the time to encourage them to come out by marrying them when they arrived, and few English ladies were adventurous enough to go out to a distant country where a bad climate and indifferent society were combined with a wretched matrimonial market. A select few did venture and were successful. There were English wives ruling Anglo-Indian homes even then. But the majority of the men lived in single blessedness, or substituted for the civilised chain of Hymen the barbarous fetters of zenana life. In regard to literature, there was at that time in India a sad dearth. There was no local English journal of repute—for journalism could hardly exist in a land which was only opened to those who were licensed to enter it, and where freedom of the press was unknown. There was little English literature of any kind except a dull Government Gazette; for the few who were in the country had other and more remunerative occupation than writing. There was no native literature, even for those who understood the language sufficiently to appreciate it; and it was idle to attempt to introduce into India any English writings except those few standard works the interest of which survived a voyage that might be got through in six months, or might be protracted indefinitely. There was no adequate substitute for club life where society was so restricted in number, so scattered as to position, and so completely separated by the diffi-

culties of communication. And there was only a feeble show of the amusements of the day when nearly everything in the way of diversion had to be projected by amateurs, whose time was principally taken up in stirring the waters of Pactolus.

There is no doubt that the Anglo-Indian, even then, clung with some degree of tenacity to his English associations. It is said that, go where he will, the Briton of the present takes with him his Worcester sauce, Bass's beer, and Murray's Guide-book; and the Briton of 1770, being condemned to spend the best days of his existence in India, did, no doubt, similarly yearn after the pleasures of English life. He was excluded by a dreary waste of sea from the joys of drinking pump water, flirting, and dancing at the wells; from my lady Betty Spadille's card parties in Russell Square; from the jovial society of the cocoa-club or coffee-house, and from all the fascinations of London life. But he did his best to have the shadows of those good things, the substance of which was denied to him, and was so far like his modern representative. At the same time, however, he adopted much of the custom of the natives, and fell in with the habits of the country to an extent which is now utterly unknown. His domestic life was too frequently conducted on the native system, and the influence of zenana society told upon his character, or directed his mode of living in many ways.

But what influenced the character of the Anglo-Indian of that day more than this intercourse with the dark-skinned and darker-minded houris of the harem was his peculiar position in the country *quoad* the natives subject more or less to him, and the masters (the Honourable E. I. Co.), to whose orders he was, professedly, subordinate. When Warren Hastings governed India, the idea of swaying the country as rulers was yet new to us, and the ruling power still adhered to its trading interests. We had only recently secured our position in the south from the attack of the French and wrested from our Gallic rivals that territory lying between the River Kistnah and Cape Comorin, of which Dupleix was nominated governor. We had but yesterday deposed the Nuwaub Nazim of Bengal, our implacable foe Suraj-oo-dowlah, and placed a creature of our own and a traitor to his countrymen on the throne of Moorshedabad. We still admitted the superiority of the title of the Mogul, though our obeisance before the Delhi throne was but an empty form; and we had as yet acquired no territorial possession whatever in Northern India. A few years since, and the natives had seen the power of the English all but crushed in every part of India. In 1748 Dupleix, supporting the claims of Mirzapha Jung and Chunda Sahib to the sovereignty of the Deccan and Carnatic, had triumphed over the English and their allies, Nazir

Jung and Anaverdy Khan, and made the French flag dominant in the Madras Presidency. In 1756 Suraj-oo-dowlah had, apparently, conquered us finally in Bengal. And now that Warren Hastings was Governor, they saw the British power established on a firmer basis than ever, the French possessions reduced to one or two small trading towns, and the house of our enemy, Suraj-oo-dowlah, deposed and almost annihilated. Is it to be wondered at that they were impressed by the indomitable courage and perseverance of their European conquerors, and that, until they learnt, in later years, how conquest can be tempered by moderation, they held their lives and fortunes to be at the disposal of the English?

The history of British administration in India during the time of Clive and Warren Hastings has material in it for half a dozen romances. Few novels possess half the interest, even in respect of incident, that is to be found in Macaulay's essays on the lives of these two great men. A clerk in Madras is called upon by the exigencies of the time to cast down the pen and draw the sword; his military genius is recognised at once; his successes are brilliant almost beyond parallel; and he becomes a distinguished general and diplomatist while yet in the very spring of manhood. What travel-stained hero of G. P. R. James's creation ever occupied a position more romantic and perilous than that of

Clive when, on the bank of the Bhagirutty, he debated whether he should give battle to Suraj-oo-dowlah on the field of Plassey? Having at his command a small force barely numbering 3,000 of all arms, and that small body principally comprisd of native sepoys, he had to determine whether he would meet an army of ten times his own strength. It is true that he had bought over Meer Jaffir, who had engaged to desert to the British with his troops when the battle commenced. But the mercenary who became an ally by one act of treachery might well fail at the last moment by another, and the assistance of Meer Jaffir was but a broken reed to lean upon. The council of war called together by Clive voted against giving the enemy battle, and Clive, moved then by prudential considerations, voted with the majority. But on second thoughts he determined to risk all. He took his small army into the field, and won a victory which made India ours in the face of odds that might have deterred any hero of romance from attempting such a chance. Is there not matter enough for a 'sensation' novel in that forged treaty by which the heart of Oomachund, the intriguing banker of Moorshedabad, was broken, and the character of Clive stained? Clive, unable to win the assistance of Oomachund, save upon impossible terms, enters into a treaty with him. It is not intended by Clive that this treaty shall be adhered to after the

occasion calling for it is passed. But there is among Clive's council one who has an idea of political morality, which was not always entertained at that time. This too-particular member will not sign the spurious document, and Clive, whose conscience is more elastic, forges the name of his scrupulous associate. Clive secures all that the assistance of Oomachund can give him, and then comes the *dénouement*. The treaty which Oomachund has seen is not the genuine one: the crafty Bengallee has been outwitted in his own fashion by the astute Englishman; and, possibly, disgust at this as much as disappointment causes that deceived old man to fall senseless when the facts of the case are made known to him.

And Warren Hastings;—is there not incident enough for romance in his career? Now a prisoner in the hands of the natives at Benares, he escapes by a series of happy chances from what appeared inevitable death. Now settling by duel with Francis the disputes of the council chamber. Now in the minority in that council, resigning, or being driven from, his position as Governor-General only to acquire a majority and depose his successor nominated by the Court of Directors. Now, with the aid of Sir Elijah Impey, removing by a judical sentence his arch enemy Nuncoomar, who was hanged nominally for forgery (of which he was indubitably guilty), but, there is reason to think, really for his offence

against Warren Hastings in that he was leagued with Francis and others of the Council against the Governor-General. These incidents are not given in chronological sequence, but as they suggest themselves to our mind; and we do not dwell upon them at any length, because they only collaterally attach to our subject—India socially considered. But to some extent they do affect the matter under discussion, for they serve to illustrate the method by which the natives under British rule in the last century were taught to believe the power of their rulers to be paramount, and some of them are fitting examples of the political morality and independence of that period.

Ill-paid, only feebly governed by the Court of Directors at home, and with power nearly unlimited over the natives, the servants of the Company, where their consciences permitted, built up fortunes which were based on the weakness of the conquered people. To Clive and Hastings rich treasuries were opened, with the request that these Governors would help themselves. Both took handsome fortunes from these caves of Aladdin, and one of them subsequently expressed his astonishment that, being so tempted, he had not taken more. While at the orders of the Directors money was wrung out of the country to be sent home, those who were employed in India for this purpose seized the opportunity of enriching themselves. The Directors used the advice of Horace on

this point, and for their own ends. The Indian rulers were to get money, honestly if they could, but they were, at all events, to get money. And the Indian rulers *did* get money, with more or less honesty, according to circumstances, both for the Company and themselves. In the course of time the scandal of this system became too palpable to escape attention; and Warren Hastings in his later administration, and subsequently Lord Cornwallis, effected what they could in the direction of reform. The pay of the Company's servants was very substantially increased. The Government no longer tacitly admitted the right of every man to help himself. But many years passed before the Government officials entirely abandoned their privilege of receiving such gifts ('*nuzzurs*,' in the language of India, 'bribes,' in the language of fact) as were offered by the natives whom they could either injure or oblige. The Pagoda tree, the upas to official morality, continued for some time to yield a tolerable crop to those who shook it. And lavish in their expenditure while in India, most of the Company's servants succeeded in amassing goodly fortunes to bring home with them.

A very good idea of the social life of India from 1784 to 1797 is given by selections from the 'Calcutta Gazette' and 'Oriental Advertiser,' edited by Mr. W. S. Seton-Karr, President of the Bengal Record Commission; and we will proceed to look into these. The 'Calcutta Gazette' and 'Oriental

Advertiser' was published under the sanction and authority of the Governor-General and Council, and was made the vehicle for all Government notifications and advertisements. It commenced as a weekly, and, though almost monopolising the field of journalism, was but a very puny literary dwarf. The idea of any paper succeeding under any sort of Government control is inconsistent with our notions of that freedom of the press which is requisite for the expression of public opinion; and the editor of this Indian paper, with a long name and very short editorial matter, must have had a very hard time of it. As an instance of what this suffering scribe had to contend against, we quote a Government notification, which, bearing date February 10, 1785, is published in the offending journal:

We are directed by the Honourable the Governor-General and Council to express their entire disapprobation of some extracts from English newspapers which appeared in this paper, during a short period when the editor was under the necessity of entrusting to other hands the superintendence of the press.

The Honourable the Governor-General and Council have also commanded it to be made known that the permission which they granted for publishing this paper was merely confined to making it the channel for circulating the advertisements of Government; and that it is not by any means to be considered as under their authority in any other respect whatever. But at the same time they will hold the editor

accountable to them, and expect that he do not publish anything that is improper.

It is not difficult to conceive the feelings with which the editor went to press after receiving such a polite reminder as this. He was to publish nothing that was improper, and he had to remember how opinions vary on the subject of propriety. Is it to be wondered at that his journal was not a miracle of editorial power, or that the original matter was scrappy to the last degree?

Some of the scraps are interesting in themselves; others are useful in showing how little the editor under Government patronage could make of his subject. Speaking of public characters, the 'Calcutta Gazette,' &c., delivers itself on sundry occasions, and in a jerky manner, of the following observations:—

Sept. 16, 1784. The Honourable the Governor-General left Lucknow on the 28th ult. and was expected to be at Benares on Friday last.

Sept. 23, 1784. We have the happiness to inform the public that Mrs. Hastings had perfectly recovered her health before her arrival at St. Helena.

Dec. 8, 1785. Mr. Hastings met with a most gracious reception at Court, and has a strong party in his favour. He dined with the Court of Directors, and received their public thanks for his long and faithful services.

Dec. 15, 1785. Mr. Hastings is in high favour with the King, the Board of Control, and the Court of Directors.

All these, and many more such, without comment.

Like some of our modern journals, the 'Calcutta Gazette,' &c., occasionally killed some great public character prematurely, or made some assertion wholly unsupported by facts. But, unlike our papers of to-day, it had no means of finding out the truth and correcting these misstatements immediately. Thus, on February 16, 1786, it tells the public that 'certain accounts are received of the death of Tippoo,' and proceeds with all appearance of veracity, and as much detail as is compatible with the necessary brevity of its editorials, to describe the manner of that potentate's death. It is only on the 23rd of the next month that a letter from Tellicherry enables the editor to contradict himself, which he does as follows:

> The report of the Nabob Tippoo Sultan's death was propagated with so much confidence, and corroborated by such a variety of connected circumstances at this place, that it gained implicit belief; however, we are now fully convinced to the contrary. And the conviction carries with it a severe stroke on our commercial interest, as a variety of obstacles are thrown in the way of staple commodities, of sandalwood, pepper, and cardamoms, that amount almost to a prohibition.

Why the conviction of the editor that he had made a mistake, or, indeed, why the failure of Tippoo to die when the editor killed him, should affect sandalwood, pepper, and cardamoms in this disastrous way, we are left to find out for ourselves, and at this distance of time we despair of solving such an enigma.

As Mr. Seton-Karr observes in his preface, 'the editor of the "Gazette" troubled himself little with political speculations.' How could he do so with that injunction about improper subjects still ringing in the editorial ears? He had to fill his columns with little bits of local news, extracts from English papers, descriptions (generally translated from vernacular writings) of the proceedings of the native courts, and such poetry and feeble imitations of the papers in the 'Spectator' and 'Tatler' as obliging correspondents could provide him with. Here is a specimen of Anglo-Indian poetry in 1784:—

A letter from a lady in Calcutta to her friend in England.

Dear ———, down I'm set,
Here to discharge my scribbling debt.
How shall I paint the plagues I bore,
To reach this so much talked of shore?
What hours of sickness, spleen and hip,
Pent in that odious thing, a ship;
What rocks and storms to raise one's fear,
What broad discourse constrain'd to hear;
With calms and swells so teased and tumbled,
With such strange folks together jumbled!
Well, thank my stars! those plagues are past,
A social air I breathe at last.
A little close I must confess 'tis,
Where Sol's broad beam a constant guest is.
And yet, dear girl, this place has charms,
Such as my sprightly bosom warms!

No place, where at a bolder rate,
We females bear our sovereign state.
Beauty ne'er points its arms in vain;
Each glance subdues some melting swain.
'Tis true the foe's not very stout,
Nor formed to hold a combat out;
So flimsy this exhausted race is,
Thread-paper forms, and parchment faces.
But stay, let me reserve my rhyme,
To show you how I spend my time.
After a sultry restless night,
Tormented with the hum and bite
Of pois'nous insects out of number,
That here infest one's midnight slumber,
I rise fatigued, almost expended;
Yet suddenly when breakfast's ended,
Away we hurry with our fops
To rummage o'er the Europe shops;
And when of caps and gauze we hear,
Oh! how we scramble for a share!
Then, should some two with keen desire
The self-same lace or fringe admire,
What sharp contention, arch remarks,
Whilst trembling wait our anxious sparks!
What smart rejoinders and replies,
Whilst lightnings flash from gentle eyes!
Let prudes declaim on ease and grace—
This animates a charming face,
This sets the blood in circulation,
And gives the town some conversation.
At table, next, you'd see us seated,
In liberal style, with plenty treated.

Near me a gentle swain, with leave,
To rank himself my humble slave.
Well here I know I'm at my task,
Ten thousand things I know you'd ask,
As 'What's his age, his size, his face?'
His mind and manners next you'd trace.
His purse, dear girl;—the custom here
First points to that; so, *en premier*,
A chief my Strephon was before,
At some strange place that ends with *pore*.
Where *dext'rously he swelled his store*
Of lacks, and yet is adding more.

In this we find two allusions to the peculiarity of the Anglo-Indian of 1784. He is described personally as being of thread-paper form and parchment face; and his occupation is that of *dexterously* swelling his store of lacks.[1] Principally employed in sedentary work, and rarely taking any more violent exercise than a ride in a palanquin, the Anglo-Indian of the period could not be expected to be a very powerful athlete, and when it is remembered that he spent many of his nights in emptying punch-bowls or flasks of Burgundy or Madeira, it is easy enough to account for his parchment face. In 1789 we hear of a gentleman performing a feat of strength (?) which the 'Calcutta Gazette' looks upon as something marvellous. This Hercules runs a mile, and the account of

[1] A lack or lac is Rs. 100,000 or 10,000*l*.

his exceptional performance winds up with the following remarks:—

Let it not, however, be hence inferred that the exertion was small, and the victory therefore unimportant. Many attempts have been made to do the same, and none succeeded; and Mr. R. had been told of these when he accepted the challenge, but he confided in his own strength, resolved not to give out, and to this resolution perhaps owed his success.

Thread-paper forms and parchment faces now-a-days less frequently characterise the Anglo-Indian, and there are hundreds of Englishmen in India, racket-players and cricketers, who would think very little of this feat of pedestrianism. Sometimes, though not commonly, the 'Calcutta Gazette' came out with some feeble specimen of witticism.

Under the head of *bon mot* there appears the following repartee:—

A gentleman remarkable for his gallantry and the elegance of his equipage drove up to a young lady a night or two ago on the course, and after a little conversation, asked how she liked his wife-trap? 'Very well, sir; I think it a very handsome carriage.' 'And pray, madam, how do you like the bait within?' 'Pray, sir,' replied the lady, 'do you speak in French or English?'

The gentleman remarkable for gallantry, if he knew anything of French (which is problematical) must have been a little taken aback by this reply. At the same time, if his second question was a

specimen of the gallantry of the period in India, we cannot but think that the Anglo-Indian was then considerably behind his age in this respect.

Even in the scanty and Government-controlled columns of this Indian journal we find abundant proofs of the despotic character of the Government of the day, and the small measure of freedom allowed to rival traders and Europeans permitted to enter the country. By Chap. 65, 21st George III., it was provided that no British subject serving in India, or *licensed* by the East India Company to proceed to India, should reside elsewhere than in one of the principal settlements, or within ten miles thereof without a special license; and in 1788 we find the Government directing that no European is to proceed from the Company's provinces beyond Buxar without the Governor-General's pass. In 1784 an embargo was laid upon the exportation of grain. And other similar examples are to be found scattered among these selections. The East India Company yet clung to their commercial monopoly. Their servants were still senior merchants, junior merchants, and factors, even when they had commenced their duties as administrators. We find the Government advertising the sale of its Madeira just as any other wine-merchants would, and conducting its mercantile affairs with as much gravity as though trading were the necessary consequence of holding the govern-

ment of a country. Warren Hastings saw the evil of this, and in his memoir spoke thus:—

Although we have so long been in possession of the sovereignty of Bengal, and have provided our investments, not as the returns of commerce, but as the means of remitting the surplus of the revenues of the country, yet we have not yet been able so far to change our ideas with our situation as to quit the contracted views of monopolists, for objects tending to promote the prosperity of those territories from which we derive so valuable a tribute. Hence it is, that in all correspondence with the Board of Trade, we find constant complaints of private merchants making advances to the Company's weavers; of their giving greater prices than have hitherto been given by the Company; of their debasing the quality of the manufacture, by taking off goods which the Company refuses; and, in short, of their injuring the Company's investment by their competition and interference. Let that be.

He goes on at some length to advocate the abandonment of State monopolies, and to point out the advantages to be derived by the country from free trade. But the abandonment of the system of monopolies was a gradual process. It is only a few years since the Indian Government relinquished its salt manufacture, and there yet remains that opium monopoly which has in Exeter Hall speakers such violent opponents.

In the 'Calcutta Gazette' we see proofs that other civilians besides Clive, and at a later date than Clive, cast aside the pen to assume the sword. In

1784 the Bombay Government writes to the Governor-General and Council thus:—

> Messrs. Frederick Davy and George Dide, writers on this establishment, being, as we are informed, in the military service in your presidency, we request you will have it signified to them that in case they do not repair to their station, we shall consider them as no longer belonging to this establishment, and strike them off the list of Company's servants belonging thereto.

Whether these civil malingerers returned to their peaceful occupation at the desk does not transpire. History knows not these embryo Clives, upon whose early military career the Bombay establishment thus rudely descended.

Of the social life of India we obtain many examples in the two volumes before us, and we will proceed to look at these. First, we find, dated 21st October, 1784, a letter from A. B. to the editor, recommending the establishment of a Ranelagh, or Vauxhall, and a coffee-house modelled after the manner of the Chapter Coffee-house in London. A. B. has a more than sufficiently appreciative idea of the social state of Calcutta, *quoad* amusements, as it is, but thinks a coffee-house and Ranelagh would improve it. He has, or he says he has, observed with infinite delight the rapid progress made in all polite and refined entertainments; and boldly declares that 'Calcutta, in the elegance of its

amusements, and the fashionable style in which they are carried on, will shortly vie with most of the cities *even in Europe.*' The italics are A. B.'s, and we may concede at least so much of his prognostication as points to Calcutta shortly rivalling most of the cities in any other quarter of the globe than Europe. A. B., who may not have been wholly disinterested about the Vauxhall project, further says, that if European cities boast of their plays, masquerades, assemblies, and concerts, Calcutta can pride itself on the same with equal propriety and justice. This is a bold assertion, which will not be confirmed by our remarks upon masquerades and so forth, to be made hereafter. In spite of A. B.'s advocacy, the Vauxhall and coffee-house projects do not appear to have been eminently successful. The out-door Vauxhall commenced as a signal failure. In 1785 the proprietors of the London Tavern tried an in-door Vauxhall, and laid out their 'large and extensive rooms' in a rural style, with 'several rural walks diversified, they trust, with taste and fancy,' and 'several alcoves conveniently interspersed in them, where there will always be ready prepared the best cold collation.' A band of music, *as good as could be provided*, was to attend for the entertainment of the company. And 'the accommodations will be so arranged that a variety of parties may enjoy themselves without mixing with others, or

being subject to the intrusion usual at public places of amusement.' Even this attractive entertainment did not prosper. Perhaps people got tired of the rural walks and alcoves. Possibly the band was not as good as could be desired, although as good as could be provided. Or, even in the small society of Calcutta in 1785, some senior factor's wife may have condemned the place because some creature not of the *bon ton* had intruded upon her in her particular rural walk or alcove. But *nil desperandum* was the cry of the Vauxhall partisans, for we find Mr. Gairard advertising for December 8, 1786, another out-door Vauxhall, with 'a grand representation of the metamorphosis of Jupiter into a shower of gold; musick champêtre playing in different parts of the gardens, garden walks illuminated at nine; and a convenient place appropriated for the carriages and palankeens in the gardens.' Ladies and gentlemen were further tempted to come by the announcement that they might 'amuse themselves at the agreeable exercise of throwing out small rockets, &c., to win prizes.' We may assume that Mr. Gairard met with some promise of success in this great venture, for we find him on December 4, 1788, again before the public as a promoter of this style of entertainment. But he is warned by a correspondent in the 'Calcutta Gazette' of December 7, that he had better fulfil his engagements this time, as the public will not be as

passive as they were on the last occasion. However Mr. Gairard may have carried out his engagements in this instance, Vauxhall did not flourish either indoors or out of doors, and more recent attempts at imitating Cremorne in India have been equally unsuccessful.

Neither does A. B.'s project of a coffee-house appear to have resulted immediately in anything substantial. In spite of this prophet's exalted idea of the civilised state of Calcutta, it was not till some *years* after his letter appeared that a coffee-house and many other useful institutions were established. When he wrote about Ranelagh and the Chapter Coffee-house, there was in Calcutta no building for public meetings. A public exchange and coffee-room was only seriously proposed in 1788. The establishment of a hospital for natives requiring the assistance of a surgeon was only contemplated in 1792. And whether as to churches, museums, libraries, or what not, Calcutta was either not adequately supplied or not supplied at all.

But Calcutta had a theatre, and one shudders to think of the agonies our Anglo-Indian ancestors must have gone through in the audience quarter of this home of the drama. The players were almost unexceptionally amateurs and of the male sex. Only here and there do we find that some tenth-rate professional actress assisted. And yet the pieces or-

dinarily played were Shakespeare's tragedies, or something equally involving the necessity of great dramatic talent and a strong cast. The editor of the 'Calcutta Gazette' is, *more suo*, very brief in his notices of these theatrical displays, and herein we cannot but commend him. We find such theatrical critiques as the following interspersed throughout the selections:—'On Monday evening, Aug. 23, 1784, the comedy of the "Clandestine Marriage" was performed at our theatre, to a very full audience, and received with great applause.' Very much the same is said for the 'Merchant of Venice,' performed on October 18, 1784, with the addition that 'Shylock never appeared to greater advantage, and the other characters were, in general, well supported.' In the performance of the 'Fair Penitent,' February 13, 1786, 'the characters were judiciously cast, and in general well supported.' The proclivities of the editor, if not of the public, evidently inclined towards tragedies or dramas of the heavy school; for when the amateurs had performed the 'Critic,' the editor 'cannot avoid suggesting, though with infinite deference to the director of the theatre, who is indefatigable in the department which he so ably fills, that the tragedies of "Hamlet," "Zara," "Venice Preserved," and "Macbeth" stand very high in the public estimation, and that they anxiously hope to see him fill some of the principal characters in these tragedies during the

continuance of the cold season.' But we find the current of the drama gradually trending away from the region of the tragic muse — we see notices of 'Richard III.,' the 'Revenge,' the 'Grecian Daughter,' and such heavy pieces being put on the stage, and then we find these superseded by the 'Life and Death of Tom Thumb.' Musical pieces were frequently attempted, and the Calcutta public in the latter part of the eighteenth century enjoyed(?) amateur performances of the 'Waterman,' the 'Padlock,' and the 'Poor Soldier.'

They were ambitious as to musical entertainments generally, for we find them attempting instrumental and vocal concerts, and even oratorios. The 'Messiah' is advertised in 1785 and 1786, though very little is said on the subject beyond the announcement that the charge for box tickets is 1 gold mohur (32*s.* to 40*s.*), and that for pit tickets 8 sicca rupees. But on March 9, 1797, there is given a glowing description of a performance of 'a selection of music from the works of Handel in the new church.' The performers on this occasion are thus classified:

The instrumental parts—15 violins, 6 tenors, 6 violoncellos, 2 double basses, 4 flutes, 6 clarinets, and occasionally 2 hautboys, 4 horns, 6 bassoons, 1 serpent, 2 trumpets, kettle-drums, bass drums, and the organ for the thorough bass. The vocal performers—altos, cantos, and trebles, counter-tenors, tenors and basses to the number of twenty-six or twenty-eight.

And the performance is described as unexceptionable. Unfortunately at the time of this great musical display several ships had just arrived from England, and many who would have constituted a portion of the auditory were engaged in receiving the friends, or letters, or goods, brought by them. This was a peculiarity of the time. The arrival of every ship from Europe was always the cause of much excitement, even, as Mr. Seton-Karr points out in a footnote, to the extent of half emptying large dinner tables of the guests seated at them.

There was a feeble show of imitating the masquerades then popular in England. Describing one given on March 21, 1785, the 'Gazette' gives the following as the most remarkable characters:—

Hunca-munca, an admirable mask, and astonishingly well supported the whole night. Two gipsies, very smart and witty in their questions and replies. An Oxonian, by a lady who supported the character with great spirit. Two boarding-school misses and their governess, excellent. A French beau and belle, very entertaining. Three admirable sailors, who sung a glee. An Armenian gentleman and lady, much in character. A very good milkmaid. A naggah, very capital. A smart ballad singer, but was so modest she could not venture to sing. An excellent Jew. A fortune-telling gipsy, very good. A watchman. An Harlequin and clown, very lively and active. A Joghee, well performed. A soldier, a good mask. An inimitable housemaid. A Metrany, capital. A French pastrycook. A French pedlar. A Subadhar: A Turk. A Moonshee. Several Mogbuls,

Persians, and Moormen. The dominoes in general well fancied, but as usual were too numerous.

This description was possibly highly coloured, but, then, indiscriminate eulogy involved nothing that could be denounced as 'improper,' and was not likely to injure the circulation of the paper. We find other remarks upon masquerades, and they are always of a very eulogistic character. Announcements of dances or assemblies to come, or descriptions of those that have recently occurred, are found in some considerable number. The arrangements of those entertainments appear to have been very much the same for all occasions. Minuets were walked in the early part of the evening—supper was served at from half-past ten to twelve, and dancing, in the form of country dances and cotillons, wound up the evening. In most of the announcements of these assemblies it is advertised that hookahs will not be admitted into the ball-room. In some instances there was a vast amount of formality, and much diplomatic settlement of precedence. Among the 'regulations' for one series of subscriptions we find the following:—

III. That ladies be taken out to dance minuets according to the rank their husbands hold in the King's or Honourable Company's service.

IV. That ladies whose husbands are not in the King's or Honourable Company's service be taken out to dance minuets

in the order they came into the room, and that this regulation hold good with regard to unmarried ladies.

V. That all ladies draw lots for places in country dances.

VI. That any lady allowing the first couple to pass the place corresponding with the number of her ticket shall stand the last couple for that dance.

VII. That ladies having gone down a country dance shall stand up for all the couples who are to follow, or not dance any more during that night.

|| XVI. That hookahs be not admitted to the ball-room during any part of the night. (Note.—Hookahs will be admitted to the supper-room, to the card-rooms, to the boxes in the theatre, and to each side of the assembly-room, between the large pillars and the walls.)

A pleasant time the master of the ceremonies must have had of it on these occasions, and very pretty squabbles may be supposed to have arisen among the ladies for place and precedence. We can sympathise with the wife of the interloper who, taking rank according to the hour of her arrival on the scene, was doomed to be led out last in the minuet. But even keener is our sympathy with the male Anglo-Indian of the period who might not take his hookah into the ball-room. What was it to him that he might take it everywhere else; that he might smoke it while he played his game of cards or eat his supper, if he could not have it nigh at hand when he danced? He was in the habit of having it at his elbow at all times and seasons: it followed him to his office in

the day; it was brought in with the sweets at dinner; it soothed him to sleep in his bed at night, and now he found this sharer of his joys and anodyne for his troubles denied to him—snatched from his grasp by Regulation xvi. of a Ball committee.

Dancing by night does not appear to have satisfied the Terpsichorean requirements of the age, for in January 1794 we find a company of two hundred and fifty indulging in this amusement in the morning after the races. The races came off first, and could not have occupied any great length of time; for one race—the 'Hunters' plate' or 'Ladies' plate,' or '*The* Plate,'—a day, with perhaps a match thrown in, was all that the Anglo-Indian turfites of 1794 appear to have been equal to. After the races, or more correctly speaking race, 'the company adjoined to an adjoining tent of very capacious dimensions, handsomely fitted up, and boarded for the purpose of dancing; country dances commenced in two sets, and were kept up with the utmost gaiety till two in the afternoon.'

The association of oyster suppers with theatres, balls and masquerades is natural enough. At the present time oysters are only presented to the Anglo-Indian of Calcutta and the North in the form of hermetically-sealed nastiness which tastes of chalk and sea-weed, and is as tough as cow-hide. In 1784 the public of Calcutta was supplied with oysters

brought up from the Bay of Bengal, and the demand for these, indifferent though they were, were such as induced Mr. Creighton, of the Harmonic House, to enlarge his oyster house, and fit up two places for the accommodation of gentlemen and an additional well for the oysters. The business of the Harmonic House does not appear to have enjoyed perfect immunity from the evils of native corruption, for in 1785 Mr. Creighton comes before the world with the following doleful and foggily worded address:—

As Mr. Creighton has advanced considerable sums of money to people concerned in the oyster business, for the sole purpose of procuring him oysters, he is sorry to inform them that he is obliged to advance the price from this date for those oysters which are sent out of the Harmonic, owing to his people disposing of them to such persons as wait on the river, and deprive him of what in reality is his property; as he is reduced from the above motives to the necessity of repurchase, he hopes it will be a sufficient apology to the public.

Duels are reported in the 'Calcutta Gazette' with very matter-of-fact equanimity and the usual brevity. On May 31, 1787, we are told that—

Yesterday morning a duel was fought between Mr. G——, an attorney-at-law, and Mr. A——, one of the proprietors of the library, in which the former was killed on the spot. We understand the quarrel originated about a gambling debt.

On July 5th of the same year this trifling social difficulty is disposed of in the following words:—

On Monday last came on the trial of Mr. A—— for killing Mr. G—— in a duel. The trial lasted till near five o'clock in the afternoon, when the jury retired for a short time, and brought in their verdict *not guilty*. Mr. G—— was a very respectable man, very able in his profession, and is much regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.'

Peace to the *manes* of Mr. G——! Probably in less than nine days the untimely end of this respectable ornament of the legal profession was obliterated from the minds of those who had lost the pleasure of his acquaintance; and possibly in an equally short time Mr. A—— was ready to relieve the tedium of life in a library by another attempt to thin the legal ranks. Had Mr. A—— lived sixty or eighty years later, the consequence of his affair with Mr. G—— might have been very different: in all likelihood the library would have seen him no more among the familiar book-shelves, and a sorrowing circle of friends would have missed the pleasure of *his* acquaintance also. But in 1787, and for many years after, a duel was an act of the ordinary drama of life, and the subsequent trial was the farce with which the performance concluded.

Advertisements of absconded slaves are frequently met with in the 'Gazette.' Happy bondsmen, revelling in such names as Jupiter, Christmas, Wilks, Antony, or, perhaps only dubbed simple Imam Buxs,

have eloped from all the comforts of a home; and their owners announce that they will be glad to have these human articles of property returned to them. Sometimes the slave in the hurry of his departure has forgotten to leave his master's purse, or sundry articles of the family plate chest; but his owner is forgiving and none the less anxious, for this reason, to take the stray lamb back to his bosom and rattan. But, it must be remembered, slavery was yet recognised by England as a necessary institution, and not peculiar to the British possessions in India.

We find many other advertisements indicative of the social condition, tastes, and requirements of the time. Malver, a hairdresser from Europe, 'proposes himself to the ladies of the settlement to dress hair daily, at two gold mohurs per month, with gauze, flowers, &c.' And 'he will also instruct the slaves at a moderate price.' Other Europeans offer to build up the lofty structures which were worn on the heads of the ladies of the period, and some ask to be allowed to do the washing of the public. 'Two elegant young royal tigers, male and female,' are to be sold for the moderate consideration of 800 sicca rupees, or between 80*l.* and 90*l.* It is said of them that 'they are very tame and playful, and would answer the purpose of sending to Europe,' and that 'their expenses in victualling are very trifling; they now cost two annas (3*d.*) per day, and they are very fat and in

good order.' And a pair of English dray-horses are to be sold for 600*l.* Among fresh Europe goods there are advertised pianofortes with organs underneath and flute stops, E. O. tables, old red port, pickled tongues, pistols, and hangers, doe breeches, and gloves, books, debates in the House of Lords and Commons, cocked hats, embroidered waistcoats, beef and pork, harpsichords, æolian harps, and hautboys. Two postilions of light weight are wanted at Massey's livery stables. 'Elegant chair palanquins with glasses, venetians all compleat, and fly palanquins with chintz bedding, &c.,' occur in the lists of furniture for sale; and lotteries, with long lists of the prizes to be given, frequently appear. Things have changed considerably since the time when these advertisements were published. The washing of the Anglo-Indian is now done by his own native servant (Dhobee). Elegant young royal tigers are not in such demand in Europe as to justify the purchase of them in India at such a cost as 800 sicca rupees a pair; and the cost of feeding an interesting couple of such tame and playful pets would be many times greater than it was represented to be in 1785. Many of the European articles then required are now unknown; light postilions are creatures as extinct as the dodo. And wheeled conveyances, the rail, and the steamer have nearly driven the palanquin out of the category of Anglo-Indian necessaries.

In the good old days of 1785 the aspirations of the Englishman on the subject of quick travelling were nowhere very ambitious. In England he was contented to be dragged along in a heavy coach at the rate of five miles an hour; and it was nothing to him that, at the best, a journey of two hundred miles was extended over a couple of days. In India he was satisfied to be carried from place to place in his palanquin at a rate not exceeding three miles an hour; or, if he travelled by water, he made out his journey (somewhat faster if he went down stream, and slower if he went against the current) in a budgerow, which was an abbreviated edition of Noah's ark. In 1787 the 'Gazette' speaks of the Governor-General's favourable passage from Calcutta to Benares, and is in raptures because his excellency has accomplished this distance ('including several days he had stopt at different settlements') in a month. In 1871 his excellency may go from Calcutta to Benares, if he travel by rail, in twenty-four hours. But the notions entertained by the Anglo-Indian of the earlier period on the subjects of locomotion and communication were generally vague, for looking back to 1784, we find the 'Gazette' quite ecstatic because letters from England had been received, viâ Busra and Benares, in the unparalleledly short period of four months and seventeen days.

Occasionally the 'Gazette's' advertisements are

characterised by some degree of humour. One tells us of the sale of Mrs. Maria de Misquitta's house, and recommends it as 'very convenient for a moderate and devout family, its being so near the church, which will be exposed to sale precisely at eleven o'clock.' Richard Harvey qualifies his promise to teach geometry, trigonometry, navigation, motion of projectiles, geography, astronomy, algebra, and the doctrine of fluxions, by the doubtful statement that his lessons will be given 'if no unforeseen accident occurs to prevent it.' Whether the unforeseen accident dimly suggested was his inability to master these subjects himself he does not say. A house agent, anticipating George Robins, gives it as an advantage to a house that it commands a very extensive prospect of the paddy fields. He might just as well have recommended it on the ground that it commanded an extensive prospect of brick-fields; and we are reminded by this advertisement of that more modern one in which the only drawbacks to a terrestrial paradise were said to be the litter of the rose leaves and the noise of the nightingales. Finally, we extract from the advertisement columns the following specimen of the polite correspondence of 1789:—

Sir,—Pray send me a bottle of the ale I purchased to-day to taste. You may send two. Your obedient servant,

To Mr. Burrell. J. BOURDIEU.

Answer.

Sir,—Pray send for the whole; we do not send it out in bottles. Your obedient servants,

B. E. & DRING.

Reply.

I merely want to taste it; you surely may venture to send a bottle. J. B.

Answer.

We really cannot comply with such troublesome customers. (No signature.)

The Anglo-Indian of eighty years ago did not live in the atmosphere of comparative safety that now surrounds him. Besides indulging in habits of life which exaggerated the effects of the climate upon him, he was exposed to dangers which no longer exist. Indolence and hard living, now unknown, ruined his constitution. Insufficient exercise, combined with late hours, heavy drinking bouts, and constant indulgence in the hookah, gave to his liver the honey-combed character of a sponge, and to his face the rich complexion of a guinea. But there were evils of a more immediately disastrous character which were beyond his control, or with which he had not yet learnt to cope. If he remained in a settlement, small-pox or some other epidemic might seize

him; if he went beyond it, a tiger or a gang of robbers might perform the same office for him. Inoculation was introduced into India in 1786 to do what it could for the alleviation of that scourge small-pox, but there was no immediate alleviation for the pests tigers and robbers. Even in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta, and where now one would as much expect to meet the sea-serpent as a tiger, Europeans occasionally, and natives frequently, were carried off by the striped monarch of the Indian jungle. The 'Gazette' gives instances of these sad occurrences, and on more than one occasion describes the attack upon the houses of Europeans made by gangs of robbers (Dacoits). The house of a Mr. Turner in Allipore (now a suburb of Calcutta) was sacked in 1790 by a gang of thirty or forty Dacoits armed with *tulwars* (swords) and spears; and we further read that, in March 1796, Mr. Glegg, an indigo planter in the Benares province, was visited by the gang of a notorious ruffian named Sultanut Sing. Mr. Glegg fared but poorly in the hands of this Asiatic Jack Sheppard. His house was plundered, and he was carried off a prisoner to be, some days after, released on ransom. In starting from his house he was allowed the luxury of being carried in a litter, but Sultanut Sing soon appropriated this to his own purposes, and Mr. Glegg, bare-footed, had to walk over the thorns and sharp stones as he best could.

The band of Sultanut Sing numbered 500, and at his head-quarters he was joined by another amiable bandit with a limited party of 200 followers.

While the relations of France towards England in Europe were not of a peaceful character, the French settlements in India were a fruitful source of annoyance, if not of danger, to the Anglo-Indian. Within a few miles of Calcutta was the French possession Chandernagore, and in the Madras presidency our Gallic rivals held Pondicherry. Early in 1788, when rumours of war in Europe had reached the shores of India, the French could hardly make up their minds whether they would abandon or defend their Indian territory. We read in the 'Gazette' of March 20 that—

> The French at Chandernagore, with extreme caution rather than prudence, have stopped any further advances for their investment, and some of the wealthy inhabitants have begun moving their most valuable effects to Serampore (a Dutch settlement).

On March 27 there appeared in the poet's corner of the same journal the following 'Impromptер' (*sic*) on the late intelligence from Pondicherry and Chandernagore:—

> How wanton is fate! how it sporteth with nations!
> Behold a strong fortress besieged and won
> At once, both for fight and for flight preparations,
> Yet no one hath knowledge that war is begun.

The consideration with which the English treated their French neighbours in India was not always sufficiently appreciated. In 1795 a daring act of piracy was committed by a party of Frenchmen who, by the lenity of Government, had been permitted to be at liberty on their parole. These irrepressible Gauls, nine in number, went down the Hooghly in a budgerow and seized the 'Gillet,' a British pilot schooner, at her anchorage in the Kedgeree Roads; they did not unnecessarily maltreat the English crew, but sent all of them, except one who was detained as a pilot, back to Calcutta in the budgerow, and, without charts and quadrants, went off to sea with their prize.

Commercially considered, India had much to learn at this period. The Anglo-Indian who wished to remit money to Europe had either to obtain bills with a collateral security in diamonds or other precious stones, or to send the stones as his remittance. In 1785 Mr. Barnet, of Benares, tells us that 'he continues to grant bills on London with a collateral security in rough diamonds at 2*s.* 3*d.* the current rupee.' Further, Mr. Barnet remarks that—

> Having experienced great inconveniences from receiving commissions when the English ships are on the point of sailing, he entreats the favour of three months' previous notice given him, to enable him to prepare the diamonds

properly, though payment is not required till the diamonds are ready to be delivered to the remitter.

And he concludes by saying that, 'having relinquished every other pursuit, he means to devote his time and attention to the purchase of diamonds only.' Unhappily for Mr. Barnet's sole pursuit, the time he lived in was one in which the East India Company exercised a trade monopoly, and in little more than a year a blow was struck at his remitting and diamond preparing business by the following edict:—

The Honourable the Court of Directors having permitted Mr. Lyon Prager to proceed to Benares, and reside there for the purpose of trading in pearls, diamonds, diamond boart, and other precious stones, in order to afford to individuals means of remitting their property to Europe, and to secure to the Company their accustomed duties; and having forbid any European Company's servant or other from dealing in those articles for the European market, unless they enter into covenants similar to those which Mr. Prager has subscribed to, notice is hereby given, that permission will not be granted to any person in future to carry on the above trade, unless they conform to the Court of Directors' orders by entering into the prescribed engagements.

In 1785 the Anglo-Indian who wished to remit money home to meet some urgent demand was not in a very enviable position. A poor relative may have written to him from London on January 1, asking for 50*l.* to save the writer from a debtor's

prison. This letter reached India, say, some time in June. The addressee then had to give three months' notice to Mr. Barnet. In September he got his bill with the collateral security in diamonds; in October, perhaps, he found a vessel sailing, and about April, or when his poor relative had enjoyed the pleasures of the Fleet for a year or so, the remittance reached England. Possibly after all, Mr. Barnet's bill was not honoured by the house upon which it was drawn; the impecuniosity of the poor relative was unrelieved, and the remitter had to fall back upon his collateral security—the diamonds—which may have been worth half what he had paid for them. As to the indigo trade, the governing monopolist and the public were also singularly in the dark. In 1787 it was believed that, notwithstanding the great encouragement given by Government to the manufacturers of indigo, that article would be driven out of the market by the indigo grown in the Brazils by the Portuguese. A year later, and a more hopeful view of the subject was entertained. The Government in 1788 thought it possible that indigo, if the manufacture was conducted properly, might continue to rank as one of India's products. In a long extract from a letter addressed to the Governor-General in Council, the Secretary to the Government made public the correct system of manufacture, and exposed the errors that then existed in this direction. The manufacturers

were informed, that 'Indigo, which is now made in the rainy season, should be made in dry weather, the vegetation in the rainy season being too rapid, and forces the plant to apparent maturity before the dye is formed,' and much more to the same effect. But unfortunately for the effect of this advice, the Government that could coerce the manufacturers, could not control the forces of nature. It was sound advice, no doubt, that recommended the manufacture of indigo in the dry weather, but then, unhappily, indigo will not come to even 'apparent maturity' in that season; and those who attempted to make the dye as recommended by Government would have found themselves in a worse predicament than that of the Israelites when that suffering people were requested to make bricks without straw. In spite of governmental advice the manufacture of indigo did progress by slow degrees, and in 1793 we find 400 maunds (or fifteen tons) of this article delivered to the company by Mr. Cullen, of Benares. At the present time 400 maunds represent a very insignificant portion of the annual manufacture.

Of the life of those Anglo-Indians who, eighty or a hundred years ago, lived at a distance from the presidency town, Dr. Hunter has given us a very graphic and interesting description in his 'Annals of Rural Bengal.' Of the Company's servants the commercial resident was the virtual head of the district, while

the nominal head—the collector—by whom justice was administered, was but a very secondary personage. Of these two Dr. Hunter observes as follows:

Of longer standing in the service than the collector, and less liable to be transferred, the commercial resident formed the real head of the district. His gains were unlimited; for, besides his official pay, he carried on an enormous business on his own account. We find Mr. Keating (the collector) complaining that he can barely subsist on his salary; that the mud tenement in which he lives is letting in water, and tumbling down upon his head; and petitioning in vain for a single rood of land on which to build a house. The commercial resident, rather than the collector, wielded the power of the public purse. Mr. Keating possessed patronage only to the amount of 3,000*l.* per annum, and all valuable appointments in his gift required the confirmation of the Calcutta authorities. But the commercial resident had from 45,000*l.* to 65,000*l.* to spend each year on behalf of the Company. The whole industrial classes were in his pay, and in his person Government appeared in its most benign aspect. On the collector devolved the harsh task of levying the taxes; the commercial resident had the pleasant duty of redistributing them. To the then superstitious Hindoo Mr. Keating was the Company in the form of Siva, a divinity powerful for evil, and to be propitiated accordingly; while the commercial resident was the Company in the form of Vishnu, powerful for good, less venerated because less feared, but adored, beloved, wheedled, and cheated on every hand. A long unpaid retinue followed him from one factory to another, and as the procession defiled through the hamlets mothers held aloft their children to catch a sight of his palanquin, while the elders bowed low before the Providence from whom they derived their daily bread.

While the collector petitioned in vain for a patch of land on which to erect a water-tight house of a modest description, the commercial resident, the representative of the Company in its commercial aspect, 'lived sumptuously in a pile of buildings surrounded by artificial lakes and spacious gardens, and defended by a strong wall which gave the commercial residency a look less of a private dwelling than of a fortified city.' The commercial fortress was occasionally the scene of a liberal hospitality, and we read how for forty days together open house was there kept. No Lenten time were those forty days.

But the Company employed other agents for the management of its investments besides its salaried commercial residents. Independent merchants or adventurers were sometimes made use of for this purpose. Not always did the lines of the adventurer of that period fall in pleasant places. We have already shown how he was liable to the unpleasantness of being plundered or carried off by robbers, and Mr. Hunter also depicts some of the trials that beset the adventurous European who had (in the cant phrase that still exists) gone to India 'to develop the resources of the country.' 'From the day that the non-official merchant set foot in a district the local authorities were arrayed against him. The

natives charged him the highest prices for everything and the Company allowed him the smallest.' He paid more than the value of the land he purchased; fell into arrears of rent; and was obliged to fly from place to place to avoid arrest. Perhaps after spending ten or twenty years of his life in the struggle for wealth, he found himself, after all, with barely a roof to cover his head. But it was also possible that he should rise superior to the troubles that surrounded him and amass a fortune, with which, in the character of an Indian nabob, he returned to his native land. Where he had sufficient energy and tact he conquered the difficulties caused by official discouragement, and assumed much of the authority of those of the Company's servants who had exercised a jack-in-office tyranny over him. He became the magistrate, judge, adviser, and physician of the natives living in his neighbourhood; he administered justice, counsel, and medicine to the hundreds with whom, directly or indirectly, he had dealings; and the authority thus gained satisfactorily influenced his commercial operations. But, socially considered, he was, however successful in commerce, an object for commiseration. He was almost entirely cut off from intercourse with his own countrymen; he was an exile from the world of literature; and in the only society that was accessible to him—the society of the narrow-minded

natives with whom he came into contact—there was everything to lower and nothing to elevate his tone of thought. So circumstanced, who can wonder that he too frequently found refuge from the monotonous dulness around in the fascinations of the bottle, or secured the poor apology for a home that was to be found in a zenana?

CHAPTER IV.

DOMESTIC INTERIORS.

It has been the misfortune of Anglo-Indian social existence to be more frequently caricatured than accurately described. It has been depicted by imaginative writers who had no personal experience whatever of it; by occasional travellers who have 'done' India, during one cold season, at the rate of several thousand square miles per diem; and by some few of the Anglo-Indian community who knew more or less of what they were writing about; but the bulk of the descriptive writing devoted to this subject has inclined towards inaccuracy, and conveyed many false impressions as to the life of the English in India.

To the readers of those serial publications which, for the trifling consideration of a penny, give two half-page illustrations and half a dozen murders in eight pages, India has been portrayed with about the same amount of truth as has characterised the delineation of the English aristocracy offered to the

public in these cheap journals. The writers who (speaking of the daily life of the town in which they have their local habitation) describe our hereditary peers as libertines who relieve the tedium of legislation by the forcible abduction of virtuous spinsters of the lower orders, acknowledge but few restrictions when it occurs to them to depict the existence of people who live (or who are supposed to live) many thousands of miles away; and so it comes about that the masses are taught how, in India, the meritorious English soldier wins for his bride the beautiful and highly educated daughter of some rich Brahmin, with a dower of some fancy sum in crores, and an impossible quantity of diamonds, the smallest of which is considerably larger than the Koh-i-noor; how the lovely and haughty lady Were de Were discards a select circle of British nobility and gentry for the sake of the lowly, but brave and handsome, young sepoy of her father's regiment, with whom, as her husband, she lives 'happily for ever afterwards:' and other matters, which are just as thrilling as they are absurdly untrue.

The stage, too, and more particularly the stage eastwards and transpontine, has done its best to mystify the British public in respect of India both socially and geographically. In one piece, which was supposed to represent some of the incidents of the mutiny of 1857, Cawnpore was, somehow, con-

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fused with the neighbourhood of Niagara, and a cataract and mountain pass were represented as the natural features of a country which is really as flat and almost as dry as the desert. In the same piece, if we mistake not, the plot turned on the romantic love of a young Hindoo male and English damsel; and in other instances the mirror that has been held up to Indian nature by the 'Vic' and similar dramatic institutions, has been equally unhappy in what it has shadowed forth.

But the west-end stage is not wholly blameless in this respect. Eight years ago there was played at a theatre in the very heart of St. James's, a comedy which, while it pretended to great accuracy and much detail, was as gross a travesty of Anglo-Indian social life as the avowed burlesque 'Brown and the Brahmins.' The scene lies at a hill station in India, and obviously one of Bengal. The nearer slopes of the hills are bright with the rich flowers of the rhododendron: around are to be seen the 'vast ridges and profound valleys of the Himalaya;' and in the distance, towering over all, 'the great snowy range glittering in the sky.' Except that the snowy range does *not* glitter when viewed from the houses of any hill station, this description applies with tolerable correctness to Simla or Mussoorie, or any other sanatorium to which, in the hot weather, the Anglo-Indian betakes himself. But we find the characters

in this comedy constantly deploring the very trying heat of this hill station, and to this we must object, because the climate of an Indian hill station, whatever may be its defects on the score of damp, is certainly unobjectionable as to temperature during the summer months. This is, however, a trifling error compared with those which occur in the description of the manners and customs of Anglo-Indian society. An officer, and presumably a gentleman, is made to address a refined and youthful lady with whom he is slightly acquainted, thus—'A bottle of B. B. for me! I'm as seedy as a P. and O. fowl, this morning! I was up till gunfire at blind-hookey. Such a wet night, and such a jolly shindy in the bazaar, coming home from the Major's bungalow.' This gallant gentleman and a brother officer, when paying a morning visit, are described as calling for brandy and soda and bitter beer, as though the fashionable lady on whom they have called were the proprietress of a drinking bar. The majority of the *dramatis personæ* are either too enervated to do anything, or energetic only in doing what should be left undone. And the absurdity culminates in the betrothal to a native *femme de chambre* of a military Adonis who is the life and spirit of the mess-room and the idol of the fair sex generally.

There is much misconception afloat as to the characteristics and habits of the Anglo-Indian He

is not the luxurious and listless money-grub or dissipated idler that many suppose. He certainly lives in a large house and keeps more horses, carriages, and servants than he would consider necessary in England; but he does this of necessity. As to houses, it is simply an impossibility to the European to keep his health living in a small room in the plains of India. Throughout the greater part of the country it is absolutely necessary that, during the heat of the day, the outer air should be carefully excluded from the Indian mansion, and the Anglo-Indian finds himself shut in at seven a.m. with the supply of oxygen that is to last him until six p.m. To reduce the cubic contents of his apartment is simply to condemn him to the inhalation of so much more poison, and so he lives in rooms that are lofty and spacious. But beyond size an Indian house is seldom ambitious to make a show. No costly papering drapes the walls; rarely is there any pretension to decorative effect; rich mouldings, cornices, beadings, &c., are conspicuous by their absence; and very seldom does the upholsterer do more for these eastern interiors than supply the simple furniture which is indispensable. Calcutta is styled the 'city of palaces,' but beyond the fact that it presents to the eye several rows of lofty houses with wide verandahs, broad porticos, and an ostentatious display of high pillars, it is difficult to say upon what

grounds it assumes this title. The materials of which the Calcutta palaces are constructed are the plebeian brick and mortar; stucco does duty for stone in the exteriors; shell-lime occupies the place of marble within; and the walls of the interior, in their coating of whitewash, have much more of the barn-like than the palatial character about them.

In the Mofussil (i.e. in the country or out of the Presidency towns) the resemblance to a barn is not confined to the *penetralia*; many of the best houses (in some parts all of them) are thatched bungalows—very lofty and spacious tenements, admirably adapted to the climate, but very like the outhouses on a prosperous English farm withal.

Let us look into an Anglo-Indian house or bungalow of average comfort and style, and see to what extent luxury exists therein. We drive in our buggy to the portico and are received there by a servant who will inform us whether we are to be admitted. If the master and mistress are not visible, we are not dismissed with the conventional falsehood that everybody is out, but there are uttered to us the mystic words, '*durwaza bund*' (the door is closed), and, leaving our cards, we drive off. Supposing that we are to be admitted, our cards are taken in, the bearer of them returns with the brief message '*salaam*,' and we enter. If it be the hot weather when we call, it will be some minutes before our eyes

get accustomed to the obscurity of the chamber into which we are ushered. Coming out of the glare of sunlight into the Cimmerian gloom of the drawing-room, we may very possibly distinguish our entrance by tumbling over an ornamental table and bowing apologetically to an anti-macassar which we mistake for the reclining form of our hostess. But growing accustomed to the light (or darkness) we see the objects that surround us. Item: we see walls that are simply whitewashed, or, at the most, stained in some low tint, which is relieved by a picked-out panelling in a darker shade. Item: above our heads are the beams which support the roof, and no attempt has been made to suppress the fact that these are beams or hide the naked deformity of the timber. But if we are in a bungalow we see, instead of the beams, a whitewashed cloth, that is generally loose enough to flap about gracefully at every gust of wind, often torn, and invariably the play-ground of those rats which grow weary of the monotony of the sloping thatch above. Item: above our heads is also the punkah—a cumbrous frame of wood and cloth, to which is appended a sweeping and heavy curtain that does a considerable amount of amateur hair-brushing by machinery for any gentleman of moderate dimensions who stands beneath it. This machine runs nearly the length of the room, and is supported from the roof by vertical and cross ropes, draped in

coloured cloth. Item: beneath our feet is matting—cool and pleasant to look upon, but not pretending to the splendour of even the simple Kidderminster—and, very possibly, much eaten away in many places by white ants. Here it may be mentioned that the white ant has a peculiar regard for matting as a comestible. There are few things that these neuropterous insects will not devour; they establish a colony in a trunk, and devour a wardrobe at the rate of a dress-coat a day; they mount to the roof and eat away the beams and rafters as though the solid timbers were but wine biscuits; they penetrate the walls and make substantial repasts upon brick and mortar; and it is recorded that when a deficit was discovered in the cash balance of a native treasurer, that functionary explained the discrepancy by the statement that white ants had eaten the rupees. They will eat most things, but matting is a light delicacy that has an irresistible attraction for them, and it may be said, without much exaggeration, that they commence their ravages at one end of a mat before the other has been nailed down. Item: large windows (which an Irishman might say are all doors) furnished with folding glass casements and outer Venetian doors, open out into the verandahs, the glass doors being closed to exclude the air, and the Venetians to keep out the light: the said windows being very rarely decorated with curtains.

Coming to the observation of the furniture, we first notice that there are few or none of the mirrors, gaseliers, chandeliers, and handsome stoves or fireplaces that are to be found in the well-to-do English home. There may be a few hanging lamps in the corners of the room, but the punkah ordinarily occupies the best part of the ceiling accommodation. In Northern India there is to be found a stucco brick and mortar fireplace and mantel-piece. Here and there may be found a mirror, generally cracked on its way up country. But Spartan simplicity is the rule in respect of the things above indicated. Otherwise also there is an absence of display. One or two marble-topped tables; two or three occasional tables; a pair of whatnots; an ottoman; a couch; a couple of easy chairs (chintz-covered); a piano of uncertain tone (last tuned eight months ago, when the residents of the station subscribed a gold mohur each and imported a tuner from a larger station two hundred miles distant); half a dozen chairs of miscellaneous character, a canterbury full, or partly full of obsolete music, a few engravings, and some knick-knacks. Among these last, ivory carvings from Berhampore or Bombay; soapstone work from Agra, vases and other things in glass; photographic albums; Tennyson or Tupper in gold and morocco; the last 'Saturday Review;' the last but thirty-three sensation novel from the station book-club (three days

allowed for perusal, and it has been kept seven weeks); some highly ornamental but very useless writing paraphernalia in walnut or rosewood, ivory and brass; and a headless doll or some such valuable of childhood (supposing there is a child upon the premises). These briefly may be said to constitute the furniture of the Anglo-Indian drawing-room, and proportionate simplicity characterises the other rooms. To prove the extent to which self-denial in this respect is carried, we may mention that the drawing-room table of one of India's first judges was made out of two beer chests.

As to any one particular item of furniture harmonising with any other there is rarely any thought given. The Anglo-Indian population is a shifting one, always on the move, always selling off its effects at one place to buy them anew at another; and every Anglo-Indian habitation assumes in some degree the character of a second-hand furniture warehouse or curiosity shop. If any one were interested in the matter, there is a history attached to nearly every piece of property thus collected. The chair on which we sit was bought from a distinguished civilian who was the local amphitryon until his hospitality was brought to a close by dementia (d—— something else some people called it). That table was picked up when the inspector of railways gave up housekeeping in consequence of his wife's

prolonged absence from her Indian home. (Mrs. Inspector went to England for six months to see her child, but the operation of 'seeing' proved such a lengthy one that three years brought no indication of any termination to it. Every year brought to the inspector, as an apology for the wife of his bosom, a new photographic portrait of that sharer of his—purse; but photographs and weekly letters, breathing love and hints for increased remittances, could not for ever buoy up the sinking hopes of the inspector, and so after three years he sold off his household effects, and 'went in for chumming' with the deputy collector.) That davenport was purchased when the late judge left the country on his retiring pension. That couch was added to the collection when the doctor before the last, carried off by a complication of *coup de soleil*, dysentery, and general debility, left the station in a funereal palanquin. And so on to the end, chairs, tables, whatnots, &c.—all are *souvenirs* of people who have come and gone; people who were, perhaps, dear friends of ours ten years ago, and who, when next we meet them, will be utter strangers to us, grown out of all recognition and full of interests with which we have no affinity.

But such an establishment as we have described is the abode of the Sybarite when compared with some Anglo-Indian dwelling-places. Let us look up Ensign

De Boots of H.M.'s 150th Regiment. The ensign shares a three-roomed bungalow with two brother officers, and has one apartment to serve as sitting-room, bedroom, harness-room, lumber-room, and wine cellar. His breakfast and dining-rooms are at his mess, but his one apartment, on exceptional occasions, has to do duty even as a banqueting hall. The ensign's room is crowded with furniture, but the practised eye of the broker would estimate the value of the lot at a glance as something like 10*l.* In the centre of the room, under the punkah, is a bed (the *charpoy* of the country; i.e. a wooden frame, upon which broad tape is stretched crosswise, mounted upon four roughly turned legs). In one corner is a camp-table made to fold up and go into a small compass, but never designed to fit together completely. The ensign's toilet arrangements consist of (1) a brass basin (*chillumchee*) upon a folding tripod of wood; (2) a chest of drawers, made out of a pair of clothes chests, that is converted into a toilet-table by placing upon it (3) a camp looking-glass which is limited in size (10 inches by 6) and deficient in reflecting power, partly as a consequence of the mirror being originally made out of the material ordinarily used for glazing purposes, and partly because the silver at the back has suffered considerably from wear and tear. There are two or three lounging chairs scattered about: and the remaining ground

space is occupied by portmanteaus, a shako box, a gun case, a three-dozen soda-water box, a one-dozen brandy box, a saddle and harness rack, a miscellaneous assortment of boots and shoes, ranging from the modest racquet-shoe to the aristocratic Napoleon, a racquet press, cricket bat and pads, some hog spears, and a feeble imitation of the British Museum in the shape of sundry skulls, skins, &c., of tigers, boars, and other object of the chase. In the way of decorative effect there is nothing to speak of. There are a few books of the red-and-yellow-bound-one-shilling-sensational school; an odd volume or so saved from the wreck of the Sandhurst library; some books in the vernacular, over which the ensign pores with a *moonshee* with the view of passing in the languages and working his way to the staff corps or to an interpretership; a heterogeneous collection of writing *matériel*, old letters (few of them answered), bills, receipts, regimental papers, cheroot-boxes, spurs, whips, sticks, powder-flasks and other articles more or less closely allied to the order commonly known as rubbish; and, lastly, on the walls are two framed photographs, one of which the ensign, in all affection, tells us is his governor, while the other represents that home in the old country to which the spirit of the ensign often flies while his mortal body is present at the Indian parade-ground, mess or where not.

As to the number of servants that an Anglo-Indian

entertains, necessity must again be pleaded. The household that in England would be conducted with the aid of one maid of all work and an occasional char-woman, is at a dead-lock in India with less than a dozen or twenty servants. Ensign De Boots, who keeps one pony and conducts his affairs generally with due regard to economy, cannot manage with fewer than ten retainers; Mrs. Dhalbat (the wife of a highly paid civilian), who is quite a proficient in the arts of cheese-paring and flint-skinning, finds it absolutely necessary to keep fifty. And the reason of this is that the Indian domestic is to his English congener as a solitary tooth is to a whole comb. The active and handy housemaid who cleans the house, washes a child or two, does the marketing, cooks the dinner, waits at table, and performs other offices, is represented in India by some ten individual specimens of menial humanity. The useful young man who grooms a horse, works in the garden, and then brings pleasant odours of the stable and mould into the dining-room while he acts as footman, has no parallel in an Indian establishment. Caste or custom forbids that the Indian servant should make himself generally useful and live in the esteem of his fellow men, and so he is generally useless.

Going over the muster-roll of Ensign De Boots' establishment, we find that, to do next to nothing, he has ten servants, viz.: (1) a *kitmutghar*, or table

attendant, whose functions are to bring his master's cup of tea in the morning; wait upon his master (and nobody else) at mess;—and drink any wine or spirits that may be within his reach.

2. A *bearer*, or valet, who keeps (or loses) his master's clothes; helps his master to dress (sometimes suggesting some novelty such as putting on a waistcoat inside a shirt, or a pair of socks over the boots), and prevents the furniture, &c., disappearing altogether under a heavy stratum of dust or beneath the active mandibles of white ants. The ceremony of dusting is, from its rarity, treated as a solemn festival, and sacrifices of broken glass (the master's) and libations of wine or brandy (also the master's) celebrate the event.

3. A *sweeper*, who sweeps the floor, looks after dogs, and performs other menial offices, which no other servant will, on any consideration, put his hand to. This individual, when not drunk, is generally quarrelling with his wife, and very often he is both.

4. A *bheestie*, or water-carrier, who supplies the water required in the house, the kitchen, and the stable.

5. A *dhobey*, or washerman, who does the washing of the household. N.B. The cleansing operation is performed in two processes, which prove very effective with fine linen. First the article (say an elaborately fronted dress-shirt) is dipped into the

pond which is the dhobey's washing-tub, then, being rolled up as much like a rope as possible, it is swung round the dhobey's head, and brought down with full force upon a corrugated plank, that is fitted up, at an angle of 45°, on the margin of the water. The results are, that linen is made wonderfully white, and wears out in about half the time that it would in England.

6. A *syce*, or groom, who does little except bring the horse or trap round to the door when his master requires it, accompany his master when he goes out, sleep in the stable, and steal the horses' grain.

7. A *grass-cut*, who brings in the horses' grass, and does the best part of the grooming work.

And 8 to 10. Three coolies who, turn by turn, keep the ensign's punkah going, day and night, with only those intermissions that arise accidentally out of the punkah-rope breaking, or the puller falling asleep.

Now, as a rule, no one of these servants will perform any duty save that which peculiarly belongs to his department. A *kitmutghar* may, on an emergency, offer, or consent to give, his assistance as a bearer; but he takes good care that his discharge of a bearer's duties shall be such as will not encourage his master to call for a repetition of this effort towards general usefulness. And this is about the only concession

of the kind that is to be got out of the members of the establishment.

In a larger household, the domestic machinery is still more complicated. To put a dinner on the table it is necessary to have (1) a *khansamah*, or butler, to superintend generally; (2) a cook, with, perhaps, (3) a mate or assistant; (4) a *kitmutghar*, to assist the *khansamah* in pretending to wait at table; and (5) a *mussalchee*, to wash the plates and dishes, and clean the knives and forks. Children require something like one female attendant (*aiyah*) per head, to insure approximate cleanliness and reasonable immunity from broken limbs. If there is a garden, a *mahlee* (gardener) must be entertained for every hundred square yards. Every additional horse involves the necessity of keeping two additional men to look after it. Every punkah that is kept continually working calls in the services of its own especial menial triumvirate. Two or three bearers are required to perform, as far as possible, the duties of one housemaid, and one is employed to attend upon the children. Two or three tailors (*durzees*) are fully engaged in repairing the havoc done to the linen by the washerman, and in making such new garments as, for economical considerations, it is inexpedient to order from a milliner or haberdasher. Then there will probably be from one to half a dozen *chuprassies*, whose duties consist of sleeping in the verandah, carrying *chits*

(notes) about, and holding the powder and shot when the master goes out shooting. And there are, of course, the indispensable sweeper, water-carrier, and washerman, possibly in duplicate.

The above remarks apply to all the provinces of India, save Bombay and Madras. The servants of these sea-board provinces are more disposed to do general work, and less trammelled by caste prejudices. The 'boy' who does the bearer's duties will, also, officiate as *kitmutghar* or *khansamah*. The men employed in the stables will pull the punkah; and it is, therefore, possible for the Anglo-Indian in either of these two provinces to get on with a smaller establishment than is required in other parts of India. But the advantage is confined to that of numbers, for the generally useful creatures of Madras and Bombay who perform the duties of two departments, are paid as much as any two servants of the other provinces; and the 'boy' whose liberal mind rises superior to the narrow sectarian tenets of Hindooism and Mahometanism, not unfrequently demonstrates his tolerance of the *farinqhee* manners and customs by an inordinate indulgence in his master's liquors and cheroots. Further, it may be observed of the Madras and Bombay 'boys,' that they speak English, or some apology for that language; and this is not an unmixed advantage, for, while they are not always intelligible themselves, they can generally make out

what their masters say, and do not hesitate to repeat in the *bazaar* anything of a particularly confidential character that they may have overheard their master or his friends give utterance to in the dining-room.

Before leaving the subject of an Anglo-Indian establishment of servants, it is desirable to explain that the cost of keeping these necessary incumbrances is comparatively small. Native servants (with the sole exception of wet-nurses) are on board wages. There is no servants' hall wherefrom murmurs arise because the dinner consists of cold mutton, or the table beer is rather washy. Every man makes his own arrangements, provides his own food, and eats by himself, or with fellow servants of his own caste, in the particular hut that is assigned to him as his house and home. The expense of keeping a servant (always excepting what he misappropriates) is his wages, and the majority of those employed do not get more than 10*s.* to 12*s.* a month, or 6*l.* to 7*l.* a year.

Reasonable, not to say insufficient, as this rate of wage appears, time was when it was even lower. Twenty or thirty years ago, before railways had stimulated exportation, and lent their aid to the equalisation of prices; before the mutiny had brought into the country a host of Europeans larger than any hitherto seen in the land, provisions were generally cheaper, and wages proportionately lower. Even yet there are tracts of country cut off from the great

markets and centres of commerce; tracts insulated by the absence of road, railway, or water communication; where the local produce finds no sale, except at prices far below those generally prevalent. But twenty years ago this condition of things was more marked, and applied to a greater extent of country. Even now grain may be selling in the Punjaub at one-third of the rate which it sells for in Madras; because the carriage of it by rail some 1,400 miles, and by sea a distance that occupies a sailing ship from six days to three weeks, imposes such difficulties upon the conveyance of it from one point to another that this is rarely attempted, save under the pressure of famine. Nay, it was only the other day that one million of the people of Orissa perished, because the food that was plentiful enough in other parts of India could not be brought within their reach. And, if such a state of things exists now, it can readily be imagined what it was before the iron horse had commenced to run, and when other means of communication were more imperfect than they are at this time. Then the grower and producer were excluded from the best markets; districts went through a course of plethora, during which prices were disproportionately low; and then suffered from a season of dearth, without receiving sufficient relief from external sources; and the general consequence, in times of average plenty, was the imposition of an

unnaturally low standard of value for all local products. The value of money was considerably greater than it is now, and, in many parts of the Mofussil, the servant who now gets ten shillings a month could be hired for six.

The cost of living to the European in the Mofussil twenty years ago was also very considerably less than it is at present. There were far fewer consumers of those articles which are mainly supplied to meet the wants of the European section of the community; and it was not so easy to convey these things to the large cities and towns where Europeans most do congregate. In those halcyon days of domestic economy, fowls and ducks could often be purchased at $\frac{3}{4}d.$ to $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ each, where now they cost $6d.$ to $1s.$; and other articles were equally cheap.

But this is rather like a digression from our subject, which was the defence of the Anglo-Indian on the charge of extravagance in keeping a host of servants, and we think it has been shown that he only does in this respect what necessity compels. It is possible that Ensign De Boots may have his socks put on, while he yet sleeps, by his bearer; and, in the heat of the day, the ensign may 'take it out in sleep,' while the punkah is kept in motion over his recumbent form: but he does not waste his life in utter idleness, dreaming the sunny hours away while dark houris brush aside the mosquitoes and fan his

cheek with peacocks' plumes; he is as active as the climate will allow, reads for four or five hours during the day, does his regimental duty steadily enough, is pretty good all round at cricket, racquets, billiards, pig-sticking, and snipe shooting, and does not spend a rupee more on his personal comfort than he can help.

As to keeping horses and conveyances, the defence is much the same and equally conclusive as that already given on another count. In a country where Hansoms are not by any means omnipresent and walking is often impossible, a man must keep at least one horse. As a matter of economy it is better to keep one horse than a palanquin and its four bearers, for the horse will, at the same cost, do more work, with greater expedition and comfort, than can be got out of a palanquin; and two horses can be kept for the same amount as would cover the hire of one for an hour or so every day. In the three capitals, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, vehicles of all sorts are to be found in ranks for hire: in the principal cities of the younger provinces and in some of the large stations throughout the country, horses, conveyances, and palanquins may be hired if one only knows where to go for them; but these conveniences are not to be found everywhere, and when they are discovered they are by no means satisfactory specimens of their kind. The weak-springed, dirty, insect-haunted box upon wheels (called a *palkee ġharèe*) of

India generally, and the rickety buggy of Bombay and Madras in particular, are traps that are only used by Europeans upon compulsion; the horses worked in these carriages are undersized and jaded beasts, subject to every equine ailment and vice; and the drivers are little better than the animals upon which they pour down maledictions and lashes. Is it to be wondered at that the Anglo-Indian keeps his own turn-out instead of trusting to the uncertain and expensive luxury of a hired one?

To give the reader a better insight into life in India, let us suppose that we are just arrived in the country, and describe what would in all probability be our experiences. We quitted England a month ago and are now landing at Calcutta. Three days ago we left Madras after a few hours' stay at that capital; and now we are at the palatial city, the metropolis of India. Our impressions of the metropolis as we approach it up the Hooghly are not of the most favourable order. Mosquitoes in millions boarded the steamer off Saugorpoint, and two or three hundred of these blood-suckers have attached themselves to us in particular; it is very hot, and all our fellow passengers are as much out of temper as we are. Then the sacred stream upon which we float is not calculated to incite pleasurable emotions; it is very muddy (the Tiber being as clear as crystal compared to the Hooghly); it too frequently suggests the

peculiar character of Hindoo funeral obsequies; and the banks on either side are monotonously low and densely wooded with cocoa-nut and other palms, *peepul*, banyan, and mangoe trees, with here and there a native hamlet, and an occasional land-mark or boundary pillar that has the lively appearance of a solitary tomb. Then, again, the Hooghly does not the more strike one agreeably because throughout its channel there are sand-banks, treacherous as the Goodwins, whereupon other good ships have gone to wreck heretofore and we may come to grief ourselves. The spectacle of shattered masts standing up out of the water that flows over the James and Mary bank is not a singularly happy one, and this is one of the principal objects of interest that greet us. But in spite of the dangers of the channel we see every indication of mercantile activity: sailing vessels of from 500 to 1,500 tons, tugged by wheezy little steamers, pass us as we ascend the river, or are passed by us as we proceed onwards on the same course that they pursue; hundreds of native cargo boats with thatched houses for poops and ragged sails, and many a diminutive fishing-boat, float on the muddy bosom of the Hooghly; and, on every hand are evidences that we are approaching a great commercial centre. When we do reach the commercial centre, we see the city of palaces through a forest of masts. From a point a mile above Calcutta to

another point just below Kidderpore (a suburb of Calcutta) the river is lined on either side by ships in tiers and every description of smaller craft in groups. On the Calcutta side bathing ghâts, with their lofty pillars and flights of steps that are lost in the water, appear at intervals. Along the bank on the same side runs the course (the fashionable drive, the lady's mile, Rotten Row, and so forth of Calcutta), and overlooking the course on one side and the fashionable quarter of the city on the other is Fort William, a military stronghold that is supposed to be almost impregnable.

As the anchor drops in the river off the P. and O. Co.'s wharf, there is a rush of passengers to get on shore, and a counter rush of friends of passengers who have come from the shore to get on board. Anxious husbands and fathers come off to meet wives and daughters; more anxious lovers come off to meet their affianced brides; relatives of all sorts come off to meet other relatives; and idlers come off to see what the last importation of spinsters is like. For it must be admitted that the steamers that arrive in India during the cold weather months are reputed to carry much living cargo for the matrimonial market. Of the 120 passengers who have come out with us two score are eligible spinsters, and it is even betting that half of these will be married before the year is out; indeed six have already settled their connubial

engagements. One was wooed and won between Marseilles and Alexandria, one pledged her troth during the journey across the desert, two yielded between Suez and Aden, and the other twain succumbed, after a protracted acquaintance of three weeks, somewhere in the Bay of Bengal.

But our object is to land and secure rooms at an hotel, so we struggle into a shore boat with our portable luggage, and, unless we are upset, reach the shore. The dinghy in which we make this journey is a keelless boat that threatens to capsize on the slightest provocation, and we balance ourselves upon it with as much anxious thought as though we were performing a standing act in the circus, or taking a short stroll on Blondin's high rope; but experience shows that it is not to be upset as easily as would appear at first sight; though the accidents that occur to these light craft are sufficiently frequent to justify caution in using them. Having gained the shore we engage a *ticca* (hired) *gharee* to carry us the two miles that intervene between us and hotel accommodation. In this four-wheeled abomination we spend a perturbed half hour. The miserable jade that drags it commits every irregularity of which a draft horse can be capable—now shieing, and thereby bringing us into collision with another vehicle—then jibbing us into the road-side drain—and so on *ad nauseam*—but we reach the hostelrie at last. Reach

it, very likely, to hear that every decent room is engaged, and leave it again, only to discover that it is the same elsewhere, and that we must make shift with a corner somewhere or be houseless. Calcutta only boasts of two decent hotels and three or four small boarding establishments, and at certain periods it is quite possible to find these all crowded. But as there are, on the other hand, certain periods when these houses of entertainment are nearly empty, it would not pay to increase their number.

Time was when few travellers in India thought of taking their ease at their inn. People going out from England were armed with letters of introduction, any one of which proved an *open sesame* to the house and hospitality of some resident. Anglo-Indians travelling about the country were received, as a matter of course, by any friend, or friend's friend, or friend of a friend's friend, or anybody else whose house might lie in their path. Hotels were then far less common than they now are, and the feeble imitation of an inn in the shape of a Government dâk bungalow, or traveller's resting-place, did not hold out many attractions to induce the traveller to halt at it. Nowadays the Anglo-Indian is less at the mercy of chance hospitality and more independent, and letters of introduction are useless documents that may result in an invitation to dinner, or, as likely as not, have no result at all.

So we settle down, somehow, at one of the public caravansaraïs of Calcutta and look about us. We have expressed a wish to have a servant, and are, in the course of an hour, besieged by a crowd of applicants for employment. All these would-be retainers of ours have *chits* (certificates—which are generally borrowed and often forged) that give to their holders all the virtues under the sun. Never, apparently, had such a collection of industry, honesty, and general worth, thrown out of employ by a concatenation of unfortunate circumstances, been gathered together as that we now see before us. The members of this body have each and all been model servants, with whom former masters have parted only because they (the masters) were leaving the country or giving up housekeeping. But the *chits* often bear contradiction on their face. Peer Bux, an ancient with one leg in the grave, presents a *chit* which, bearing a date of last year, speaks of him as a young and active stripling. Kali Dass, who is obviously hardly out of his teens, has a certificate that commends him for fifteen years' faithful service. Some of the chits are dated many years back; and not a few are written in English which is utterly subversive of all ordinary ideas of syntax or orthography, or bear the sign manual of personages as hypothetical as Sarah Gamp's Mrs. Harris. Further experience teaches us that these chits, whether genuine or forged, are often

hired out at so much a day, and that many of them are written and sold by half-castes, who indulge in all the hyperbole of the native and only a part of that regard for Lindley Murray which distinguishes the Englishman of ordinary education.

But, being uninitiated, we select a servant from the crowd before us upon the strength of his (or somebody's) certificate, and, it is unnecessary to say, discover subsequently that we have taken a domestic viper to our bosom. This settled, we give audience, unwillingly, to a series of native visitors who break in upon our solitude, often unannounced, with the view of serving us (and themselves) somehow. *Box-wallas* (hawkers) want us to invest in tape, cotton, sardines, note-paper, salad-oil, steel-pens, pomatum, blacking, or bottles of acidulated drops. Tailors suggest that we shall allow them to fit us out with suits of fancy tweed, calico shirts with linen fronts, and fancy *paijamas*. Barbers volunteer to shave us or cut our hair; itinerant tobacconists proffer villanous cheroots, branded as being the manufacture of Manilla, but too obviously the produce of the country; and commercial rovers of other sorts force themselves and their wares upon our attention until it is clearly proved that we are not to be victimised, or until our rising indignation shows that we are not to be attacked with safety.

Coming to the analysis of Calcutta life we note

what passes during the day. At dawn the native inhabitants are up and about—(for a native, though he may sleep nearly all day, will rise before the sun)—and the streets and roads show signs of life once more. Troops of natives, male and female, pour down to the river to bathe; and the servants of the European quarter commence their day's work; kitchen servants prepare the early morning tea of their masters, *syces* saddle horses, and *bearers* and *aiyahs* wake their masters and mistresses. Then the day commences for the Anglo-Indian. Possibly he takes it easily enough and goes through no more exertion than is required to get from his bed to an easy chair in the verandah, where he reads the morning paper, smokes his cheroot, and drinks his cup of tea. But he may do more than this—he may mount his horse and have an hour's canter on the race-course or *maidan* (a large plain between the course and fashionable quarter), where he will meet half a dozen equally energetic Europeans. At this time unhappy Anglo-Indian babes are dragged out of their beds and paraded along the roads to 'eat the air' (as it is described in the language of the country) and as much dust as may be available for consumption. Very wan and pallid little people are these infant exotics; sadly listless the gaze of these nurslings who are veterans of many campaigns in which Death has been their foe; dysentery and fever

have been their portion just as measles and whooping-cough are the lot of the young ones in an English nursery; calomel and chalk mixture are as familiar to them as their bread and butter—but, faded flowers that they are, selfish affection keeps them under an Indian sun until the necessity of sending them to Europe can be no longer resisted; and, hence, one sees them thus snatched from their morning sleep and sent out to gather those roses that will never bloom for them until they have reached their father-land.

There is a time, however, when the Anglo-Indians of Calcutta are to be found abroad betimes in considerable numbers. That time is when the first and second race-meetings occur. To suit the convenience of business men (and nearly every man in Calcutta has business to attend to) the races are run early in the morning, and not unfrequently in a heavy fog, which is a London November fog *minus* the smoke. On race mornings hundreds collect upon the stand or take up their stations in carriages by the side of the course. Civilians, military men, merchants, and professional men, with their wives and daughters (sometimes), native princes, Baboos of the young Bengal school, and Arab horse-dealers, with *their* wives *never*, in every description of conveyance—drag, mail-phæton, barouche, brougham, buggy, dog-cart, and *palkee-gharee*—throng the roads that

lead to the course. But beyond the actual racing, which too frequently degenerates into a 'walk over,' and the prospect of meeting several acquaintances whom one met last night, and will probably meet again to-morrow, there is nothing to incite anyone to get up at an abnormally early hour. There are none of the incidental attractions that make up the life of a great English race-meeting. Ethiopian serenaders, fortune tellers, thimble-riggers, Punch and Judy, knock-'em-downs, and other similar entertainments, are unknown. There is no necessity for a champagne luncheon neatly packed away in a hamper and enjoyed *al fresco*, because everybody drives or rides home in a matter-of-fact way to breakfast. And there is little betting. But the races are something to be seen, and numbers attend them for this reason, without feeling any particular interest in the horses that run, or entertaining any decided opinion that they are enjoying themselves.

On ordinary occasions the Anglo-Indian of Calcutta does not make his appearance before the world until after breakfast. At eight or half-past eight he tubs and dresses; at nine or ten he has his breakfast; and immediately after this he drives off to his office, or goes to his business, whatever that may be, for the day. At two he breaks the monotony of the daily routine by taking luncheon, and at four or five his labours are over. Then, if actively

inclined, he may, if it be cold weather, play cricket, or, if it be hot, play racquets, or, in any case, ride or take a constitutional. There is the excellent cricket-ground of the C. C. C. for the upper ten of Calcutta society, and there are other grounds on the *maidan* for the lower *strata* of the social world; and if these are not as crowded as Lord's, the lover of the game will generally find some of his acquaintances there, or, at all events, he can stand up at a wicket, and have a native to throw at him for an hour. There is also a very good double court for racquets, but this, like the C. C. C., is open exclusively to the local aristocracy, and admission is only conceded by the procedure—being proposed, seconded, and balloted for—that precedes admission to club privileges.

Parenthetically, we may observe, that the noble art of cricket is now pursued in India under circumstances far more favourable than those which surrounded it in the pre-railway days. Then it was not possible to bring rival elevens together from any distance, or to make up an eleven the component members of which were widely separated. The stock matches of the Calcutta cricket season of that period were those made up within the C. C. C., and the few played by the C. C. C. with the military of Fort William and the adjacent cantonments, Barrackpore and Dumdum, and the rival clubs of Calcutta. A satisfactory match with a Moffussil eleven could

hardly be brought about, when to travel a distance of sixty miles involved a palanquin *dâk* of twenty hours, and only five or six out of an eleven could be obtained within that distance. Now Bengal meets the North-west provinces and Oude, and the rival elevens are composed of picked men who are brought from scattered stations hundreds of miles from the place of meeting.

For the Calcutta man who does not incline to athletic sports there is nothing to be done after the hours of business but to drive home, have his glass of sherry, dress, and go upon the course. On the course we meet nearly everybody whom it is the right thing to know, and a great many that it is the right thing *not* to know. A long string of vehicles of every description, sometimes two or three deep, goes up the roadway, while another string goes down it. There may be seen the equipage of the Governor-General, with the attendant body-guards in scarlet and much gold; there are the well-appointed carriages of mercantile magnates, eminent judges, learned members of the bar, distinguished civilians, and gallant generals and colonels; there is the high dog-cart of young Bengal, and the hired buggy, very shaky as to its springs, and much indebted to stray pieces of rope as to its harness, in which three happy British tars are taking a preliminary airing before making a night of it. On the course are to

be seen people of all ranks and all nations. Stray representatives of all the nationalities of Europe come from the shipping in the river; Armenians, Parsees (those quiet, charitable, money-making fire-worshippers), Eurasians, and people from all parts of India come from the native quarter of the city; and from the European quarter flock the Anglo-Indians of many degrees. And, numerous as the carriages are, the piece of turf railed off for equestrians is generally occupied by a very respectable number of riders of both sexes.

The passage up and down the course is no holiday task to the man who has a large circle of acquaintanees, and wishes to stand well with all. For all useful purposes he might as well be without a hat, so often has he to remove it from his head. But bowing to everyone he knows, at the rate of ten salutations a minute, while the daylight lasts, is nothing compared with the performance of this act of politeness when it is too dark to admit of his recognising friends or strangers distinctly. All the world appears upon the course after sunset; the Indian twilight is a very brief one; and darkness falls upon the scene before the world leaves the drive. So it happens that an unfortunate may pass the carriage of a most intimate acquaintance without making a sign, and then bestow his sweetest smile and lowest bow upon Mrs. Cowry, whose only pretensions to be known to him are that her husband supplies him with bottled beer.

From the drive the Anglo-Indian world proceeds to dinner, and, in the ordinary course of things, dines and retires to rest at an early hour. Exceptionally it may happen that the lady of the house (where there is one) entertains her liege lord with a little music while he dozes over a book or smokes his cheroot, but more probably she does a little of that elaborate work which occupies a small basket for months, and never appears to be turned to any practical account. For ladies in India do not, as a rule, keep up any accomplishments except dancing; they, perhaps, let off a few musical fireworks, or play an accompaniment to a song at large gatherings, when the people who are loudest in their call for music are loudest in the conversational din that drowns it; they have pianos in their drawing-rooms waiting for that moment (which rarely arrives) when they will have energy and inclination to play upon them; but music is not to them a cherished art; it is rather a social penance which has to be undergone with a good grace, and forgotten as soon as possible. So it is with painting and drawing. Young ladies arrive in India with a stock of drawing materials that would keep half a dozen Associates of the Royal Acadamy supplied for several months. They have been taught by masters at school, and by governesses at home; they have taken lessons at a guinea an hour, or graduated at South Kensington;

they have contributed to the picture galleries of friends and relations ambitious pieces with a good deal of very cobalt water and sky, very purple hills, and many palpable touches by the master's hand in them; but arrived in India they turn their backs upon art. For the first six months they are too much occupied in studying the novelties around them; then their attention is taken up by the more important business that culminates in an engagement, and then, as married women, they have their household affairs to look after. The neglected moist colour-box falls a prey to mildew, damp seizes upon the drawing-blocks, and white ants devour the brushes that were to have effected such artistic triumphs. Dancing alone withstands the influence of the Indian climate; maids, wives, and widows—young ladies of sixteen and old ladies of sixty—are to be found dancing whenever the opportunity occurs; and, as the proportion of dancing men to dancing ladies is generally four to one in an Indian ball-room, few of the fair sex, whatever their deficiencies in charms or excess in years, need despair in finding partners. Dancing is almost the only pedestrian exercise that Anglo-Indian ladies take: walking is impracticable in the heat of the day, and not tempting in the morning and evening; croquet played after sunset does not afford opportunities for much pedestrianism; and dancing is, therefore, the only practical

test that Anglo-Indian ladies have not altogether lost the use of their legs for purposes of locomotion.

As dancing is not an every-day occupation, or one that can while away the hours between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m., it is necessary to see what the Anglo-Indian lady does while her husband is at his work. Well, she has her domestic affairs to look after. In the first place, the *khansamah's* accounts have to be audited and dinner ordered. She calls the servant, who sits outside the door (bells are not often used for this purpose), and tells him to call the *khansamah*. *Khansamah* is called and, in the fulness of time and when he has put on his turban and waistband, comes. *Khansamah* bears a formidable roll of paper in his hand, from which he proceeds to read of fabulous quantities of eggs, milk, meat, and so forth, that he persuades his mistress were used the day before. Mistress objects to the sum total and intimates her wish to have this reduced. *Khansamah* explains that his *hoormut* (dignity) will be lowered and himself beggared if he takes a farthing less than the full amount, and then, in the blandest manner, consents to reduce the bill by four shillings. (N.B.—This is a little farce that is played nearly every day.) This matter amicably settled, dinner is ordered, and the *khansamah* disappears.

Here it may be observed that the Anglo-Indian sees little of the articles he consumes until they are

put upon the table. The shops of butchers, poulterers, dairymen, grocers, &c., do not stare him in the face when he goes into the trading quarter; the carts of these tradespeople do not call at his door; his *khansamah* is told what is required, disappears into by-ways and secluded bazaars, and emerges with a complete commissariat. And here, also, it may be stated that the Anglo-Indian cannot be charged with riotous living. Very quiet are the arrangements of the every-day breakfast and dinner table, and the greatest display made at the *burra khana* (big dinner) involves a smaller outlay than that of an ordinary English entertainment. There are no hot-house fruit and out-of-season delicacies, bought for their weight in silver, upon the Indian banquet-table. Hermetically-sealed provisions are always in season, if not always very fresh, and the ham, salmon, pâtes-truffées, mushrooms, green peas, &c., that eke out the native turkey and saddle of mutton, are put before the Anglo-Indian at a cost little exceeding their mean price in England. Neither can it be said that the Anglo-Indian is unusually extravagant in the matter of wine, although his consumption of bitter beer and soda-water may sometimes exceed the English standard of consumption.

Returning to the lady whom we left when she dismissed her *khansamah*, we find her giving audience

to other domestics. The *bearer* has to explain away a trifling difficulty about a vase that has been broken since last night, and is fluent in his assurances that it was broken six months ago, and before he was in the house—that one of the children broke it—or anything else that he thinks his mistress may believe. The tailor has to be directed as to the construction of a new dress; and other servants have to be addressed or listened to. Then, if there are children, those young people have to be looked after; and with these occupations and a little fancy work or a novel, the morning passes away until it is time to receive visitors. Occasionally this routine is broken by the lady of the house going out in the morning to do a little shopping; but even in Calcutta, shops are not sufficiently numerous to make this a work of unceasing interest; and so the fancy work, the novel, the children, and the servants, beguile the early hours of the Anglo-Indian lady's daily life.

But, from twelve to two she may anticipate the arrival of visitors, and she sits, conversationally equipped, ready to receive them. At 12.30 gong at the gate sounds once (it sounds once for a gentleman, twice for a lady, and three times for the doctor), buggy drives to the door, and bearer ushers in Mr. A., a middle-aged civilian, who has torn himself away from his official duties to make two or three calls. The conversation does not drag; Mr. A. is

started before he is fairly seated, and will not allow a pause to occur if he remain till midnight. But Mr. A.'s ideas are contracted, and often 'shoppy.' Hear him :—

'Very nice party that of the Tackers, wasn't it? Nice people the Tackers; and that daughter of theirs is charming. Pity she should be allowed to encourage that young Colster—an uncovenanted man, who only gets 400 (rupees) a month now, and can't hope ever to get more than a thousand. And there's Chalkstone, who has got his Sudder judgeship *pucca*, mad about her, and she won't look at him. Heard of poor Muddlebury? Poor fellow—judge at Bubblepore, sentenced the prosecutor to be hanged instead of the prisoner, and has been removed and degraded to a collectorship; come down from 2,500 to 1,900 (rupees a month understood), and his wife's living at Genoa at the rate of 3,000*l.* a year. Capital thing for us these new furlough rules. Seen to-day's 'Englishman?' Very abusive article in it about young Jones's appointment to the superintendentship of gasometers, over the heads of two hundred seniors; accuses Lieutenant-Governor of nepotism, and talks about official corruption. Very absurd. Nice fellow Jones; plays the violin, and is an immense addition to Calcutta society. They say he has never had any experience in gasometers. Ridiculous! If he can master the violin, he can master gasometers, of course!'

This, and more in the same strain being poured forth by Mr. A., that gentleman takes his departure. To him succeed other members of society; officers from the Fort, merchants, and others. Officers from the Fort do *not* ask for soda and B.'s, or describe to their hostess the orgies in which they passed the previous night. Very likely some of them (and a good many civilians as well) find India unfruitful, conversationally considered, and wish, during an uncomfortable pause, that calling were not one of the amenities of social life; but if, at the worst, they do not entertain a lady with what she ought to hear, they do not insult her by talking of what she ought *not* to listen to.

Employed until 2 or 2.30 p.m. in entertaining visitors, the lady of the house finds it necessary to restore exhausted nature by a light tiffin, and during the afternoon prepares herself for the evening drive by a short siesta, or more crochet-working and novel-reading. About sunset she is prepared to go on the course, and finish the day as we have already described.

This is the ordinary routine of Anglo-Indian life in Calcutta, and, in most respects, it is very much the same elsewhere in India. During the greater part of the year it is not possible for ladies to spend any considerable portion of the day out of doors, and it is rarely practicable for them to do so even in the cold

season. They cannot occupy their time after the fashion of their English sisters. The open-air employments and amusements of country life and town life in England are denied to them. Pleasant walks or drives through a picturesque country, visits to the poor, school-teaching, water parties, archery meetings, and flower shows (with other home attractions), are unknown. There is nothing resembling the morning concerts, exhibitions of pictures, and other indoor entertainments, which afford agreeable occupation during the day in London; and from morn to dewy eve there is little prospect of any relief to the every-day round of business, domestic duties, and social boredom that we have sketched.

The evening may bring forth something that disturbs this monotonous harmony. A dinner party, a concert, a ball, or theatricals. Of the first of these it can rarely be said that it is any improvement upon the quiet dreariness that it interrupts. One Anglo-Indian *burra-khana* is the counterpart of another, and, in many respects, very like the typical dinner-party of England. Twenty to thirty people are collected together to eat the inevitable turkey and saddle of mutton, and dinner is served fifty minutes after time because somebody of importance chooses to arrive late. During the hour and a quarter preceding the feast, gentlemen gather in groups round the room, and talk shop; and ladies cling to

each other in couples and talk millinery or nursery; host and hostess, on tenter-hooks, making futile attempts to introduce upon the scene an air of enjoyment. Dinner is announced, and male guests, according to table of precedence, offer their arms to ladies and lead them to the banquet. Table of precedence does not account for the relative position of people out of Government employ, and excludes from all position every uncovenanted civilian. Difficulties arise. Diffident civilian (covenanted) of five years' standing does not like preceding his seniors who are not in the Civil Service, and fails to advance at the right moment. Table of precedence is upset, couples are not properly sorted, and hostess sits down to dinner a miserable woman. Dinner is protracted over a period of two hours and a half, during which time the *kitmutghars* of the several guests (each guest has his own) are engaged in internecine strife and noisy struggle for possession of some dish. Dinner over, guests return to drawing-room, break up into groups, and talk while one or two victims play or sing. Half an hour is so spent, and then the leading lady (the *burra mem*), watching her opportunity, rises to wish her hostess and host good night, and is followed by all the other guests.

Concerts are not of very frequent occurrence, and are generally given by amateurs. Occasionally a few travelling professionals give a musical entertainment

(probably of the Christy Minstrels order). But, as a rule, concerts are projected by non-professionals, and little is to be said about them.

Dances are more general and more successful. Small communities have their carpet hops; large communities have more ambitious parties. There are the balls given, *ex officio* as it were, by the Viceroy, the Governor, Lieutenant-Governors, and Commanders-in-Chief; there are regimental balls; there are balls given by large stations to some great star who has fallen upon them; balls given by the civilians to the military; balls given by individuals who have 300*l.* to 500*l.* to throw away; subscription balls and réunions. In every station there is a room which is large enough for the purpose, and, with few exceptions, every lady in the country will give all the assistance in her power to those who get up a dance. For it is something to think about, something to talk over, and something that affords immediate occupation. Dresses have to be made, early engagements with eligible partners have to be settled, and, very likely, decorations have to be contributed. The young lady who ordinarily takes as little exercise as a Chinese dame of high degree, will, in the interests of a ball, shrink from no exertion. She would hardly refuse to scrub the floor; for the ball is to bring her hour of triumph: then she will be surrounded by a crowd of devoted men all supplicants for her hand in

the dance; then she will be able to reward the virtuous youth who is fast and smooth in the *valtz*, and snub the awkward wretch whose movements in a round dance are as the gambollings of a young hippopotamus: then will come her apotheosis, and she can afford to work hard to bring about that hour of glory.

To Anglo-Indian ladies generally a ball is something to be thought of with pleasure. As we have said before, it is sufficient that a woman is a woman, and she is sure of partners. But if it happen that an Anglo-Indian matron does not dance, she can at at all events enjoy the success, and sympathise in the pleasure, of the daughter, sister, or other young lady whose chaperone she is. To the elderly man and to the clumsy terpsichorean male a ball in India is a social ordeal of the most dismal character.

For theatrical representations the Anglo-Indian is generally indebted to amateurs, and when the *corps dramatique* is non-professional the performances are few and very far between. Of late years Calcutta has been able to boast of possessing, for some months at least, an opera, or theatre, or circus, or band of serenaders; and sometimes it has had two or three of these at the same time. But rich as Calcutta is, and much as entertainment of any kind is wanting, professionals are but indifferently supported; and so the companies of opera, theatre, circus, and negro

minstrels, seek in different stations about the country that support which the metropolis fails to give. The Calcutta man regrets that this should be so, and deplores the dulness of the city in which he dwells; he is loud in his denunciations of the public that fails to support professional talent; but, when professional talent reappears, he leaves it to other citizens to recognise it, and says for himself, that it is all very well but he cannot be bothered by going out after dinner.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE MOFFUSSIL.

We have already mentioned that by the term 'Moffussil' is generally understood any part of India other than the three capitals, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. The justice of the proceeding by which these particular cities are graded above Allahabad, Lahore, Lucknow and other provincial capitals, is not immediately apparent. They are, certainly, sea-ports and great centres of commerce. They have been British possessions longer than the great cities of the North. But Delhi was a flourishing city—the capital of Hindostan—when Calcutta was but a hamlet. Delhi and many another city northwards are still, regarded from the native point of view, of much importance; and it is somewhat of a paradox to speak of these cities, with their many thousands of inhabitants, their ancient palaces and mausoleums, and their centuries of historical grandeur, as one would of little Peddlington with its population of three hundred, and no monumental work more imposing than the village pump.

Looked at from the Anglo-Indian standpoint, there is, however, some reason for this distinction. The Anglo-Indian whose lines are cast in the capital of the old Khalsa kingdom, finds that the resources of Lahore are not equal to the supply of all he requires. If he want a decently-made coat or tolerably fitting boots, he must send to Calcutta for them, and it is the same with many of his other requirements. 'Writing to Calcutta for it' is as much a matter of every-day life in Lahore, and of as little consideration, as 'sending up to town for it' is to the resident of some country place in Kent or Surrey; although sending for anything from Lahore to Calcutta is much the same as sending for it from Copenhagen to Southern Italy. So also does Calcutta supply the Anglo-Indians of Delhi and other large cities of the north; and, as centres of supply of coats, waistcoats, trousers, boots, and many other articles of a peculiarly English character, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, may claim a distinctive character.

Practically there is nothing in the existence of the Anglo-Indian analogous with the town and country life of England. There is no 'season' in any one of the capitals, when it is the right thing to go up to town. There are no town mansions opened for three months and relegated to spiders, brown-holland, and a housekeeper for the rest of the year. The people who are of the town seldom leave it; the people of

the Moffussil stay in the Moffussil. Everybody has employment of some sort that ties him down to his place of residence, and only exceptionally does the town-man take a few days' holiday in the Moffussil, or the Moffussil man misuse a vacation by a shopping expedition to the town.

Neither is there anything in the life of the Anglo-Indian that fully represents the sea-side pleasures in which some of the nations of Europe delight. There is no Brighton or Biarritz, there is not even a Ramsgate or Margate, at which the Anglo-Indian can disport himself. Bombay and Madras are upon the sea and derive some slight advantage from the sea breeze; but sea-bathing is hardly practicable where sunstroke menaces from above and sharks below; and, in point of fact, the propinquity of the sea in India altogether fails as an attraction. Only in the hill stations of India is there any affinity to Brighton, and these more closely resemble Wiesbaden or some such inland place where, in the season, idlers congregate. At Simla, Mussoorie, Darjeeling, the Neilgherries, Poona, and elsewhere, at a level of some few thousand feet above the sea, there are houses which are let at an exorbitant rate for the period between April 1 and October 31, and left tenantless during the cold weather months. There are to be found 'grass widows' of all ages, whose husbands are left in the plains to temporary single blessedness, bad dinners, and the

dull routine of business. There, are many spinsters to whom the hill campaign may secure partners. There, are families of infantile incumbrances (the property of the grass widows aforesaid) who in this bracing atmosphere lay up a stock of health that will enable them to weather through another year of India. There, are many officers who have got their six months' hot weather leave from their regiments. There, are civilians who have saved up two or three months' privilege leave to spend them in the hills. And there, are tradesmen who have brought their stock-in-trade (possibly some thousand or fifteen hundred miles) to sell at this summer fair. Always excepting Simla, whereat the Governor-General and Council, the Commander-in-Chief, and other official magnates carry on their labours during the hot season and rains, the hill stations are particularised by the fact that all the Anglo-Indians, save the tradespeople, who visit them have nothing to do but make the most of a welcome holiday. Work (be it the work of the cutcherry, the merchant's desk, or the parade ground) has been left in the plains below, and here all is to be pleasure. The opinions as to what is pleasure vary as a matter of course. *Quot homines tot sententiæ.* Mrs. Brown thinks it pleasure to watch over her infant brood and see the roses springing in their cheeks. Jones, whose normal condition of existence it is to spend eight hours a day pent up

in a room crowded by dusky and perspiring Indians, finds it pleasure enough to ride about the hills on his tat, and get his lungs full of pure oxygen that is innocent of all human taint; and Robinson of the 99th Plungers believes that he is enjoying himself thoroughly in losing a few hundreds at unlimited loo. There are men who are wild about cricket, and spend, when they can, six days of every week in the immediate neighbourhood of the wickets. There are others who are wild about dancing, and devote their whole energies to the projection of balls and parties *dansantes*. Some are given to pleasant pic-nics in a quiet nook overhung by pine and cedar and rhododendron, where the board is spread upon a carpet of violets and fern, and the champagne cooled in an adjoining cascade. Some get up sky races and try to create as much excitement about Captain Bubble's Bluebottle (aged fifteen, spavined, broken-winded, and only able to pretend to gallop half a mile) as though that ancient and afflicted animal were the equal of Mr. J. Johnstone's Pretender. Some find labour rather more severe than, though of a different character to, that they left in the plains, in arranging amateur theatricals. The racquet courts and card-tables furnish occupation for a good number. And not a few take gun and rod and sally forth into the interior, there, in dense forests or close upon the hills of eternal snow, to shoot the ibex, the *Ovis ammon*, the

bear, the bison, and the *barasingha* (if they can), and catch the trout and marseer that are only to be found, in India, in those streams that come straight from the regions of ice. Some confine themselves to one or two of these means of killing time; a few try the round of all; and some are satisfied to do nothing more than realise fully the charms of the climate and scenery about them.

For the ladies these hill stations have peculiar attractions. There, out-door life is not denied them, and it is not constantly brought prominently to their notice that they are the drones, while all the men about them are working bees. In the hills the ladies are as much working bees as the members of the sterner sex. They cannot play cricket or enter the racquet court or hunting ground upon equal terms with the men; but they can, and do, perform their share of the toil evolved by pic-nics, fancy fairs, and theatricals. They give their presence and countenance to some of those amusements in which they can render no physical aid. And they take upon their shoulders (or feet) by far the greater portion of the labours of the ball-room. They are no longer tacitly reproached by the daily spectacle of men busy with the prosaic work of bread-winning. In the hills the men have nothing to do (affairs of pleasure excepted), and the ladies give them every help in doing it.

And here a word or two as to the social morality of the Anglo-Indians of India in general and of the hills in particular. It has not unfrequently been represented that the morals of our countrymen in India are at a very low ebb; and, in some instances, the descriptions of Anglo-Indian ethics would apply far more accurately to the court of the merry monarch—his glorious majesty King Charles II.—than to any known civilised community of the present era. The time-worn apophthegm, that the sky but not the spirit changes when men go across the sea, holds good for him who traverses the Indian Ocean, and, taken all in all, the Anglo-Indian, morally considered, cannot be said to differ very widely from his brother in Great Britain. It is true that he is not always such a good Churchman (it used to be said, that on the voyage out to India religion was dropped at the Cape of Good Hope). He does not, as a rule, go to two sevices every Sunday, and dine on cold meat in order that his servants may rest on the seventh day. But there is some reason for these backslidings. It is not easy for a man to become a steady church-goer when he has no church to go to, and hundreds (perhaps thousands) of the Anglo-Indians are not within a day's journey of one. It is not encouraging to attend a lay service and listen to a second-hand sermon badly read by an erring brother who has borrowed from us money that he will not repay, or

refused to lend us money, or sold us an unsound horse for a price that would have been a fancy one had the animal been sound. It is not edifying to hear Smith (whose word we know to be equal to his bond—both being worthless!) talk to us about the beauty of truth, and read a moral from the fate of Ananias. Yet many Anglo-Indians must attend a lay service or none, and not a few (i.e. many hundreds) must, if they wish to have a service, perform the duties of priest and congregation at the same time. As to his omision to rest his household on the Sunday, very little need be said. It is almost an exaggeration of terms to say that his servants labour on any day; but supposing, for the sake of argument, that they do, it would be of little avail, even from the Churchman's point of view, to give a day's rest for religious observance to people who would certainly not turn it to any account recognisable by the Christian persuasion.

Conceding so much against the Anglo-Indian, and having urged what we may in extenuation, we must deny that there is any other grave charge to be brought against him that may not be brought with equal force against his English brother. Men of position in India have now and again lost large sums at cards or on the turf; but, then, men of position are every day doing very much the same sort of thing

in England. And pushing the comparison further, we find that in India gambling among Europeans is kept within very moderate limits without any repressive law; while in England it cannot be restrained in spite of severe, though incomplete, penal measures, There are no bookmakers or betting agents in India, and turf transactions are almost exclusively confined to owners. In England the ardent turfite may, without difficulty, be present at all the great events of the year. Doncaster, Epsom, Ascot, or elsewhere, may be reached by a rail journey of an hour or two, and there are central points at which the fluctuations of the betting market may be learnt at any moment. In India the man who attempted to be present at all the meetings between Meerut and Mysore would have to spend five months in perpetual travelling; and, without being on the spot, he would know little more about the starters, odds, and so forth, in any race, than if it were run in another hemisphere. The great racing event in India is the English Derby. Derby lotteries are projected in most large stations, and in many British regiments; and more general interest exists as to this one race run in the old country, than is to be found for the whole racing system of British India. When a meeting occurs in his own station or within easy reach of him, the Anglo-Indian may give his gold mohur subscription and his attendance to it; but he has no warm

feeling about the results, and very little inclination to ruin himself by speculating upon them.

There is possibly more scandal in regard to the relations of the two sexes, but this is only natural in a country where conversation is always more objective than subjective, and where everybody knows more or less of everybody else. There are places in England—Bath and others—where people are deeply interested in the affairs of their neighbours; but the most omniscient of the Bath inhabitants does not know half as much about the majority of his fellow-citizens as is known by the Anglo-Indian about everyone in his own sphere throughout India. The amount of a man's monthly income, the maiden name of his wife, and other domestic items are, in India, matters of public intelligence. Brown at Peshawur has never seen Smith of Diamond Harbour in his life, but he knows (i.e. he has been told) that Smith married Miss De Souza, a young lady with Indo-Portuguese blood in her veins, and that the happy couple are struggling through life upon 300 rupees a month. On the other hand Smith knows (after a similar fashion) that Brown jilted Miss Bundobust, the daughter of a deputy collector, and is likely to be driven by Calcutta tradesmen to the disastrous step of withdrawing his name from the list of lieutenants of H. M's onety-onth. There are men in India who watch the words and actions of

their acquaintances as anxiously as did Boswell in the case of Dr. Johnson; and if ever a second great lexicographer should appear and select the British Empire in India for his appearance, there will be found a dozen men all competent to act as his biographer—all fully acquainted with every word and action, however trivial, that may have marked his career.

In the pre-mutiny time, and while Haileybury yet flourished, it was intelligible enough that Anglo-Indians of the upper ten should know a good deal of each other. At that time appointments in the Indian Civil Service and native army went by favour. Nepotism flaunted itself before the world without a blush; and the patronage possessed by the oligarchy that ruled over the brightest jewel of the British crown was exercised primarily on behalf of the sons, nephews, cousins, second-cousins, and other relatives of a certain Anglo-Indian clique. At that period the government and administration of India were, to a great extent, in the hands of a happy family of relations by blood or marriage. Open competition has materially altered the condition of affairs so far. The Civil Service list is no longer mainly comprised of some dozen or twenty names. Relatives are fewer. But a considerable amount of interest still survives in the breasts of most of the Anglo-Indian community as to the business of others. This being

so, scandal does occasionally find its way into Anglo-Indian gossip. Captain A.'s attentions to Mrs. Z. may opportunely revivify a moribund conversation, and speculation as to whether Mr. B. has proposed to or been refused (*jawaub'd*) by Miss Y. may rescue a loquacious party from the abject condition of taciturnity. But ordinarily these breathings of scandal are but empty air, not meant to imply as much as might at first appear to be intended, and without any solid foundation in fact. The Anglo-Indian community contributes but little support to the Court of Divorce; and the Anglo-Indian matron is as much a model of all the domestic virtues as any woman under the sun.

Having been led to make a slight *détour*, we will now return to the Moffussil. Time was, and that at no very remote period, when to go into the Moffussil from any of the three great capitals implied a tedious journey by steamer, palanquin, or *palkee-gharee*. At that period (and we are speaking now of less than twenty years ago) there were many Anglo-Indians in Calcutta who had, during several years' residence, never gone above a dozen miles into the interior. On either bank of the Hooghly, from a point clear of the shipping up to Barrackpore (twelve miles from Calcutta by road), country houses stand within large parks that slope down to the comparatively clear stream. To these retreats the Calcutta merchants,

civilians, and others betook themselves on Sundays and holidays, but to many Calcutta magnates Barrackpore was the Ultima Thule, and beyond was an unexplored Moffussil and mystery, which they were content to leave uninvaded.

And when the miseries of a *palkee dawk* (or journey in a palanquin) are realised, it is not to be wondered at that the Calcutta man did not unhesitatingly volunteer to undergo them. Let us try and describe them. Supposing that we have to travel in a palanquin a distance of forty miles, we may calculate that the time occupied in the performance will be about twelve hours. Three miles an hour is all that can be looked for with any degree of certainty; but, being sanguine, we estimate the pace at $3\frac{1}{3}$ miles, and arrange to start accordingly. As it is not desirable (it may be dangerous) to allow the sun to get up very high in the heavens before our journey is completed, we have to start betimes, or, in other words, we have to hurry over our dinner and commit ourselves to several hours' shaking before the process of digestion has well commenced. Wishing to start at eight, we order our palanquin to be brought at five, and it arrives at nine. Clad in an apology for a night costume, that will admit of our getting out of our conveyance on any emergency, we pack ourselves into the oblong box that is to be both bed and vehicle. The dimensions of this box are interesting

to every traveller, and peculiarly so to a traveller who stands over six feet in his stockings. The palanquin is 5 ft. 8 in. to 6 ft. in length, 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft. in breadth, 3 ft. to 3 ft. 6 in. in height; and cannot be said to be roomy even for a man of ordinary girth or stature. But, such as it is, we squeeze into it and try to settle ourselves in the bed our bearer has made for us therein. Our smaller properties, dressing-case, cheroot box, &c., are placed upon a shelf which overhangs our feet and, probably, during the night comes down upon us, and our heavy baggage is made over to a *banghy wallah*, who carries it slung to a pole upon his shoulders. Being packed up and ready to start, our carriers (bearers, *kahars*, or whatever they may be called) are summoned to lift us and bear us away. But there is a difficulty—half of them are absent taking a last pull at the hookah or buying parched grain to carry with them, and the other half go in search of them. Eventually they are collected, and off we are borne upon the shoulders of four men, with a reserve of four who will take turn and turn at carrying us the stage of ten miles, and two other attendants, one (the *banghy wallah* aforesaid) carrying our luggage, and the other (a *mussalchee*) to light our way with a flaring, smoking, and stinking oil-fed torch or *mussal*. Being in motion, we are subjected to such jolting as tries every portion of our anatomy, and this rocking process is accompanied by a lullaby in the shape of a mono-

tonous chant, with which our carriers beguile the tedium of their labours. This chaunt may consist only of grunts, 'hoo,' 'ha,' 'hoo,' 'ha,' uttered with a regularity of recurrence that is distracting; or it may embrace some dismally facetious remarks upon the respective weights of male and female travellers. In any case it is annoying enough to the sensitive ear, and, protracted over twelve hours, makes night hideous. But in spite of noise and shaking, in spite of the fact that the *mussal* is invariably carried so that we get the full benefit of the glare and smell, we may doze off. At the ninth mile we may be in a fitful slumber, and happily oblivious of our position; but we are soon to be reminded of our situation. At the tenth mile the bearers are changed, and the whole set are clamorous for *bucsheesh*, and will not be silenced until we have woke up and given what they demand. The three remaining stages are but repetitions of the first, and we arrive at the end of our journey with aching bones, feverish skin, and several hours' arrears of sleep to make good. This is a *palkee dawk* under the most favourable conditions. What it is on a wet night, when the rain soaks through the roof, when the bearers fall, when the *mussal* goes out and leaves us in Stygian darkness, and when the bearers put us down and leave us to ourselves; or what it is when the sun heats the

interior of the vehicle almost beyond endurance, must be left to the imagination.

Travelling in a *palkee-gharee* is slightly less uncomfortable, but this mode of progression is only possible upon metalled roads. The *palkee-gharee* is a large palanquin upon four wheels, and there is almost room in it for two inside passengers. But the horses that draw them are miserable jades, that scarcely ever survive six months of the hard life that cruel fate condemns them to endure. Unbroken tats from villages, or too much broken carriage horses—horses that are broken-winded, and spavined, and glandered, are made to go until they drop. At some seasons these wretched animals are on the road—dragging a carriage the six-mile stage, and walking back to their starting-point, to be put into another carriage immediately—for nearly twenty-four hours at a stretch; and the mild Hindoo or gentle Mahommedan coachman will resort to any mild or gentle expedient —such as lighting a fire under the animal—to make the weary, worn-out beast put his shoulder to the collar. Not unnaturally this system entails some discomfort upon travellers. The object of every fresh (?) horse put into the shafts is to lie down in them, or do anything but go forward on the six-mile journey before him. There is much jibbing at every change, many halts during a stage, and the six miles

may be ingloriously performed at a pace considerably slower than an ordinary walk.

Railways have, to a very great extent, driven palanquins and *palkee-gharees* off the road, but it will be many years ere they do so entirely; and twenty years ago the man who went from Calcutta to Peshawur spent the best part of a month plodding on, day after day, in one or other of these weary oblong boxes.

Before dismissing the subject of palanquin travelling, a word is due to the *palkee* bearers. Of small stature and little muscular development, these men go through an amount of exertion that is positively astounding. To four stalwart Europeans it would appear a sufficiently laborious enterprise to carry a loaded palanquin two or three miles, or without any load to walk thirty. But eight natives will, on a push, carry one twenty or thirty miles; and sixteen will undertake this arduous duty for a distance of forty or fifty miles.

But now we will suppose that we have reached the Moffussil. There is a wide field before us for choosing what manner of life our Moffussil existence shall be, and we will proceed to see how, under varying conditions, the Anglo-Indians generally exist out of the three great capitals. As first in degree, we will commence with the large station where several regiments are cantoned. Such a station may be the

capital of a province, in which case there will be found in the civil lines a large staff of government officials, heads of departments, and the *personnel* of many central offices, in addition to the ordinary district or divisional civil body; and there will be also a large community of banking agents, tradesmen and other non-officials. In such a station there are generally one or two club-houses, a theatre or two (opened occasionally), two or three banks, and a number of rival shops which never allow competition to go the length of reducing prices to anything like English rates. There may also be one or two ice-machines that are engaged to make ice during the hot weather and rains, but fail most miserably at the hottest season. And lastly (they should have come first), there are churches for several denominations of Christians.

In a civil station that is also a military cantonment, it not unfrequently happens that Anglo-Indian society is divided into three classes—the military, the official civil, and the non-official civil—the isolation of each body being very complete. Within cantonments the general, or brigadier, or senior colonel, reigns supreme over a society which may include the officers of two or three British regiments (foot and cavalry), some batteries of artillery, an irregular cavalry corps, a couple of native foot regiments, and his own staff. In the civil lines the

lieutenant-governor, or chief commissioner, or commissioner, leads a small world, which comprises, as a matter of course, all covenanted civilians, all military officers in civil employ, and some few others who are admitted to this select circle on sufferance. And beyond the pale of this civil *coterie* is a lower world, wherein move all those who think they ought to be in a higher position but cannot get there. But very frequently the military and civil elements combine, and in all cases there is an occasional show of combination.

In a station of this description the idea of country life is only feebly realised. The life is essentially that of a town. In the morning men betake themselves to the club, and read the papers, or play billiards. During the day there are official duties for the civilians. In the afternoon men collect together at the racquet courts, or cricket-field, or club. About sunset the world (including all strata of the social body) drives or rides up and down the mall, or goes to hear the band. And in the evening there are mess dinners, club dinners, *burrakhanahs* at private houses, amateur theatricals, or some social gathering, as an occasional relief to the monotony of every-day existence. It is, in fact, very much the life of Calcutta society, with a good deal more spirit and a trifle more of sociability infused into it.

The presence in a station of a large body of young

men with plenty of time on their hands, necessarily tends to the development of means of entertainment. For amateur theatricals the Moffussil is mainly dependent upon the military body, and many stations, such as that we have described, can boast a *corps dramatique* of colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, ensigns, and, perhaps, one or two civilians equal to the representation of small comedies, burlesque and farce; while the men of the European regiments organise companies that delight in melodrama, and sometimes soar as high as Shakespeare. The working men of these Thespian bands have no slight labour to bear upon their shoulders. The unfortunate who has dabbled a little in water colours is made to cover hundreds of square yards of canvas with landscape and useful interiors, and if the result fall short of the efforts of Grieve and Beverley, it is not because exertion or paint have been spared. Then there are the difficulties of management. If ladies are to take a part in the performance (and they frequently do), much persuasive eloquence has to be exerted to induce them to do what they are wanted to do, instead of what they want to do themselves. If the female characters are to be represented by males, young Ensign Fipps and the youthful Cornet Overalls have to be cajoled to shave off an incipient moustache, and bullied to make them sit down without sending their crinolines up in the air like ill regulated balloons.

Then most of the members of the company are possessed of the ideas that rehearsals are of no importance, that punctuality in attending them is an undesirable virtue, and that it is of no earthly use to know anything about their parts until the evening of the performance. And, lastly, all the stage arrangements (including the working of the scenery), are generally left unconsidered until an hour or two before the house opens. But very creditable performances result in spite of the difficulties that beset the manager and company, and a crowded house of 250 or 300 is often collected to witness them. Sometimes a full house is secured by a little touting. The 'School for Scandal' is to be played next week; the local journal has published the fact; bills have been left at the houses of the *monde* and posted in the public places; and everybody knows that this great event immediately impends. But the members of the company are not satisfied with this system of advertisement. Lady Teazle orders her carriage and drives round to all her acquaintances to induce them to order tickets. Sir Peter goes off in his buggy on a similar mission. Charles Surface waylays people at the band stand, and forces the theatre upon them. And the moral Joseph, buttonholing his friends at the church door, points out that they had better get places the first thing to morrow, or they won't be in time.

Now turn we to the smaller station, whereat are the ordinary civil staff of divisional head-quarters, or a district, and perhaps the wing of a British regiment or a native corps. In the regulation provinces (Bengal and the North West provinces), the principal station of a division (or cluster of districts) has a civil force, comprising a commissioner, a judge, a collector and magistrate, a joint magistrate, a district superintendent of police, one or two assistant magistrates, one or two deputy collectors, one or two assistant police officers, a principal Sudder Ameen or judge, and a subordinate judge or moonsiff. Of these the police officers are either military men or uncovenanted European civilians; the deputy collectors and chief native judge are uncovenanted civilians, European or native; and the moonsiff is a native uncovenanted civilian invariably; the remainder are covenanted civilians. In addition to these members of the administration and executive, there are a doctor and possibly a chaplain, and officers of the public-works, or survey, or opium, or some other special department.

The civil staff of a regulation district is, with the exception of the commissioner, the same, but it is less probable that it will boast of a chaplain or stray officials of endemic departments.

The civil staff of a non-regulation district consists of a deputy commissioner (who is collector, magis-

trate, and, up to a certain point, judge combined), a couple of assistant commissioners, one or two extra assistants, a district superintendent of police, and an assistant deputy superintendent. None of these appointments are held exclusively by covenanted civilians. The deputy and assistant commissioners may be civilians covenanted, uncovenanted, or military. The extra assistants are unexceptionally uncovenanted (European, Eurasian or native), and the police officers are military or uncovenanted, as in the regulation provinces. Here there is only a remote probability of finding a chaplain, and less chance of finding stray officials of exceptional departments. And here it not unfrequently occurs that the doctor is represented by some native disciple of Æsculapius whose ideas about the respective properties of arsenic and Epsom salts are of a dangerously vague character. At the head-quarters of a non-regulation division there is a commissioner who is judge and commissioner in one; and otherwise Anglo-Indian society here is much the same as at the head-quarters of a regulation division.

In these smaller stations the non-official world is but a very feeble social element. There may be some few Anglo-Indians—indigo-planters, zemindars, court-pleaders, or commercial people—and there may be none. There are a few shops for the sale of European goods—wines, spirits, beer, antiquated

oilmen's stores, salad oil bottled for many years like crusty old port, hermetically sealed fish that have been out of their native element for a lustrum or more, and a general assortment of articles of saddlery, hardware, ironmongery, &c., that may be some day rescued from the dust of ages by an adventurous purchaser; but these shops are generally kept by a native or a Jew. Here the club exists in the shape of a coffee-shop, at which the men assemble betimes in the morning to talk shop, read the papers, and drink tea or coffee—or does not exist at all. Here the church may be the magistrate's court, and the theatre the commissioner's dining-room. And it is a matter for rejoicing if here there be found a racquet court or swimming-bath.

In these smaller stations there is often a great deal of sociability among those who are recognised as being of society. Those of the community who are of the *monde* are driven by the exigencies of their position to combine for the common weal. In the absence of professional butchers and a local meat market the world has to assume the character of amateur butchers and supply its own requirements. The mutton club is an institution in nearly every small station; one member, like Norval's father, feeds the flock, and four or five members share the slaughtered animals; hind quarters, fore quarters and saddles being distributed with fair alternation—save

when a station dinner involves a departure from the ordinary sequence of joints. During the hot weather, there is the ice club—ice, wrapped in blankets, being brought many miles by coolies, and as much of it as does not melt divided among the members. Then there is the book club, an institution that frequently indulges in a short literary debauch, ordering every new book that comes out—and then undergoes a protracted literary Ramadan, during which subscribers are compelled to satisfy their craving for letters by absorbing the pages of the cheap monthlies or reading over again what they have read before. And there may be cheese clubs, bread clubs, draught beer clubs, and other similar institutions of combination.

Nor does this system end with the application of private resources to the general welfare through the medium of clubs. If Mrs. A. wants to give a ball, she thinks nothing of asking for the use of Mrs. B.'s house, which is *the* one in the station best adapted to the purpose, or the loan of Mr. C.'s dinner-service, or Mrs. D.'s épergne for the furnishing of her supper table. So, one of Mrs. E.'s carriage-horses being lame, she will indent upon the stable of a neighbour to fill the vacancy in the shafts of her carriage. And, in fact, everybody, within certain limits, looks upon the property of society generally as his own temporarily, when occasion requires him to use it.

This is all very pleasant for those who are of the

monde, but the position, in a small station, of those who are out of it, or who only hold an uncertain status on its outskirts, is by no means so agreeable. Mr. Paikast, the deputy collector, is in the unenviable position of hanging suspended, like a social Mahomet's coffin, somewhere between that aristocracy of which the judge is the head, and a commonalty that has no head at all. No one of the upper ten (upper four or five more correctly) would, on the occasion of a station ball, use Mr. Paikast's house if it were large enough (which it is not), or borrow *his* épergne, supposing the improbability of his having one. If fortune favour him, he may obtain a position in some or all of the station clubs. He may divide a sheep with the judge, the collector, and joint magistrate; he may pore over those pages of the cheap magazines that have been skimmed by his official superiors, and he may enjoy other corporate privileges. He may be invited to station dances, or unexclusive dinner-parties, as a matter of form; but though joining in these festivities, he is but a passive actor in them. He goes to the ball to find that every lady's programme is a sealed book to him. At the dinner he is driven by the rules of precedence to enter the dining-room last, and probably alone, and the banquet is for him about as lively as the entertainment of cake and wine provided for mourners at a funeral. Those who are of 'society' have

pleasant gatherings where form and Mr. Paikast are both absent—cheerful early-morning breakfasts (*chota hazrees*) in the verandah of the collector's bungalow, evening croquet meetings in the judge's *compound* (or grounds about a house, the term *compound* being derived from the Portuguese *campana*), tiffins, small dinners, riding-parties, paper hunts, shikar parties, and so forth, of which he may hear, but in which he is not asked to join. His is, indubitably, an uncomfortable position. He may not become one with the better class, and he cannot very well associate with the Jew shopkeeper or Eurasian clerks. He cannot, any more than other Anglo-Indians, make any social capital out of the native aristocracy; and he may be, and often is, the sole representative of his small sphere.

We have spoken of balls as though the internal resources of these small stations were equal to festivities on a large scale, and it must be explained that, on occasion, several adjoining stations unite in some great effort for general entertainment. When some Hindoo or Mahommedan festival releases civilians from their labours in *cutcherry*, or the Christmas week or other English holiday affords the opportunity, a small station bursts out in the direction of general hospitality and merry-making, and every desirable person, male and female, is summoned from every point within a day's journey. Marvellous are the

makeshifts to find accomodation for the visitors; verandahs are turned into bed-rooms for bachelors, who are supposed to be superior to the trials of rheumatism and catarrh; tents, erected near the houses, are furnished as domitories for others who cannot be put up within doors, and all the dwelling-places of the world become, for the time being, so many hostelries. If a dance be on the *tapis*, great are the exertions to enlist, from far and near, the assistance of proficients in waltz and gallop. To secure the attendance of the agile Mrs. Hoppington, the gentlemen of a saltatory turn will send all their horses out upon the road to bring her carriage in some forty or fifty miles ('laying a dawk' this is called); and to induce Captain Saraband to put in an appearance, the dancing ladies will do anything, from writing to the Commander-in-Chief to foregoing a new bonnet. In the cold season the society collected may be entertained in a variety of ways. Sky races, pic-nics, and cricket-matches keep the merry-makers employed during the day; and the small station, for a time, has a very pleasant carnival in full swing.

And it is well that this should be so, for were it otherwise the Anglo-Indians of small stations would, in many instances, become creatures of one idea, wholly unfit to hold their own in the wider streams of society. As it is, the intercommunication of ideas is singularly restricted. 'Shop' is the only theme

that possesses a lasting interest. A dispute as to the construction of some section of the Code of Civil Procedure, or an argument as to whether Ram Chunder Ghose should have been committed to the sessions for lurking house trespass with intent to steal, or convicted by the magistrate of simple theft, will keep a party of men conversationally employed where all the affairs of Europe and America would fail to excite any interest. The wreck of matter and the fall of worlds are to the zealous magistrate trifles light as air compared with the reversal of one of his decisions and the fall of the roof of his jail. And official conversation is often interlarded by technical terms in the vernacular of Hindostan, which might just as well be expressed in English had not custom made the native terms more familiar. Ex. gr. Brown, the collector, *loquitur*: 'Well, you know, Ram Bux got the *izara* (farm) of Bugglinuggur from the *zemindar* (landlord) at a *jumma* (rental) of 2,000 rupees, paying 5,000 rupees *peshghee* (premium) and a *nuzzur* (gift) of 500 rupees; but when he came to settle with the *ryots* (cultivators) half of them put in claims to hold their lands *lakhraj* (rent free), or at a low *jumma* upon *istumrare pottas* (leases in perpetuity), and he had to put them into court. Then the *rubbee* and *khurreef* (cold weather and rain crops) were got in before he could collect his rents, and he had to make any *bundobust* (settlement) he could to carry on.' These terms find their way into official reports, and

these papers, being further embellished by sundry Latin and French phrases, are often very polyglot indeed in their character.

Apropos of reports, we may observe that the Anglo-Indian official is constantly employed in the preparation of a report upon something or other. There are those departmental reports, administrative, judicial, revenue and executive, that recur at fixed periods; and there are those which are called into existence upon exceptional occasions. The latter class constitutes the great bulk of these public papers, for the Indian civilian is called upon to report anything and everything, however trivial the subject may be, or however little he may know about it. Famines, inundations, insufficient falls of rain, the prevalence of epidemics; the feelings of the natives towards British rule; the condition and progress of trade, arts, and manufacture; the nature of certain soils, irrigation, cultivation, or any other matter, may have to be reported upon, and a certain minimum number of sheets of foolscap occupied by it, whether the writer knows anything about it or not. It is not very long since, in a certain province, all the collectors of districts upon the Ganges were called upon to report upon the Gangetic dolphin, a creature of which many of them knew as much or as little as they did of the habits of the plesiosaurus. Something very closely approaching universal knowledge

is required to carry the Indian civilian through these reporting duties in a satisfactory manner; but this fact does not prevent the sciolist from acquitting himself in the legitimate number of paragraphs upon political economy, meteorology, sanitation, natural history, geology, or any other subject. In justice to the Indian civilian, however, it must be stated that, in most cases, he does possess some amount of practical knowledge upon many subjects. He may not be intimately acquainted with the nature of the Gangetic dolphin; but, as a district officer, he is compelled to acquire some information upon many more important matters to which we have alluded. Meteorological observations and the nature of agriculture are forced upon him by his official duties. Having charge of the district roads he is, in some degree, a civil engineer. He is generally doctor enough to cure the natives about him of fever, or other ordinary ailments to which Hindoo flesh is peculiarly heir, and, while on tour, his medicine chest is resorted to as the public dispensary. Six to ten hours a day spent in cutcherry may not leave him much time to acquire scientific lore from books; the many hours spent in the saddle when he visits different parts of his territory do not tend to literary advancement; but, with his eyes open and his wits about him, he picks up a great deal of useful knowledge nevertheless.

We have hitherto spoken of the Moffussil life of

stations, but there are many Anglo-Indians who for some portion of, or, perhaps, their whole career live isolated from all their kind. Indigo planters, zemindars, and other European non-officials; civilians in charge of subdivisions; engineers in charge of works; and road overseers are all, permanently or temporarily, so many Selkirks living, as far as Europeans are concerned, alone, and to a certain extent monarchs of all they survey. For the official this condition of things is not so eminently agreeable. He does not anticipate a long stay in the out-post of civilisation, and he takes no steps to settle down in it. But the non-official probably feels that here the better part of his existence is to be spent, and he does his best to make his position as comfortable as possible. The official bird of passage argues that it is no use planting trees of which his successors will reap all the fruits, or erecting poultry-houses for the accomodation of his successor's fowls. The man who is settled has his garden and home farm to afford him occupation and provide his table; his Lares and Penates are erected *en permanence;* and he sees in every improvement effected in his domain a future advantage to himself.

Here, digressing for a few moments, it may be observed that in respect of settling down in the country, the Anglo-Indian of the present differs widely from him of twenty or thirty years ago. Then the idea of running home to England did not suggest

itself every few years. Before Lieutenant ~~Wagner's~~ Waghorn's scheme of an overland route had led to practical results, it was not possible to reach England in less than three or four months, and of a year's leave devoted to a trip to England the greater part would have been spent upon the sea: and after the overland route was a *fait accompli*, the rules of the services arbitrarily restricted the servants of the East India Company from enjoying much of their leave westward of the Cape of Good Hope. Then, again, the civilian or officer bound to John Company at that period was less tempted than he now is to go home by the desire to renew family ties. He may have had relations in England, but the chances were that he had as large a family circle in India, and it was a mockery of terms to talk about keeping up home associations more in one country than in the other. Then there were civilians who had lived thirty or forty years in India without any interval spent in England, and military men and non-officials similarly settled down to give the best portion of their days to the land of their adoption. At the present time matters are very different. The civilian who takes three months' privilege leave may employ it in a run home and have six weeks of his holiday in England. The government servant is no longer debarred as he was from spending his leave in Europe, and the Anglo-

Indian has seldom any large circle of relatives to make a home for him in India. Nearly everybody (i.e. every Anglo-Indian) is possessed by the two ideas that he will get leave to go home as often as he can, and leave India for good as early as possible. Even the Eurasian who is but slightly indebted to England for blood, and whose ancestry for several generations have been born, christened, educated, married, and buried in India, talks of England as his home and aspires to visit it. And the Anglo-Indian who has spent ten years without intermission in India considers himself a victim.

Moffussil life, as it exists in the instance of an indigo-planter, has many charms. At most factories there is a good (numerically at all events) stud of horses; and for the better part of the year the planter's duties consist solely in going the round of his cultivation. Riding over many miles of ground a day, he sees that ploughing, sowing, weeding, and cutting are properly conducted, and enjoys healthy exercise at the same time. During the manufacturing season, and when advances are made to cultivators, he has a little legitimate office work and is tied down by his duties to the factory limits. He may also have a little illegitimate office work as a self-constituted judge and magistrate, or his duties as an honorary magistrate by government appointment: in either of

which cases his bungalow will be resorted to by all his native neighbours who are upon friendly terms with him, and prefer speedy equity to dilatory law. But otherwise he is free to spend his days in the saddle or on the *shikar* ground; and the interests of the factory do not suffer if he occasionally takes a week's run to the house of some neighbouring planter or to some station in the vicinity. Among the planters there is a considerable amount of sociability in spite of their scattered society, and much of the hospitality for which India generally was once remarkable. The Anglo-Indian traveller who finds his way to an indigo factory knows that he will there find bed, board and welcome; and in some districts he may ride or drive his hundred miles, finding at each factory a change of horses and liberal entertainment for himself. The planters are the sole representatives in India of that class in England by which game is preserved. The jungles, the plains, the swamps, and the fields of India are avowedly open to all sportsmen. No 'shootings' of 2,000 or 3,000 acres are sold or held for the exclusive enjoyment of the wealthy. No coverts are jealously watched by gamekeepers, or stocked with game hatched under maternal hens and reared in hencoops. No boards warn the wayfarer or sportsman off the ground as trespassers, or man-traps threaten the unheeding pedestrian. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air are protected by no

game-laws.[1] But by virtue of prescriptive right the indigo-planter holds an exclusive title to some of the *shikar* of his domain, and, having this, he does something in the direction of preserving—sees that the wild pig is not molested out of season, retains cover for the black partridge, and otherwise exerts himself to keep up the stock of game on his estate.

In the good old times (and very indifferent were the good old times generally) hospitality often ran riot at the indigo factory as it did in other Anglo-Indian houses of the period. Pleasant little parties of four would sit down to dispose of the contents of a six-dozen chest of beer during the evening. Festive hosts would discard wine-glasses and tumblers as being of inadequate capacity, and replace them with the candle-shades taken from the wall lights. And there was often warm emulation on the part of the guests as to finishing the night under the table. Those were the days when many men were unpleasantly reminded of the situation of their liver, and when the traditional nabob returning to England could be recognised at once by his jaundiced complexion. Now-a-days the Anglo-Indian, after twenty years spent under a eastern sun, can hardly be distinguished from the Englishman who has never been further eastward than Temple Bar.

[1] An effort is now being made to protect game by the operation of the Arms License Act, and close seasons are being introduced.

One of the principal features of Moffussil life is camping. To most civilians and to all the military it occurs at some time, perhaps every cold weather, to go under canvas and spend months in a tent. As each annual relief comes out there is a move of many regiments, and officers of regiments that are to march forthwith offer their property for public sale by circulating lists in the station; or put their Lares and Penates up to the hammer. Everything that is not immediately required or cannot be easily carried, from the mess billiard-table down to the bassinet of the major's baby, is disposed of; and tents and camp equipage rise in the market to a fabulous value, which is disagreeably equalised by the deterioration of the value of all property to be sold. Then, after the departing regiment has been entertained by the rest of the community, the march is commenced, and may last day after day (with the exception of Sundays) for the next couple of months. So, when cholera breaks out in a military cantonment there is an exodus from the station, and the troops are for a time located under canvas upon one of the pleasant spots (generally marked by four boundary pillars, a well, and a small grave-yard) called 'cholera encampments.' Camp life in this form is not particularly enjoyable, for cholera generally asserts itself in the hot weather or rains, when to be away from the

punkah or *tattie* is agony, and when to be in tents implies being condemned to heat intolerable and insects innumerable. But, though it may involve much discomfort, this movement of the troops is eminently desirable. It brings the men upon a new scene, introduces novelty into their mode of life, and gives them other mental occupation than brooding over the ravages of the epidemic that is among them; and this, as much as change of air, may be accredited with the success that attends the use of cholera encampments.

Except upon some unforeseen emergency, or when affairs are singularly mismanaged, the movement of European troops from station to station is made in the cold season, and it is at that time that the civilians start upon their annual tour. To the Englishman whose ideas of life under canvas are based upon a few hours' experience of a cricket pavilion or flower-show marquee, the realities of camp life in India must appear passing strange. Loading his tents and camp furniture, his office records, and the baggage of his followers, upon elephants, camels, or carts, the civilian starts upon a round that may extend over hundreds or thousands of miles, and occupy one month or six. If he travel in ordinary comfort he will have one tent in which to sleep, and one to send on overnight, to be pitched and ready for his reception when he finishes his

march in the morning; but there are many degrees of camp paraphernalia. There is the splendid encampment of the Governor, or Lieutenant-Governor, with its *durbar* tent and double sets of public and private tents, shamianahs, and servants' pāls or canvas wigwams—with tents that are spacious, luxuriously furnished, and provided with glazed doors that exclude all dust and unwelcome wind. There is the comfortable equipage of the magistrate, with its two fair-sized tents, and wide-spreading shamianah; and there is the modest encampment of the deputy collector, with its one single-walled hill tent twelve feet square.

Under conditions of average comfort, camp life is very enjoyable. The cold weather of Northern India is characterised by a climate that is very little short of perfection, and there is little uncertainty as to the weather. Between October and March it may rain half a dozen times, but even these exceptional bursts of wet weather are generally announced by premonitory symptoms some day or two beforehand; and while the man who marches sees a new landscape every time he shifts his ground, the sky above him is almost constantly the same deep and unclouded blue. It is pleasant enough rising about sunrise and, after the *chota-hazree* cup of tea, &c., riding or driving ten to fourteen miles from the old encampment to the new one—shooting a few snipe,

quail, wild duck, or some other game by the way—and arriving to find breakfast ready, and the office table prepared in front of the tent for cutcherry work. Wending his way from one camp to another, the district-officer learns more of the people over whom he is the immediate ruler, than can ever be acquired in his court, to which each man comes with his one grievance or story and not a word beyond. Here, upon the road and in the villages, he may gain some insight into native life and learn much that will materially aid him in future decisions. Here he is, as it were, a father to whom the people may pour out some of their thoughts and troubles; in his court he is a stern, unbending judge, blind as Justice itself, whom it is best, in native opinion, to propitiate by oblations of perjury. And it not unfrequently happens that in his camp march he is attended by an irregular body of the people, all ready to hold converse with the *hakim*, and all, it must be admitted, anxious to turn the opportunity of his presence to their own advantage.

Even the monotony of cutcherry duties is relieved by this *al fresco* performance of them. Seated in some mango grove in the pleasant shade of the over-hanging branches, or under a canvas awning, the Government official performs his labours in a pure atmosphere and to the accompaniment of the western wind murmuring among the trees. No

white-washed wall shuts in his view; long avenues of trees, casting fitful flecks of light and shade upon the grass, extend before him, and in the misty distance is the village—a back ground that is picturesque enough when not too closely approached.

But camp life has its disagreeable side. It is not particularly enjoyable when it sets in wet for a day or two, or when a storm threatens to take the dweller in tents up in his canvas abode like an eccentric aëronaut, or when the high winds of the early springtime sweep clouds of dust into the tent through every opening and crevice. It is not pleasant to sit throughout the day in a tent that is too dark to admit of any reading or writing without a lamp, listening to the pitter-patter of the drops on the canvas roof—watching the points where the rain leaks through—and urging the khalassies (tent-pitchers) and other retainers to throw up an embankment round the tent, that will prevent the floor of the interior becoming a waste of waters. It is not the most agreeable thing in the world when, on a rainy day, the tent becomes a sort of Noah's ark, and shivering natives and damp animals of many kinds—dogs, goats, sheep, fowls, &c.—seek refuge in the verandah between the walls of the tent from the floods without. It is not pleasant to be awoke in the dead of night by one of those hurricanes that come up so suddenly and create such destruction in India; to hear the

crash of falling trees and branches around, and feel that the canvas walls and roof, now flapping in the wind like many loose shreds of cloth, may in a few minutes be a confused heap, burying in its ruins the unfortunate inhabitant. It is a disheartening proceeding, on such an occasion, attempting to raise one's voice above the fury of the tempest in exhorting unwilling camp-followers to hammer in the tent-pegs that are yielding to the strain upon them; and the situation may be further improved by the impossibility of procuring a light, and the consequent necessity of going through this war of the elements in murky darkness that is made only the more inky by an occasional blinding flash of lightning; or by the fact that all one's horses have broken away from their heel-ropes and are galloping about, wild with fear and indifferent as to consequences, among tent-ropes, carts, and other obstacles calculated to injure them. Neither is camp life positively luxurious, when clouds of dust eddy round the tent interior and everything is covered by an earthy deposit of a peculiarly gritty and uncomfortable character. Camp life has its clouded as well as its bright side undoubtedly, and, fortunately, the bright side is that most frequently seen.

Pleasure as well as duty takes the Anglo-Indian into camp. The subaltern has his small tent of which he makes a home when, getting ten days'

leave in the drill season or a month or two during the hot weather, he goes into the interior on a shooting expedition. Other officers and many civilians also employ their camp equipage for purposes of *shikar*. And, *malgré* some few drawbacks in respect of temperature, &c., tent life is more nearly allied to perfect enjoyment when connected with *shikar* than on any other occasion.

We have said that, in the absence of game laws and a general system of preserving, sport in India is legally open to all. But the conditions under which certain beasts of the chase have to be pursued exclude many from joining in some branches of *shikar*. In Central and Western India, where the tiger has to be, or can be, hunted down on foot, any one with the requisite pluck and funds sufficient to pay a few beaters may shoot that monarch of the forest. But in the great tiger grounds of the eastern provinces a stud of from ten to forty elephants is necessary to drive the tiger from his lair, and a similarly costly stud is often required in pig-sticking.

The encampment of a tiger-shooting party (be the *mise en scène* the *morung* of Bengal or the *terai* of Oude or the north-west) is a stirring and picturesque bit of life. Pitched in the shade of the lofty trees of a primeval forest is the cluster of tents in which the Anglo-Indian sportsmen sleep, breakfast and dine.

Around the central point are cooking tents, servants' *pals*, carts and other *impedimenta*; and in the glades about are open-air stables where many elephants, horses and camels are tethered. It is true, that the month is April or May, and that the 'merry, merry sunshine' is better calculated to make the head dizzy than the heart gay, but the sportsman ignores the thermometer altogether and enjoys himself as thoroughly as though the temperature were 60° lower than it is. Rising at any hour between 5 a.m. and 8 a.m., he takes his breakfast in the mess tent and prepares for the day's campaign. At noon the tiger comes down from the forest to spend the heat of the day in swamps or open patches of cool green grass, and as it is in his daily haunts that he is to be sought, the hunt does not begin before twelve. There may be a march of ten miles to reach the ground, or the spot where a tiger has been marked down may be close at hand, and elephants are prepared accordingly. Then the howdah elephants are brought round to the tents, and the howdahs are fitted with the batteries of rifles and smooth bores, ammunition, bottles of cold tea or something stronger, cheroot boxes and other necessaries, that include sometimes an umbrella and a blanket (the blanket being taken to throw over the head should an incautious elephant break up a hive of wild bees and send the angry swarm round the heads of its riders). And

then the sportsmen mount and are jogged off upon an expedition that will be terminated some time after dark. Once afield, the party submits to very strict discipline, and one leader directs the movements of the band. When a tiger is supposed to be near at hand this commander will signal that there is to be no general firing, and while that order remains unrevoked, deer of many kinds (*sambhur*, *bara-singha*, fallow-deer and hog-deer) wild pigs, peafowl, florican, black partridge, &c., crash away in the grass below, or rise in the air above, without having their flight quickened or arrested by a shot. When general firing is permitted, there is often a constant fusillade, closely resembling file-firing on parade, and every now and then some feathered or four-footed quarry is picked up and padded on one of the elephants of the line. But the real excitement commences when (in solemn silence, as far as men are concerned), the line of elephants forces its way through the long dense grass that is supposed to hold a tiger. If it be in a swamp, there is the additional excitement engendered by the possibility of one's elephant sinking in it and staying there; and as at each step the bulky animal goes deep in the treacherous bog—now swaying low on one side, then on the other—it becomes a matter of anxious consideration whether it will ever get its feet out to advance another step or return. Shaken from side to side of his howdah, and often

with his view intercepted by the grass and reeds rising above his head, the tiger-shooter stands in his howdah, rifle in hand, prepared for that moment when he may catch a glimpse of a yellow skin with black bars upon it. He hears animals breaking through the jungle close at hand, but though he cannot see them, he knows from the style of their going that they are not what he looks for. At last the tiger is sighted (perhaps two or more are sighted at the same time), and there are shouts of '*bagh, bagh,* (tiger, tiger), from the natives, and shots from every sportsman who has seen, or thinks he has seen it. Then there are cries of '*lugga, lugga*' (hit, hit), from the natives, who always say that an animal is hit however little reason there may be for forming such a conclusion; and possibly a general scrimmage in which the tiger is apparently omnipresent—now on the head of one elephant, then on the tail of another —until he lies *hors de combat* on the grass and snarls his life away.

While the tiger is being padded (i.e. lashed upon the pad of an elephant that does not carry a howdah), the Anglo-Indians refresh themselves, and the contents of the tiffin basket (carried on a pad-elephant devoted to this purpose) are discussed, while an animated argument may ensue as to the mode by which the tiger came by his death. As the skin of the animal is the especial trophy of him whose bullet

was the first to hit it, each sportsman possibly brings himself to believe that his was the lucky shot, and boldly asserts what he believes. 'I hit him with my first barrel just above the shoulder, and my second touched him in his hind leg;' 'I know I hit him because I saw him swerve as I fired,' and similar remarks are current; and the interior of the tiger must be a rich lead mine if it contain all the bullets that are said to have passed into it. But subsequent investigation, when the tiger is skinned close to the camp, proves that some four instead of forty bullets have had their billet in the right place, and inquiry conducted upon judicial principles and with all regard to laws of evidence, frequently fails to clear up the point as to the rightful claimant of the first effective missile.

After a day spent in this manner upon an elephant the sportsman returns to camp ready enough to tub (i.e. have a *mussuk* or skin of water poured over him by a *bheestie*), take a good pull at a tankard of cool beer or claret cup, dine, and go to bed. He may, perhaps, sit out a couple of hours after dinner talking over past sport or organising future movements —or he may play a rubber of whist—but his day's work has made sleep very acceptable, and at ten o'clock there is a hush in the camp, only broken occasionally by the trumpeting of a restless elephant or the howling of some predacious jackal: and the

Anglo-Indian sleeps the sleep of healthy exercise in the open air or with but a tent-roof or canvas awning to protect him from the night dew.

The management of such a party as this involves no little thought and trouble. Few men have elephants enough of their own to perform the work required (we know of but one exception—a civilian equally to be esteemed as a sportsman, administrator, and openhearted friend—who had ten), and much diplomacy or official influence has to be exerted to borrow others from rajahs and zemindars. Then the commissariat department is no light matter. The camp is perhaps sent a hundred and fifty miles away from the base of supplies, and nearly all the edibles, and all the wine and liquors required for the Europeans of the party, have to be laid in beforehand; and in the forest the simple food of camp followers and grain for cattle of all sorts have to be brought, perhaps a two days' journey, from the nearest point on the outskirts of comparative civilisation. Then there is the intelligence department to be looked after—*shikarees* (native hunters) to be sent out to pick up information as to what swamp is visited by tigers, or where a cow has lately fallen a victim to a tiger's appetite—and cow-herds, wood-cutters and other frequenters of the jungle pumped for such information as they may possess upon the matter in hand. And, lastly, there is the necessity of orga-

nising such postal arrangements as will insure the delivery in camp, within a week or so of their despatch from head-quarters, of letters and papers.

It has already been mentioned that the domestic establishment of an Anglo-Indian is great in point of numbers, and when we describe the other hangers-on of an Anglo-Indian sporting party it will be seen that the camp-followers are a formidable body to provide for. In addition to the domestic servants of the sportsmen there are (1) two men (a *mahout* or driver, and a *mate* or assistant) with each elephant; (2) one man to every two camels; (3) one or two men to every cart; (4) a body of *khalassies* (tent pitchers); (5) a party of *shikarees*; (6) any letter-carriers (*dāk wallahs*) not out upon the road; (7) two or three *moochees* whose business it is to skin the animals brought in; (8) some half-dozen agents for the supply of *russud* or food for the natives; and, if there be of the party any official who carries on his duties in the wilderness, there will be a large gathering of *amla* and their dependants. The forest glade in which this community makes its temporary habitation becomes for the time being a small open-air town, with its population of from one hundred to three hundred souls—to be soon abandoned, and left without a sign of man beyond the ruins of the camp fire-places and the bottles that once held the pale

ale of Bass or wine that was trodden out of the grapes of France or Germany.

Of course this manner of sport involves some considerable expenditure of money. The keep of every elephant costs something like two shillings a day. The hire of carts and camels is a considerable item where each costs from 1*l.* to 3*l.* *per mensem*; the wages of extra servants swell the account; and moeny paid away to successful *shikarees* who have tracked down a tiger, to cow-herds and others who have given good information (*khubber*), to *mahouts* who have driven their elephants well, and to anybody or everybody who has assisted in any way, brings the outlay to a very respectable sum total. While the reward ordinarily paid by Government for the slaughter of a tiger is 10*s.*, or at the most 1*l.*, the average amount spent by a tiger-shooting party is for each animal killed many times the maximum reward; and, apart from considerations of expense, tiger-shooting on a large scale is beyond the reach of many, because many are not in a position to get the loan of elephants, or to keep their own.

To some extent the same may be said of pig-sticking, but that sport admits a larger party into the field than tiger-shooting does, and any Anglo-Indian in society who possesses a horse that can go and will face a pig may have a share in any pig-sticking that is to be had within a hundred miles of

his place of residence. As for the pursuit of other quarry, the field is open to all. Gun in hand the Anglo-Indian sportsman may pursue his course over the country unchallenged and unchecked, and make what bag he may.

In our consideration of Moffussil life we have dwelt at some length upon its salient points, camp life and *shikar*; but we have hardly given undue importance to these. To the *shikar* of the Indian jungles must be attributed the credit of attracting to India those juniors of the British aristocracy who have, during the last two or three years, gone out to see what tiger-shooting and pig-sticking are like; and in some future period some member of the upper house may render good service to our Indian territory by speaking authoritatively upon some point as to which he gained his personal experience when on a tiger-shooting mission to the jungles below the Himalaya. And to the sportsman, the pleasure-seeker, and the man of business, in the Moffussil, camp life is a matter of vital importance that can hardly be over-rated, and often the only apology for country life as the Englishman in England understands it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NATIVES OF THE COUNTRY.

It is quite possible for a man to spend his life in any one country of Europe without acquiring any intimate knowledge—philological, ethnical, or otherwise—of the inhabitants of any other nationality of the same quarter of the globe. Strange as it may appear, it is equally possible for an Anglo-Indian to live for years in India and remain almost totally ignorant of the language, history, manners and customs of the natives among whom he dwells, and whom it is his lot to see every day of his existence.

To the great mass of Englishmen British India, from Peshawur to Cape Comorin, is ethnically and physically one, just as is Spain or Holland: and its two hundred millions of population are Hindoos and Mahommedans of one or, at the most, two races. There may be added to this much information a vague impression that the Hindoos are divided into classes by ordinances of caste; and it may even be known that, at some time or other, the Aryans

(whoever they may have been) and the Mahommedans entered India from foreign parts, and made themselves conspicuous in the History of Hindostan. Many Anglo-Indians, so taught, fail during a lifetime in India to add very much to their knowledge of the subject. Men of business may learn something of the worst sides of the native character; they may discover that the Asiatic is not a model of probity, whether he be a denizen of Bengal, Madras, Bombay, or any of the northern provinces—that the *argumentum ad verecundiam* does not apply to dealings with the native of India as it does where Europeans are concerned—and that the conquered people are not nicely scrupulous in their efforts to overreach or outwit their conquerors and each other. But they may fail to penetrate the character of the people at any other point: and what little they discover of the most superficial characteristics and customs of those around them they erroneously assume to be equally applicable to all the people of India—predicating for the whole what in truth only applies to a part.

It is a logical deduction that knowledge of a people's character and mode of life must be preceded by more or less intimacy with the language of that people: and when it is stated that hundreds (thousands would possibly be within the mark) of Anglo-Indians never learn anything of the native dialects,

it will be readily intelligible that their ignorance should be considerable upon all those points as to which information can only come of intercourse. To many Anglo-Indians there never occurs the necessity of speaking any native tongue. The merchants, bankers, and other non-officials settled down in a provincial capital can transact their business without employing any other than Anglo-Saxon speech. English is the non-official language; and every native *employé* above the rank of messenger speaks it as a matter of course. In Madras and Bombay those servants who come into contact with the master speak English (at least it is more like English than any other language) and act as interpreters for the remainder of the household and the hangers-on of the domestic world. In other parts of India English-speaking servants can be procured with little difficulty. And, at the worst, the non-official of the provincial capital only requires such a limited vocabulary as will enable him to order dinner.

So, too, the exigencies that drive the officer of a British regiment to depart from his mother-tongue are few and far between. He generally has a servant who speaks English: the mess waiters are men of the regiment; and, if he know enough of the vernacular to ask his way back to cantonments or to his camp when he has gone into the interior and missed his road, he knows enough to meet any emergency likely

to befall him. There are, of course, many officers of Her Majesty's British forces who learn more than the minimum positively required of them; but there are not a few who learn less, and are hopelessly stranded when they make the slightest colloquial attempt. Nor is this unnatural. The British officer is in India only for a time (unless he exchange he may not be there longer than five to ten years); that time may be broken by frequent absences on leave, and he cannot anticipate a return to that country after his regiment leaves it. With a sufficient show of reason, he argues that it is useless importing the Oordoo or Hindoo language into England, where it can only be employed to the bewilderment of a Lascar crossing-sweeper whose native dialect is Bengali or Tamil, and from whose linguistic *répertoire* Oordoo and Hindoo have been wholly omitted; and, considering the matter from this practical point of view, he leaves the languages to the regimental interpreter.

To some of the expedients adopted and errors made by Anglo-Indians who have failed to master the vernacular, has been accorded a world-wide fame (Anglo-Indian) as great as was ever won by the *bons mots* of Sheridan or the best utterances of Rochefoucauld. Almost as historical a personage as Warren Hastings is that Calcutta merchant who, wishing to ask *what* pie he had before him on the dinner table, demanded

of his Khansamah (in Hindoostanee) *whose* pie it was, and was duly informed that it was his own. Great, too, is the young officer who, being asked in the course of a colloquial examination how he would express himself in the vernacular if he wished his groom to take his buggy under the shade of a tree, escaped out of the difficulty by saying, that he should go under the tree himself and beckon to the groom to bring the buggy there. And, were it necessary, the list of those who have established for themselves celebrity after the same fashion might be further added to.

To those who take the trouble to inquire into the matter, it is known that the millions of British India are divided into peoples differing as widely as —sometimes more widely than—the various peoples of Europe. The Aryans, wherever they are found, are of one family, though Tartar and Afghan conquerors have often corrupted the stream of Aryan descent. The Mahommedans, with the exception of the few whose progenitors were forcibly converted to Islamism when the crescent first descended upon the plains of India, are the descendants of those warriors who built up the throne of Delhi and made of Hindostan an empire for their mogul. But among the aborigines there are many tribes which are ethnically and philologically divided. There are tribes closely related to the Malay and Chinese races,

and there are others that are wholly unconnected with those branches of the human race. The number of aboriginal dialects spoken throughout India has been computed to exceed two hundred, and none of these has any marked affinity to any other. In the insignificant Naga country near Assam thirty distinct dialects have been detected, and in estimating the number for all India at about two hundred, the error, if there be any, is on the side of moderation. It does not, however, follow that the distinction between the aboriginal tribes should be as marked in every respect as it is in regard to language. The tongues spoken by the aborigines are unwritten; and, unfettered by any recorded forms of speech, the branches that have sprung, at a comparatively recent date, from a common stock may have insensibly lapsed away from the original dialect and adopted in its stead those of a peculiarly local character.

How little is generally known, even in India, of these aboriginal tribes was well instanced in 1855, when the Santhals, driven to desperation by the exactions of the Bengallee usurers, the oppression of the Government police, and the insufficiency of legal redress through the agency of our courts, broke out into open insurrection. The Santhals are a distinct tribe, numbering from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000, and inhabiting a tract of country, 400 miles in length and 100 miles in breadth, that stretches from a point

close to the Bay of Bengal to the confines of Behar. The Santhal country in 1855 was distinguished by no other boundaries than those formed by nature in the shape of hills and forests. Nowhere was this tract exclusively populated by Santhals, though in many parts they constituted the great bulk of the population. The existence of this tribe was barely recognised, and the land they dwelt in was parcelled off to the rich districts of Bengal through which it traversed.

In 1855 the British public in India was startled out of its propriety by the sudden intimation that the Santhals had risen and were murdering many of the Europeans and natives in their neighbourhood. Then from some came the question, '*Who* are the Santhals?' Not a few (dubious as to whether a Santhal were some uncomfortable quadruped of the jungle or reptile of the swamp) asked '*What* are the Santhals?' And at the expense of an insurrection in the very heart of the richest and most civilised province of India there was imparted the lesson that the Santhal was a human entity—indebted for his being neither to the Aryan, Tartar, Afghan, nor any other invading race—the descendant of an ancient tribe that in prehistoric time was driven by a foreign host into the forests, hills, and swamps, and one of a people numbering more than a million souls. Even the Government officials who immediately ruled over

the Santhals were benightedly ignorant as to the character of these people. They knew something about the Bengallee, and could not recognise the fact that Santhals who lived in the vicinity of Bengallees could differ materially from their neighbours. The Santhals represented their wrongs and asked for redress. When this course failed, they sent to the local authorities an *ultimatum* which threatened war unless their grievances were inquired into. And, to the surprise of the authorities, they kept their word. It was a startling blow of course. The authorities knew that Bengallees were too cowardly to risk their persons in any overt action against the Government—too little mindful of the value of truth to commence hostilities merely because they had promised to do so—and here, to their utter amazement, was a tribe whose members were not as the Bengallees around them—an uncultured people to whom truth yet came instinctively, and who, armed with a good cause (and axes, bows, and arrows), were not afraid to array themselves against the muskets of our native Sepoys.

While it is thus possible to live in India and know little or nothing of the people, it is extremely difficult to know all about them that might be desired. Even as to the origin of the races, much is enveloped in doubt. History is mute as to the date when the fair race of Aryan conquerors passed the Himalaya

and entered India. The struggle between the Aryans and the aborigines is unrecorded. Tradition fails to cast any satisfactory light upon the events of that early period; and present facts are the main evidences of the extent and variance of the tribes.

We know that, in that far-off time, the Aryans occupied a prominent position. Sallying forth from Central Asia, they founded colonies in India, Persia, Greece, and Rome. Distant branches of this conquering people penetrated to Spain and England. And the language of the Aryan formed the basis of many of the languages of Asia and nearly all of Europe. In entering India they were to the aborigines of the country as creatures of a high order of civilisation to barbarians. Hated and despised by their conquerors, the dark-skinned tribes for the most part fled before the fair-complexioned invaders. But in the course of time the peoples in some degree amalgamated. The aborigines, where not driven into the jungles as fugitives from civilisation, were absorbed into the lower grades of the conquering tribe, and while they received some of the Aryan higher form of religion they contributed those elements of superstition and demon worship that now characterise the Hindoo faith. In the north the aborigines almost entirely disappeared, and with them went the trace of their superstition and weird rites. In the wild forest tracts of the central table

land the aborigines held their ground untouched by Aryan conquest. And in the south generally the subjugation of the aboriginal tribes by the Aryans was less complete than it was in the north. The Hindooism of to-day is a composite religion to which many differing forms of worship have imparted something. The simple faith coming of revelation that peculiarised the Aryan has had engrafted upon it much of the idolatry of Buddhism and the heathenism of the aborigines; and by a degenerate priesthood have been introduced changes of form and belief that have not been of a reforming or improving nature. But there yet remain many millions of aborigines who, having stood aloof from the current of change that has flown past them for centuries, retain the belief of their forefathers free from any tinge of a foreign element. The Aryan of the East has succumbed before the Mahommedan invader, the empire of the Moslem has fallen before the might of an Aryan race coming from the West and not yet effeminated by luxury and indolence. The crescent and the cross have both swept victorious over the empire won from the aborigines by the Aryans of Central Asia, and yet among the children of the soil are to be found dialects, rites, and ceremonies that can in no wise be traced to any of the conquering races.

To the contempt in which the aborigines were held

by the early Aryans is doubtless attributable the origin of caste distinctions. These distinctions are most marked where the Aryan conquest was most complete, and vary in proportion to the extent of the subjugation of the aborigines. At first the division was the simple one of Aryan and non-Aryan, Bhramin and Sudra; and it was not until historic times that caste as it is now known became an institution. By Manu the classification was made fourfold, and Bhramins, Khetrees, Vaisyas, and Sudras were distinguished as the four castes; but this arrangement by no means adequately represents the manner in which Hindoo society is split up into classes.

Caste is one of the first Hindoo institutions with which the Anglo-Indian becomes familiar, and he finds it generally employed to his discomfiture. A Hindoo bearer will object to touching his master's cup or plate on the score of caste: he will lose his caste if he touch anything upon or from which his master has eaten or drunk; he will lose his caste if his master does not give him a day's leave to enable him to perform his mother's *shraad* (funeral obsequies); his caste is, in fact, a perishable possession that is to be broken upon the slightest provocation where the provocation comes in the form of the master's convenience. Otherwise it is often elastic enough; and it is always recoverable upon the payment of a certain mulct to the Bhramins, and the

entertainment of the caste brothers of him who has been excommunicated. Exclusion from caste privileges implies that the outlawed one is neither to marry, eat, drink, nor smoke with those of his sect until he is rehabilitated. He is *hookah pánee bund* (i.e. his caste brethren may not drink water from the vessel, or smoke the hookah that he uses), and he is made to pay for restoration to his original position. He cannot, being ousted from one caste, seek refuge in the grade immediately below it. Born of any one caste, he is of that or no caste at all to the end of his days; and for him there is, as far as caste is concerned, neither advance nor retrogression in the social scale.

We have said that the fourfold classification fails to comprise all the artificial divisions of Hindoo society. Between the Brahmin and the lowest order of Sudra—the Pariah of the Hindoo race—there are innumerable classes. Even the Brahmins are broken up into sects. In Bengal there are the Koolin Brahmins, to whom other Brahmins of Bengal are as dirt. The male Koolin may intermarry with other orders of Brahmins, but it is considered degrading to the last degree for a female Koolin to wed with any but one of her own sect. Held in general respect as a highly eligible person, the male Koolin makes matrimony a profession, and goes about the country seeking wives whom he is paid to marry, and whom

he leaves, possibly for ever, immediately after the ceremony. But let the Koolin go among the Brahmins of the north, and he finds that the ascendency he enjoyed in his own province has disappeared. He is no longer a superior being, but sinks at once almost to the level of a Sudra.

There is no doubt that the institution of caste has been the main cause of the degeneration of one section of the community and the non-advance of the other. Caste has been a social drag throughout. The Brahmin, prohibited by caste from putting his hand to the plough, has become a creature of sloth. The Sudra, held to be an inferior animal, has had little opportunity, and no great desire, to rise. As son has succeeded to father in caste he has been content to do as his father did in every respect. The son of a carpenter becomes a carpenter. The son of a cowherd is satisfied to spend his life as a follower of cattle; and so on up and down the scale. Intermarriage between caste and caste is not permitted, and only within certain narrow limits may the members of one caste accept food or drink from the hands of people of other castes. Food cooked by a Brahmin of Bengal may be eaten by any Bengalee of any caste, but will not be touched by many Hindoos of the north. Food cooked by a Sudra of low caste may not be eaten even by Sudras of superior grade. The Bengal Brahmin may drink water from the *lota*

(brass or copper drinking vessel) of the *gwala* (cow-herd). The Brahmin of the north-west may similarly honour the *lota* of the *kahar* (palanquin carrier). Edibles, such as parched grain and sweetmeats, cooked without the application of water in the process, may be eaten by Hindoos of a higher caste than the cooks. But the general rule is one which tends to separate each class from the other by a barrier that is insulting to the lower, and demoralising to the higher grade.

To the Anglo-Indian of an inquiring turn of mind, all, or nearly all, the mysteries of caste may be revealed. He may learn much of the habits and customs of the natives, where those habits and customs are of an exoteric character. But of the inner man—of the thoughts and feelings of the people—he knows little or nothing. He may speak their language accurately and spend the best part of his days in transacting business with them, but his knowledge of them goes little below the surface. His study of the native is like a long and searching look into a mirror—a great deal seems to result out of it, but what is seen is a phantasm only, and everything beneath the surface has escaped the eye.

This is readily explained by the fact, that there is neither communion nor sympathy between the Anglo-Indians and the people of the country. In business, whether between man and man or the governed and

their governors, they may meet frequently, but there is no society common to both which has any other object than business. The Anglo-Indian merchant who trusts thousands to the keeping of his native banker or *banyan*, and who for years has seen that trusted agent every day of the week at his office, very possibly does not know whether that functionary has one wife or half a dozen, and is wholly ignorant of the sentiments of that individual upon any other subject than piece goods, bills of exchange, and kindred matters of mercantile existence. The Anglo-Indian who sees most of the natives generally is the government official. Day after day he is brought into contact with them in office and cutcherry, and very frequently he receives visits from those of the superior class at his residence, or pays state visits to them at theirs. But the character of the native's conversation with the government officer is stereotyped optimism, and what he says is not by any means what he thinks, but what he believes will best please his listener.

Very weary work to the Anglo-Indian official is the reception of these matter-of-form visits. Ordinarily the visitor is peculiarised by one of two weaknesses; he is either stolidly reticent or impertinently inquisitive. In the first case he allows his share of the dialogue to be performed by the courtiers, scribes, and relatives who stand around him while the interview

lasts. In the latter case he conducts the conversation himself, and takes every opportunity of diverting it into the direction of personal interrogation. But in no instance will he express views likely to be opposed to those of the government generally, or the individual member of it whom he addresses. On the other hand, the Anglo-Indian is restricted by punctilio from entering upon many subjects upon which the natives might be expected to know something. To inquire about a Hindoo (or even a Mahommedan) wife would be a serious violation of etiquette; for of the *arcana* of the harem the Anglo-Indian is supposed to be utterly ignorant, and with the wives and daughters of the native no European may associate. To introduce theology would be stigmatised as attempting proselytism. And to talk about other than immediately local matters would in all probability result in a monologue altogether unintelligible and very uninteresting to the hearer. Some subjects are tabooed because it is a breach of manners to address the native upon them—others because they are beyond the native's depth; and the necessity of avoiding what is prohibited materially impedes the conversation.

Let us see what manner of discourse does pass current on the occasion of a formal visit paid by the native to the Anglo-Indian. Commencing with the zemindar or rajah who inclines to reticence, we find

that what transpires is something as follows:—Native seats himself, and prepares for the conversational rack. Anglo-Indian inquires after his visitor's health, and is informed by the native, on his own responsibility, that, thanks to the *ikbhal* (power) of the Anglo-Indian, the health inquired after is good. Ominous silence ensues, during which Native chews *pan* and, perhaps, the cud of bitter fancy, while he gazes through the head of the Anglo-Indian into space. Anglo-Indian propounds the remarkable fact that it is fine weather, and hopes that the crops of the Native's ryots are promising. Native seeks information on this point from his hangers-on, one of whom makes the necessary reply. More silence, that is broken by the Anglo-Indian (of course) asking what Native thinks of the railway and electric telegraph. Native, not thinking at all about either of these innovations of European origin, leaves the response to his attendants, who pronounce themselves in favour of railway, telegraph, and everything else introduced by their British rulers: and so on to the moment when the Anglo-Indian, feeling that he and the native have endured sufficient discomfort, pronounces the magic word *rooksut* (you are at liberty to go) and the interview is over. Where the native is talkative it is much the same as far as the Anglo-Indian's share of the dialogue is concerned. The subject of rail, or telegraph, or agriculture is no more

likely to succeed with the loquacious than with the silent visitor. But then the Anglo-Indian may be subjected to a sharp examination. He may be asked whether he is married—how old he is—what he paid for, and where he bought, his gun or watch or any other article that attracts his visitor's notice—or any other objective query that suggests itself to the native mind: and by these questions will be staved off any effort made by the Anglo-Indian to enter into reasonable conversation. There are undoubtedly many natives of high intellectual capacity and liberal education, who are able to form a reasonable opinion upon men and things, but even with these conversation is fettered; and intellect and education do not make such men any the less optimists, assumedly, in all that relates to the views and actions of the governing class.

Between the better class of Hindoo and Mahommedan females and the Anglo-Indian there is no association, and but little between the Anglo-Indian lady and the natives, male or female. The native would consider his household desecrated if the Anglo-Indian gentleman gazed upon the unveiled features of his wife or daughter, though the wife or daughter might be as old as Parr, or as ugly as the veiled prophet; and he would very much prefer that the sacred precincts of the *zenanah* should not be entered by the Anglo-Indian lady. On the other hand, there is very little

in favour of, and much against, the admission of the native to Anglo-Indian feminine society. The native would not appreciate such a privilege, and would certainly not reciprocate it; he would not know how to adapt himself to the occasion, and could hardly fail to make his society more or less disagreeable. To the native mind a woman is an inferior animal—a wife no more the equal of her lord than the veriest drudge of the household—and the Anglo-Indian wife a social anomaly that he cannot understand. He sees the Anglo-Indian wife the constant companion and often adviser of her husband; he sees her displaying her face to, and conversing openly with, men of all grades; he sees her in the ball-room dancing for her own amusement, or, in other words, doing for her own pleasure what he hires professional *nautch* (dancing) girls to do for his; and he cannot believe that with so much liberty, so many opportunities to do wrong, she can be faithful. He knows that, despite veils and bolts and bars and *zenanah* walls, the native wife not unfrequently contrives to carry on a clandestine flirtation; and mistaking cause and effect, he supposes that the European female must be the less virtuous in inverse ratio to the greater trust placed in her.

The natives whom the Anglo-Indian knows most intimately are his domestic servants. Though some of these may assume the right of keeping their

womenkind hidden away from the sahib's eye, and caste may be now and then erected as a barrier between the master and his retainers, there is greater intimacy and more sympathy between the Anglo-Indian and this class than are to be found between him and any other section. The fondness of *bearers* and *ayahs* for the English children they have nursed is proverbial, and if the fondness inclines towards the utter ruination of its object it is at all events sincere. In cases of illness the native often shines forth in a light of unwonted brilliance; the *bearer* who has been hitherto an unbending stickler as to caste will, in the sick-room of his master, throw caste to the winds and perform menial offices that at any other season he would positively refuse to put his hand to. In some Anglo-Indian families the present generation of servants has been bred immediately under the eye of the *sahib*. The master has seen the *kitmutghar* of to-day, as a child, running about the compound with no other covering than a piece of string, with a key appended thereto, girded round his infantile loins; he has seen him, as a lad, acquiring the art of waiting at table, and breaking many articles of glass-ware and crockery during his novicate; he has very possibly physicked him through attacks of cholera, dysentery, small-pox, or fever: and the *kitmutghar*, arrived at manhood, feels that the master is bound to him (though not necessarily that he is bound to the master) by the ties

of many benefits bestowed. On some occasions the feminine belongings of the native servant are brought with disagreeable prominence to the notice of the master or mistress. An invalid wife or daughter is frequently pleaded as the excuse for release from duty, and instances have been known of one domestic taking holidays on half a dozen different occasions for the purpose of burying as many mothers.

How little the Anglo-Indian knows of the innermost thoughts of the native was well instanced by the mutiny of 1857. To this day opinion is divided as to whether the revolt of the native army and the rebellion of many of the people were parts of a deeply planned scheme for the overthrow of the British power, or the unanticipated effects of a sudden fear that the rulers of the country were about to trick the people—Hindoo and Mahommedan—into Christianity. There are those who look upon the introduction of greased cartridges for the use of the native army as the first cause of the troubles of 1857–58, while others consider that the feeling against the new ammunition only precipitated a movement that had been long contemplated. Whatever the truth as to this moot point may be, it stands to reason that the mutiny is a proof of Anglo-Indian ignorance of native feeling. If the outbreak was preconcerted, thousands of natives must have been aware of what threatened, while not one of the governing class had

an inkling that anything but profound peace was to be looked for in the immediate future. And, in any case, there remains the fact that fifteen years after the event, and when the possibility of punishment threatens only an exceptional few of those concerned in it, doubt still exists as to the origin of the Indian mutiny.

It must be admitted, however, that the conduct of many of the participators in that memorable outbreak was sufficiently enigmatical to inspire reasonable doubt as to the motives that prompted it. In some native regiments the best men mutinied, while the worst stood firm. Many regiments continued faithful while temptation and opportunity to revolt were greatest, only to mutiny when there was every reason of self-interest against it. In some instances, the first object of the mutinous sepoys was the murder of their officers—on more than one occasion a few faithful soldiers, standing by their officers to the last, were shot down by their brethren. Sometimes a regiment mutinied and went off with band, colours, and regimental treasure chest, without molesting any officer; and one regiment notably distinguished itself by escorting its officers to a place of safety, and there leaving them with an advance of a month's pay to each. Even among the nearest relations there was not always any very clear understanding as to what course was to be pursued: *e.g.*, the greater

portion of a regiment of irregular cavalry, mutinied and left its station. Among the few who remained faithful were a father and two sons. The father told his officers that the mutineers might be induced to return to their flag if some one were sent after them, and volunteered the services of one of his sons for this duty. One son was sent off accordingly, but did not return either with or without the mutineers. The other son was sent after his delinquent brother, and *did* come back; but he came back alone, with the information that his brother had determined to go on with those who had elected to fight under the banner of the Mogul.

If any class of Anglo-Indians could pretend to knowledge of the native character, the officers of the old sepoy army constituted that class, and yet bitterly did the fact come home to these how superficial their knowledge was. With few exceptions, the officers trusted thoroughly in their own men until the last, believing it possible that any regiment rather than their own might go. Publicly and privately, the officers expressed their confidence in their sepoys up to the moment when confidence was rudely shaken by the unpalatable truth that the sepoys were mutineers. One example of this misplaced reliance may be given, both for its own melancholy interest and its general application, and briefly we will record it.

Col. H—— commanded an irregular cavalry regi-

ment. A *beau sabreur* and kindly gentleman, he had to all appearances made himself the idol of his men. His regiment was to him everything, and he not unnaturally believed that his devotion to his men was reciprocated. The mutiny broke out, and public journals canvassed the possible faithlessness of the different sepoy corps. One journal ventured to question the loyalty of the regiment commanded by Col. H——, and immediately afterwards inserted a letter from Col. H——, in which that officer indignantly protested against the slander upon those men 'among whom he would trust his life.' When this letter appeared, the hand that wrote it was cold and lifeless—the writer had been murdered by those whose character it was one of his last and most welcome offices to defend.

It must not be supposed that the Anglo-Indian peculiarly occupies an isolated position in respect of other classes in India. There is a wide breach between the aborigines and Aryan people, as wide a separation between Mahommedans and other sects, and association is very restricted between Hindoos of various grades. India has never seen such an amalgamation of conquerors and conquered as has been witnessed in our own land. After thousands of years the aborigines of many tribes retain the primitive character that distinguished them prior to Aryan conquest. And the amalgamation of the Mussulman

rulers with the other peoples has been no more complete than that of the Anglo-Saxons who destroyed the Mogul empire.

Of the Mussulmans of India we have hitherto spoken in general terms. We have discussed them as coming within the common category of 'natives,' nor is it necessary for our purpose that we should devote any great space specially to this class. The Mahommedan, like the Hindoo, enters the service of the Anglo-Indian in various capacities, and the relations of the governing class are much the same to both races. There are, however, distinctions in the offices held or performed by Mussulmans and Hindoos. A Mahommedan rarely appears in the domestic establishment save as a kitchen servant, table attendant, water carrier, *syce*, or *chuprassie*. As a public servant, the Hindoo may be either an uncovenanted civilian, holding a judicial or revenue appointment, a clerk, or a messenger; but the Mahommedan, while he is often found in the higher and lower of these positions, seldom occupies the post of clerk. In the army and police they enter upon equal terms, but the Hindoos preponderate in the foot regiments, and the Mahommedans (*Pathans*) constitute the majority of the light cavalry recruits. As landholders the Hindoos occupy the foremost position. Rajahs and wealthy Hindoo zemindars form the landed aristocracy, and there are many thousands of well-to-do Hindoo

middle-men between the great landlords and the peasantry. As landholders the Mussulmans in many parts of India hold a very subordinate position. The most opulent of this class are frequently those whose incomes are derived from state pensions: and there are but few gradations between the wealthy *nawaub* and the poor ryot who supports himself upon the produce of half an acre.

In one respect the conquest of India by the Mahommedans has an important bearing upon our subject. The warriors who founded the empire of Hindostan only in the first flush of triumph attempted the forcible conversion of the Hindoos to Islamism. The satraps who, in allegiance to the Mogul, ruled over the conquered provinces, did not crush out Hindoo belief and customs, or wrest the soil entirely from the Hindoos who held it. But the conquerors gave a language to the country which, if it never reached the masses of remote districts, was intelligible to the educated people throughout the land. This language was Oordoo (the language of the camp), or, as it is sometimes called, Hindostanee. Written in the Persian character, it was an amalgam of Persian and Hindee, and it had its origin in that city (Delhi) which was the capital of the newly made empire. Persian, pure and undefiled, was then, and continued for many years after British rule, the language of the courts; but to the uneducated, Persian was an un-

known tongue, and Oordoo—the dialect of the Delhi camp—was the only language that passed current through the length and breadth of the Mogul's dominions.

The Mahommedans succeeded to a great extent in making their dialect the common language of the many provinces of Hindostan; and, in reviewing what has been effected in this direction by ourselves, we may see what prospect there is of the English tongue becoming generally adopted by the millions of British India.

It has already been remarked that in Bombay and Madras there are many servants who speak a sort of English; such servants are to be found in smaller numbers in other provinces; and there are petty tradesmen and hawkers who, to a similar extent, are conversant with the Anglo-Saxon tongue. But the smattering of English that these classes can boast of is generally acquired by a *vivâ voce* process; it is handed down from father to son, or 'picked up' anyhow, and, at the best, it is based upon very imperfect rudimentary knowledge or book learning. On the other hand there are those who acquire a knowledge of our language from study in the schools and colleges. By this class (which rarely comprises Mahommedans) the acquisition of English is looked upon as the first step towards employment under the Anglo-Indian official or non-official; and its members

may be found distributed over the country as clerks telegraph assistants, railway station masters, and so forth, wherever British rule has placed an outpost or British energy has started an agency. But beyond these classes, acquaintance, even of the slightest, with the English language does not extend. English is not the language of the courts, of the aristocracy, or of the people. The rural populations know it not. And the few to whom it is known are ordinarily those who are immediately dependent upon, and associated with, the Anglo-Indian.

But if our teaching has failed to make our language common to the governed and their governors, it has created a class through the agency of which the millions of India may hereafter be materially improved, if not (as many sanguine people hope) converted to Christianity. The member of this class is recognised as the 'Bengallee Baboo,' or Young Bengal, and, except the accident of birth, he has little more affinity to other natives than the Anglo-Indian whose language he speaks. Receiving his education at a government school, the Bengallee Baboo has an opportunity of learning much of the course considered necessary in European academies. Mathematics, geography, history, and English classics are all open to him, and he works energetically enough to master what is placed before him. To the native school-boy the temptation to idle or play truant does not often

occur. At ten he is sufficiently aware of what is most to his interest to feel a pleasure in his studies, and until he arrives at manhood his faculties are quick to seize upon knowledge. There are at some of the government colleges native lads of seventeen and eighteen who have made very considerable progress in the higher mathematics, and to whom the differential calculus is no more recondite than the alphabet. But when, arrived at manhood, the student leaves the school, he substitutes the business of life and the pleasures of the *zenanah* for the pursuit of scholarship; thenceforth his mind travels upon a retrograde track—quadratic equations assume for him the guise of impenetrable puzzles—the simplest rules of arithmetic become enveloped in doubt—historical and geographical facts get mixed in hopeless confusion regardless of person, time, and place, and of the English *belles-lettres* only so much remains as is kept in his mind by the exigencies of every-day life.

But while at the government school he has learnt much that is neither mentioned in the *curriculum* nor to be lost as soon as he has closed his books. He has learnt to disbelieve in Hindooism; and, though he may not substitute any other belief for the one he has lost, thenceforward to him the faith of his forefathers is nothing but an empty form—Siva, Kali, Doorga, and the other members of the Hindoo pantheon, base idols that it were vain to propitiate—

and caste restrictions ordinances to be despised. The man of the Young Bengal class, while retaining the name and some of the domestic forms of the Hindoo, is, as to his religion, a believer in one great Creator or a believer in nothing, and his views upon many social subjects are as broad as those of the Anglo-Indian whose speech he has been taught. At first his liberality of opinion was principally evinced by his rejection of the prohibition against eating and drinking with the *Faringhees*, and indulgence in the forbidden drinks and viands of the white man. He did not object to a bottle of champagne or a slice of ham, hateful as those objects are in the eyes of the orthodox Hindoo, and when he ate and drank these things he thought that he had performed all the ceremonials that constitute the Christian faith. Discarding the simple and insufficient costume of his fathers, he adopted, in a modified form, the garments of the Anglo-Indian; and for the slow palanquin he substituted the rapid dog-cart. But in the course of time his superior enlightenment has been evinced in matters of a higher order, and it is due to the efforts of this class that the marriage of Hindoo widows promises to become a general custom, and the union of two unthinking babies may, in good time, cease to be a necessary feature of the matrimonial ceremony.

And sorely is some amelioration of the Hindoo marriage law required. Tied together as infants,

there is rarely much love between the Hindoo man and wife; and too often the husband (if not indeed the wife) seeks elsewhere that affection which cannot be kindled on the domestic hearth. But to the woman this is not all. Married while yet a baby, she is by the old Hindoo law married once for all. Her lord and master may die before the marriage has gone beyond the mere betrothal, but she is thenceforth a widow whom no other man may wed. Old Mr. Weller might, as far as this matter is concerned, have found favour among the strictest Brahmins of the old school, so entirely in accordance with their views were his sentiments as to widow marriage. Left a widow, the Hindoo woman is for the rest of her life a slave in the household of her husband's family. No hopes may she cherish of having a home and children to call her own. She may not even satisfy her womanly vanity by wearing the trinkets that her sex (only in India of course) delight in. And her existence is one of hopeless drudgery and unsatisfied desires. But the Bengallee Baboo has appeared as a modern Perseus to rescue the Hindoo damsel from her chains. Already, in the face of old-world prejudices, many Hindoo widows have been re-elected to the privileges of matrimony, and as the opinions of Young Bengal extend, such marriages will become every day of more common occurrence.

There are in the ranks of the Young Bengal school some who enjoy independence—often affluence—from landed property or trade; but the great majority are the Baboos who are in the employment of Anglo-Indians as clerks or agents. As accountants, copyists, telegraph assistants, and station masters, they succeed admirably, but they rarely aspire to rise above the condition of clerkdom; and, as a rule, they hold aloof from the other classes of natives. A few of them may be trusted to draft official letters in English; but though the greater number spend their lives in copying and speaking English, it is rarely safe to trust to their original composition. The Baboo, who at college has gone through Addison, Goldsmith, Milton, Shakespeare, and other British classics, may have a few odd quotations laid up in the storehouse of his memory. He may, upon being detected in an error of account, plead that 'to err is human, to forgive divine,' or urge that 'sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.' He may, wanting something of his master, suggest a remark about 'a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity!' But he may not be always depended upon for a simple and grammatical specimen of English prose; and some of his original productions, though not calculated to facilitate the transaction of business, are eminently adapted to the requirements of a

comic album. We give a specimen of the florid order of Baboo verbiage—

Honoured Sir,—With much obedient solicitude and despondent affliction, I come before your grace's footstool, to inform you that I am wanting a situation, and my families starving for want of breads. Knowing your honour's Universal malevolence, my only trust is in your bereaving me with the favour of your benignant speculation and a second writership in your office on Rs. 20 a month. If I will retain this nothing shall be wanting to perform my duties and give you supplementary satisfaction. You are the father of my orphans and the protector of their parents, who, for want of a few pice, cannot provide the smallest banquet for their little ones. I have got many certificates given to me by other gentlemans who I have served, and if I may wait upon your honour I will depose them at your feet for perusal. They will give you every malformation about my posthumous works. And if your honour shall give me something, or get some other gentlemans to furnish me with a benefaction, the prayers of me and my orphans shall ascend to the Almighty to call down benedictions and heavy rains of wealth and health upon your respectable head.

And your obliged and grateful servant shall, in duty bound, ever pray.

RAM CHUNDER BUTTERCHURJ.

And now we come to the consideration of an important class, which is more or less related to all the races hitherto spoken of, though claiming its descent from a people to which we have made no allusion. This class comprises the Eurasians or

half-castes—the people who trace their ancestry back to the early Portuguese traders, while through their veins flows a mixed stream, to which aborigines, Aryans, Mahommedans and Anglo-Indians have all, in a greater or less degree, contributed. To the Portuguese must be accredited the honour of being first among modern Europeans to develop the mercantile resources of India. They were the predecessors of the English in Indian commerce. And to one of their countrymen, Vasco di Gama, it is due that the long sea route round the Cape was opened out to the merchant marine of the world. But, though they did much to foster trade between Europe and India, they never appeared in Hindostan as conquerors. Territorial aggrandisement did not tempt them to seek possession of more land than was required for their depôts; and the grandest monuments they have left, as witnesses of their presence in the country, are the families of De Souza, De Silva, and similar patronymics that now are scattered throughout India wherever their Anglo-Indian brethren are to be found.

It is not always easy to determine where the line is to be drawn between the Eurasian and the Anglo-Indian of pure descent—to say where one class ends and the other begins. The presence of Indian blood in any quantity may be detected easily enough, and the Anglo-Indian has no doubt about the Eurasian,

of whom it is facetiously (if not good-naturedly) said, that he has a considerable touch of the tar brush about him, or a tolerable dash of coffee in his composition, or is four or six annas (i.e. four or six parts of black blood out of sixteen, there being sixteen annas in the rupee). But in many good Anglo-Indian families there is a suspicion of the native element—too faint to be recognised by any external signs or peculiarities of manner, and too remotely drawn from its original source to have retained any of its original character.

With those who, despite an inappreciable mixture of blood, are in mind and manner, by name and education, English, we have not to deal when treating of the Eurasian. Our purpose lies with a sect that is not English in any respect, a class that stands alone, *totus, teres, atque rotundus*, characterised by nearly all the worst proclivities, and few of the virtues, of the races from which it has sprung.

In the capitals of all the provinces Eurasians are to be found in hundreds or thousands. In every station where there are Anglo-Indians they are to be found in numbers proportionate to the extent of the Anglo-Indian population. And isolated members of the fraternity may be met with upon lines of railway, in indigo factories, and in silk filatures. But he is never discovered in any other position than that of a dependant upon the European. He may be a clerk

(Eurasian clerks being known as *keranees*), or a billiard-marker, or he may occupy a subordinate situation in connection with the railway or telegraph; he may be an assistant in some branch of commerce or trade, or he may eke out existence by rearing poultry for the Anglo-Indian table. Exceptionally he may win his way to well-paid appointments in the uncovenanted civil service. But he is rarely found as an independent trader, and never as a cultivator. He is essentially a creature of the town, and his home is some back slum that is close to the dwelling-places of the Anglo-Indian.

The position of the Eurasian is not an enviable one, nor, sooth to say, is his character one of crystalline purity. Related to the English and native, he is despised by both. The Englishman sees in him one for whom the leaven of European blood has done little but develop European vices upon a large stock of native ones. The native sees in him a creature poor as himself in *physique* and most other respects, and one in whose blood there is the *Faringhee* taint. He is, in short, little better than a self-constituted helot, for whom there is no present or future, and whose past is no very glorious retrospect.

Born in some Bethnal Green of India, and reared in the gutter, the Eurasian grows to manhood. Physically he is in no way superior to the native of southern India. In complexion he may be as black

as the darkest native, or of the olive tint of a bilious Spaniard. Native in most of his ideas he has adopted the dialect of the people around him as that of his thoughts, and English is to him a language only to be employed in transacting business with the Anglo-Indian. Professedly, he is probably a Roman Catholic, but the lower his position the more his belief is impregnated with the superstitions of the native. In his mode of life he is as a native in his home, although he assumes the garb with the speech of the Anglo-Indians when he comes into contact with them. This brief description applies most directly to the lowest of the Eurasian order, but it is true, to some extent, of the great majority of the race, even though their birth and education be not as humble as we have described. The Eurasian who lives in a hut in a narrow gully of Cossitollah (one of the meanest districts of Calcutta), and earns a bare subsistence as a billiard-marker, or by some mysterious occupation of which the Anglo-Indian sees little or nothing, is several degrees lower in the social scale than the Eurasian clerk who is in a situation that gives him 10*l.* a month. The former may have known no other schooling than that of the street Arab. The latter has possibly been taught something at an English school. The billiard-marker, in the retirement of his hovel, arrays himself in light linen garments differing little from those of the Hindoo, and enjoys the society of

his equals over the family hubble-bubble (the hookah of the native). The clerk, or *keranny*, in his leisure hours retains the costume of Europe, and probably satisfies his longings for tobacco by indulgence in country-made cheroots. In the social circle of one the tom-tom (Indian drum) affords musical entertainment, while in the society of the other this form of enjoyment is knocked out of an ancient harpsichord. The one is content to pass through life as a pedestrian, the other aims at keeping his own buggy. But these are merely social differences. The men are the same apart from accident of fortune. Both speak English with a strong Eurasian (*chee chee*) accent; and both are alike vain, frivolous, idle, false, and pusillanimous.

It is not because his modesty stands in his way that the Eurasian occupies so low a position. Estimated at the value he places upon himself he would rank among the highest orders of humanity. His whole life is one long effort to appear something more and better than he is. The Eurasian clerk who has a wife and family to support on a bare pittance, will undergo much domestic discomfort and sore pinching to keep up appearances before the world. To array his wife in a silk dress and then display her (but more particularly the silk dress) by driving her out upon the mall or course in his buggy, he will submit to many a Lenten feast of pulse and rice.

To possess an old jingling second-hand piano, upon which no member of his family can play three consecutive notes in harmony, and from which not even Madame Goddard could extract music, he will deny himself many a comfort and not a few necessaries. In short, although by no means averse from the system of Epicurus, he will undergo the abstinence of a Pythagorean in his home to parade abroad a ridiculous affectation of being very much better off than he is.

The same *bizarre* vanity appears in his conversation and writings. As we have said before, the Eurasian who has never been west of Allahabad, and who would vainly attempt to point out any ancestor who had ever been in Great Britain, will talk of England as 'home,' just as though that were the land of his birth and the home of his fathers. Primed with a few facts from the columns of the 'Overland Mail,' he will affect a knowledge of London life that only comes to the regular *flâneur* after years of active experience; and very absurd are the errors into which an overweening confidence in the resources of the 'Overland Mail' betrays him. It is told how one Eurasian, when talking about going to England, said that the first thing he should do upon reaching London would be to report himself to the Brigade-Major. Another Eurasian, accustomed to see wealthy Anglo-Indians sit down to hermetically-sealed salmon, peas, &c., could not understand that our

gracious Queen lived upon any other than hermetically-sealed provisions. And as he will talk of things of which he knows nothing, so also does he employ a phraseology that he does not understand. No word is too polysyllabled for him. To him the length of a word is always a greater recommendation than its applicability; its true signification a matter of very secondary consideration. And the letter of a half-educated Eurasian often has the appearance of having had words of five, six, and seven syllables sprinkled over it out of a pepper-caster.

It is not that the Eurasian is a modest flower, born to blush unseen. It is not that he has denied justice to himself by hiding his light under a bushel. Blushing is not in his way at all, and he is the last person in the world to hide anything that he would gain by exhibiting. He has been tried and found wanting. Experience has shown that in a civil capacity he is, as a rule, uncertain, and often idle and untrustworthy. His attendance to his duties is irregular, and his performance of them perfunctory. And the constantly recurring sickness in his family by which he excuses his repeated absence can only be accepted as the truth upon the supposition that all the ills that humanity in general is heir to, are visited upon his suffering belongings. He has been tried as a soldier. Known, as he always was, to be very little of the Bayard, the ranks of the army had been closed to him as a fighting man, and until

1857-8 his aspirations to wear a military uniform could only be satisfied by his entering a N.I. regiment as a bandsman. But in the mutiny year, when every available fighting man was of the last value to the British cause—when Pathans and Beloochees were enlisted from among the wild and independent tribes of the Punjab frontier—when the loyal troops of Madras were called upon to face the mutineers of the Bengal forces, and when English adventurers, stray seamen, and loafers were enrolled in a corps of yeomanry cavalry; in that troublous time the attempt was made to create a soldiery out of the Eurasion population, and in the ranks of the East Indian regiment the half-caste had the opportunity of proving that he had the makings of a warrior in him. He did nothing of the kind; what he principally proved was that he had the makings of a mutineer in him, and the E.I. regiment being disbanded, there departed the last chance of military glory for the Eurasian.

Hanging on upon the outskirts of the Anglo-Indian community, he has proved a failure as a domestic servant. It is true that caste restrictions do not stand in the way of his performing any household office, but his idleness and self-esteem do; and while entertaining him results in little, if any, advantage as to quantity or quality of work, it costs a great deal more than satisfies the native servant.

There are, of course, exceptional Eurasians to whom the preceding remarks in no wise apply. There are in the ranks of the uncovenanted service, and among the non-official classes, individuals who are trusted and respected as men of education and position. But these are only the exceptions that prove the rule; and there is an impassable chasm between them and Eurasians such as those bandsmen of native regiments who, wholly unmindful of questions of nationality, marched into Delhi with the mutinous sepoys and played the English national anthem for the edification of the Mogul. There are some few Eurasians who are allied to the English by ties of thought and mutual regard. But the only tie that unites the majority of half-castes to the Anglo-Indian is that of self-interest, and but for that selfish bond, it would be a matter of little moment to Eurasia generally whether Hindostan were ruled by Christian or Moslem, Turk, Infidel, or Jew.

Leaving the Eurasians, it naturally occurs to us to think of the native Christians. There is a strong resemblance between the two classes in many respects. The members of both sections profess, in some form, the doctrines of the Christian faith. They are alike in colour, and there is no little similarity in their proclivities and their relations towards the Anglo-Indian.

If the number of true converts in India bore any

fair proportion to the extent of missionary exertions, the native Christians would be told by tens of thousands. The benevolent people of England who provide shirt collars and trouser straps for the Andamanese, while their fellow-countrymen die of starvation or perish of cold at their doorsteps—those energetic propagandists who teach the Feejee to read the Gospels, while thousands of their own race cannot read the alphabet—these well-intentioned, if misguided, people are to be found at their pious work throughout Hindostan. Scattered about India there are numerous missions—missions English, American, and German—missions Protestant, Roman Catholic, Independent, and Baptist—missions of many nations and several religious denominations. In the crowded roads of the bazaar, and wherever natives most do congregate, missionaries preach and distribute tracts to the idle mob that forms their open-air congregation. Attached to many of the missions are small colonies of juvenile converts, who are taught divine truths, fed, and clothed by the religious societies. But, after all, an adult Christian is almost as great a rarity in real life as a dead donkey. Visiting the mission houses, one may see thirty or forty youthful and dark-skinned Christians performing the congregational share of the church service (in the vernacular); or attend a pious tea-party, at which these happy young proselytes give

vent to their exuberant spirits by chanting one of Dr. Watts' hymns. But inscrutable mystery surrounds the converts' adolescence. It cannot be supposed that Christianity gives him perpetual infancy, or that he invariably dies off before attaining maturity; and yet the full-grown convert is not to be found in any proportion to the infant article. He is not to be seen in any numbers where he would naturally be looked for, in the service of Anglo-Indians; he does not appear as the skilled artisan or simple labourer; he is rarely employed as a clerk, and still more rarely as a cultivator or tradesman. There are a few villages that are populated by Christian communities, and the inhabitants of which live upon the fruits of agriculture or as artisans and traders; but the existence of these is probably known only to one Anglo-Indian in ten, and not one in a hundred Anglo-Indians has ever actually seen them. Too often the only specimens of full-grown converts with whom one meets are peculiarised by the unpleasant characteristics of the lower class of Eurasians, and not above making out of their religion capital that they cannot or will not win by honest labour.

It may well be questioned whether the conversion of the millions of India can ever be brought about by such means as are adopted by the missionaries. The enrolment under the Christian banner of a few thousand natives of low caste or no caste has no

influence upon the thoughts of the higher and better educated classes. The people of the aboriginal tribes and the lower sects of Hindoos have to make comparatively trivial sacrifices and renounce no very strong belief when they adopt Christianity. But to the high-caste Hindoo and to the Mahommedan, desertion from the belief of his fathers means social dishonour and the renunciation of tenets which, however false, have been acquired by some amount of study of the Shastras or Koran. In fact, to many thinking men it appears that missionaries in India have commenced their labours at the wrong end of the social scale, and that failure must be the result of a scheme that does not make of its converts useful auxiliaries.

To some the Bengallee Baboo appears the possible agent through whom the millions of Hindoos may be at some time converted. At present young Bengal is neutral as to his religion; neither Hindooism nor Christianity can claim him. But having passed through a phase of unbelief in which his old faith and caste prejudices are thrown aside, he may be induced to receive the doctrines of his rulers; and the example of one such educated and independent convert would effect more than the teaching of all Watts' hymns to mission children, or the distribution to an illiterate and unthinking rabble of tons of tracts.

We have shown the relations between the Anglo-

Indian and those of the peoples of India with whom he comes into immediate contact. It is not necessary to dwell upon his intercourse with those who, though dwelling in the country, can hardly be said to be of it. The honest money-making and generous-hearted Parsee, though his munificence gives hospitals and other charitable institutions to India, is no more allied to the natives than is the Frenchman of Chandernagore or Pondicherry; and neither of the fire-worshipping Parsees nor of the impetuous sons of France have we occasion now to speak.

But having seen what is the position of the Anglo-Indian in respect of the natives—aboriginal, Hindoo, and Mahommedan—we may very fitly consider the anomalous tenure upon which England holds its Eastern empire. The history of Europe is the history of successive conquests; but wherever conquest in Europe has been complete, the conquerors have identified themselves with their new possessions. Spaniards and Gauls became Roman citizens. The barbarians of the German forests coalesced with the peoples from whom they snatched empire. The successors of William of Normandy adopted England as their sole country. The Spanish and French languages took up and absorbed the Latin element. Saxons and Normans, after a time, spoke a common tongue. And generally the dialect, laws, and customs

of the conquerors and conquered in Europe have been the natural sequence of a fusion of races.

There is no analogy between these European conquests and that in virtue of which we hold India. The English have successfully colonised vast countries elsewhere, and there can be little doubt as to the permanency of Anglo-Saxon rule in North America and Australia. But the settlers in America and Australia, if they have not identified themselves with the first peoples, have at least identified themselves with the soil. The colony to which they have emigrated has become the land of their adoption. There they have seen their children and grandchildren born and reared around them, and there they have been content to pass their days, without pining to return to the country of their forefathers.

In India, colonisation such as this is to the European simply an impossibility. Nature and man are both opposed to it. The life of the Englishman in an Indian climate is an artificial one. It may be extended over many years without any ill consequences, or it may be jeopardised by a few months' residence; but it is not in any case such life as the European cares for or upon which the European thrives. It is true that the Englishman who goes to India as a youth may become to a certain extent acclimatised. He may in some instances retain health and strength after forty years' unbroken

experience of that sunny clime. But he may never hope to make it his home. He cannot rear his children in the country; he cannot look forward to seeing his sons embarked in any Indian career other than that of some sedentary and indoor occupation; and he knows that, settled in India, his race must die out in the third generation, or be extended only by the infusion of native blood and the deterioration of his descendants to the level of the Eurasian.

It is generally believed that intermarriages of Indian-born Europeans of pure descent are usually childless in the third generation, and always so in the fourth; and if this point cannot be substantiated by numerous examples in favour of such an opinion, it is, at all events, not contradicted by counter-experience, and it is corroborated by the known fact that the country-born European even of the second generation, if brought up in India, markedly suffers from physical, if not mental, impairment.

While, on the one hand, the English cannot hope to establish a line of Indian-born descendants of pure blood, there is, on the other, nothing to be hoped for by fusion with the people of the country. Were the Eurasians not a standing warning against any attempt at mixture of the European and Indian races, there are obstacles at present to such an alloyage in the people themselves. No respectable native of caste or position would

dream of giving his daughter in marriage to the *Faringhee;* and the alliance of the Englishman with natives of the lower class would bring such contempt upon him as would infallibly weaken his influence, and might possibly shake his rule. A degenerate race, such as the Eurasians, could not be expected to hold the two hundred millions of India in subjection for an hour; and yet it is only by becoming such as they that the English conquest of Hindostan can become, socially considered, a parallel to the European conquests of Greek and Roman, Goth and Frank.

It may be reasoned that, as to absorption into the ranks of the conquered people, we are in no worse position than the Mahommedans that preceded us. But it must be remembered that the Mahommedans were (like their Aryan predecessors) Asiatics, who could accomodate themselves to the Indian climate. And it may well be argued that, had the Mahommedans absorbed the other tribes of India into their ranks, or been bound to them by any strong ties, the English would still be simple traders in the Mogul's dominions with no greater territorial possessions than a few strips of land about their factories, warehouses, and wharves. The absence of combination among the people has been the opportunity of the English. From first to last we have employed one section of the natives as our allies against another.

With the Hindostanee Sepoys in our ranks, we wrested the Khalsa from the Sikhs; with the Sikhs as our auxiliaries, we threw down the impotent old man, who, as the puppet of the mutinous Hindostanees, pretended to restore the Mogul rule. From the time when Meer Jaffir sold the cause of the Bengal Nawaub to Clive until the present, native bayonets and native treachery have done more towards the conquest of India than could ever be expected from the most doughty deeds of England's thin red line. And at that hour when native allies and native faithlessness to one another fail us, we may reasonably expect the knell for our British Indian empire.

The Anglo-Indian is, in fact, one of a garrison which is always looking forward to the time when it will be relieved from foreign service and return to England. India is held by successive generations of Englishmen that take no root in the country; and while, from the Governor-General to the full private of a British regiment, nearly every Briton in India looks upon the time he spends there as one of exile, the Englishman is from the native point of view a foreigner who comes from the unknown West to seek that fortune which he cannot win in his own land. As far as it is in him to appreciate virtues that he does not think it obligatory to practise, the native respects the truthfulness and plain-dealing of the dominant race. Little as he has in common

with the Anglo-Indian in sentiment, the native who is subject to British rule ordinarily seeks justice at a tribunal presided over by an English judge in preference to that of a brother native. But it is by no means certain that the majority of British Indian subjects prefer British rule as a whole to that of the Mahommedan or Hindoo. To the weak and lowly our laws give protection of property and person unknown under native government. Rich and poor are equally regarded, and, as the natives express it, the tiger and the sheep may drink at one ghât. But then, unfortunately, the native opinion that has the greatest weight is that of the tiger section of the community, to which equality is not an unmixed advantage. To the millions of the lower orders it is a matter of secondary consideration who are the rulers; the primary, and often the sole, thought to them is how to provide the simple meal of to-day that will give them strength for the morrow's toil; and they leave political discussion to those classes that have leisure for it. To the upper classes, equalisation by law means the deprivation of many of their privileges.

Nor, though our laws give equal rights, do they give equal redress of wrongs. In the criminal courts the poor man may obtain protection or reparation. But in the civil courts law is an expensive commodity that the lower orders can rarely indulge in. And to

all classes our legal procedure appears dilatory when compared with the summary process of native justice. Under Hindoo and Mahommedan rule an elastic *lex non scripta* meted out very different awards to high and low. The *nawaub* who murdered a slave escaped with a mulct of a few rupees, while the slave who assaulted a *nawaub* paid for his crime with the hand that struck or the head that conceived the blow. But justice, such as was to be had, was dealt out at once and at little cost; and the executive, where its own interests were unconcerned, did not go out of its way to interfere between man and man. It is true that the roads were infested by gangs of robbers, and that every man held his life and property upon a precarious footing; but, then, justice did not always assume the sole right of affording redress, and every man, to a certain extent, was allowed to settle his disputes after his own fashion. This to the native was a privilege that compensated for much of the insecurity in which he lived.

Again, our laws have interfered with some of those quasi-religious customs that the native held dear. The faithful Hindoo widow, stimulated by *ganja* (a preparation of hemp) may not ascend the pyre and by the rites of *suttee* destroy herself in honour of her deceased lord. The pious Hindoo mother may no longer sacrifice any of her superfluous offspring by casting them into the waters around Saugor. Fanatic

or intoxicated Hindoos are not permitted the religious prerogatives of casting themselves beneath the wheels of Juggernaut's car or being swung, hooked through the back, from the lofty pole of the *churruck*. And to none is it allowed to make of their fellow-creatures marketable articles and household slaves. In effect we have over-ridden, without removing, native prejudices. And although in our codes we have absorbed much of Hindoo and Mahommedan law—though, as to native rights of inheritance, marriage, adoption, and many other subjects, we have consulted and adhered to native custom—it is very questionable whether the English law engrafted upon that of Hindoo and Mahommedan is not, in the opinion of the native, little better than an unwelcome excrescence.

That the natives view British rule with any warm feelings of discontent can hardly be affirmed. Upon all material points the English Government has been tolerant, and with few exceptions it has been just. But there is no sympathy between the rulers and the people of the country; and it may well be assumed that the natives are satisfied with the existing *régime*, mainly because they do not know how to throw it off or where to look for a better.

There arises, then, the natural question—is our tenure of India a temporary one, the end of which is not afar off? Ratiocination from historical prece-

dent leads us to reply in the affirmative; and it is one of the dogmas of English rulers that India is held in trust for the Indians, to be made over to the natives when they are in a position to do justice to the charge. But then occurs a dilemma. It is by no means clear to whom the guardianship should be made over—Mahommedans, Hindoos, and aborigines all having some claim to succeed us; and it is still less perspicuous that any or all of these claimants will ever be in a position to undertake the responsibilities of government. While the tribes of India hold themselves aloof from one another, there is little prospect of British rule being overthrown by force. Day by day the martial element that might evict us is dying out. But if there is little prospect of the people ever being in a position to oust the English from the land, there is as little hope that they will be able to withhold the Indian empire from the grasp of other foreign invaders; and it were worse than useless to hand over to the Indians a possession that would be immediately snatched from them by conquerors possibly less tolerant and just than those who now hold it.

Passing over the consideration of invasion from without, let us see how far the relinquishment of India to the natives is feasible. Gwalior, Hyderabad, Cashmere, and other *pseudo*-independent states may be cited as examples of tolerably successful govern-

ment; and from the ministers of those principalities might be selected some worthy to assist in the counsels of any sovereign. But the potentates who rule over these states are all kept in order by a British resident, and there have been many instances of what misrule would appear but for this wholesome check, and how much bad government could exist in spite of it. To the greed of Gholab Sing it is due that the shawl manufacture of Cashmere has been well nigh annihilated. By the strong representations of the British resident only was the Nizam of Hyderabad induced to retain the services of Salar Jung---the wisest and most liberal-minded minister the Deccan possesses. And, were it necessary, many other cases in point might be quoted in corroboration of this view.

There are others than Salar Jung who might be trusted to guide their sovereign; but the difficulty at present is to find the sovereign who would be guided. There are men who could frame wise laws for the people, but one looks in vain for an adequate force for the administration of the laws made. In the ranks of the uncovenanted civil service many natives have been, and are, employed in subordinate positions, and the feeling is strong to give them a wider field, and greater opportunities in this line. Recently some few natives have passed the ordeal of competitive examination and entered the covenanted

civil service. But while the latter (an Anglicised class that has acquired much of its education and thought in England) have had no chance of distinguishing themselves, the former have made little use of such opportunities as they have enjoyed. As a subordinate judge, magistrate, or police officer, the native uncovenanted has ordinarily retained the manners, customs, and worse proclivities, with the language of his countrymen. If his brother natives have not belied him, he has been too frequently corrupt. He has sold justice and himself for a few pieces of silver, and his relations with his English superiors have too often been marked by that *suggestio falsi, suppressio veri* which characterises Asiatic diplomacy. As an *employé* in the lower official class, and as a police officer, he has signally failed. The venality and turpitude of the native *amla* of our courts have long been bywords; and to the inefficiency, dishonesty, and banefulness of the native *daroghas* and *jemadars* is attributable that police reform which, out of very sorry materials, aims at creating a constabulary similar in its principles to that of Ireland.

There are exceptions, and great ones, to these remarks. A few honest and respected natives have risen to high judicial office and held a proud position before all men. Among the pleaders and other non-official classes there are able and honourable men.

But we repeat our doubt as to there being such an amount of native ability combined with probity as would be anything like equal to the good government of two hundred millions of people, and we may venture to presume that many generations will come and go before these qualifications are to be found in sufficient quantity.

Lastly, as to the races to which India is to be consigned. British India, as we have known it, comprises many kingdoms, most of which we found subject to the sway of the Mogul; are we to restore the Mogul empire to the Mahommedans, giving to the peoples the imperfect centralisation of one race of conquerors, instead of the more perfect imperial system of another? Or are we to parcel off the empire into states, and give to the Carnatic, Mysore, Bengal, Oude and the rest those sovereigns who appear most entitled to them? Or are we to place India under some form of government that will fairly represent all the races that dwell therein? These are questions difficult enough to reply to now. But if we only cast off our guardianship of India when the people are prepared to receive it, this difficulty may have disappeared. The different races may then have become welded together—the distinctions between aborigines, Mahommedans and Hindoos be things of an unenlightened past—and the people of the mixed tribes be in the full enjoy-

ment of that high order of civilisation and belief towards which Young Bengal has commenced the ascent. All this may be—only the time when such a Utopian condition can be anticipated for India is rather remote.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RULERS, THE PUBLIC, AND THE PRESS.

Among the many disadvantages under which India labours, not the least is that of having no adequate expression of public opinion. As far as the Anglo-Indian community is concerned, this is natural enough. The official element (including those in military employ) exceeds the non-official in point of numbers, is more generally distributed over the country, and is as to most subjects in a better position for forming an opinion. But it is not natural that the two hundred millions of the subject races should have no voice that is audible or intelligible to the ruling power: and yet, to a considerable extent, this is the case.

There is a native press to be sure. Hindoo and Mahommedan journals in Oordoo, Hindee, Bengallee, and other native dialects are printed and published. A few papers in the native interest and edited by natives are brought out in the English language. Lengthy editorials full of Asiatic allegory and warmth of colouring affect to treat upon matters of

public interest. But, after all, these specimens of journalism are in no great degree the exponents of the hopes and fears of the many-headed; they do not echo that *vox populi* which is also *vox Dei;* and it by no means invariably happens that the articles in them represent the real thoughts or wishes of any important section of the native classes.

It must be admitted that the native press has within the last few years undergone much improvement, although, at the same time, further improvement is possible and eminently desirable. Twenty years ago the native editor appeared to be wholly unable to distinguish between the expression of an opinion unfavourable to some public question, and the expression of what was treasonable or libellous; and even at the present time it is felt by Government to be necessary to watch with a jealous eye the broadsheets that emanate from the native printing press. The native journal, even in its improved character, is still too capricious to be regarded as perfectly safe. It has rarely any political standpoint or particular school of ethics or policy. It veers about, a literary weathercock, at the mercy of every change of wind, and now as adulatory and subservient as the 'Morning Post,' is this day week as seditious as the 'Nation,' and a month hence as scandalous as the 'Queen's Messenger.'

As an example of the manner in which native

journalism sometimes deals with a subject of general interest, may be cited the 'Nil Durpan,' a satire published some years ago when the great indigo question was agitating the minds of the Bengal officials, the planters, and that portion of the public which was interested therein. Briefly stated, the indigo difficulty was this. For some time the market value of every other product had been rising, while the price paid for the indigo plant had continued stationary. Rice, pulse, sugar-cane, or any other crop was more remunerative to the cultivator than indigo, as far as the money payment made by the factory was concerned. But the planter reimbursed his cultivators in other forms than that of money. He leased out land to them at a rental below the rate prevailing in the neighbourhood. He advanced money to them at little or no interest, while the lowest interest taken by the native money lenders was twenty-four per cent. He allowed their cattle to graze upon his broad pastures without levying the customary grazing dues; and thus, by indirect and esoteric methods of remuneration made up for the insufficiency of that which was direct and most tangible. The system was indubitably rotten, and reform was necessary. There was every opportunity for the native press of pointing out what was wrong and suggesting the needful remedies. And healthy satire might well have been employed in the con-

troversy. But by the native section of the fourth estate this opportunity was availed of to little purpose, or only to a purpose that was utterly misguided and mischievous; and the most marked production of this literary guild was a disgracefully scurrilous drama called the 'Nil Durpan;' or, Indigo Mirror. This work of some would-be Hindoo Juvenal failed altogether to touch upon the salient points of the indigo complication. There was nowhere about it any indication that the writer had desired to solve the difficulty and reconcile the conflicting interests of planter and cultivators. The work was wholly and solely a gross libel on the Anglo-Indian class—official and non-official—male and female—that would have been more consistently styled the '*Immorals* of Chowringee' than the Mirror of Indigo, and was better suited to cremation at the hands of the common hangman than any known literary purpose.

The omission of native journals to represent the public does not, however, result from the incompetency of the writers alone. To a great extent it is the consequence of the paucity of native readers, for with the people of India, newspaper reading is a pursuit almost entirely confined to a select few of the urban communities. It is not that the rural population cannot read, but that the aspirations of the village readers in the direction of letters do not extend beyond the few simple volumes that have

satisfied the literary requirements of many generations. To them the affairs of the village and its immediate surroundings are everything, and the matters that disturb the unknown world beyond nothing. Many a villager never, during a lifetime, goes beyond a mile or two from the house where he was born, and many a village with some pretensions as to size is never visited by a postman, with letter or paper, from year's end to year's end, or from decade to decade. So insignificant is the communication kept up by the rural population through the medium of the post, that the arrival at any village of the *dâk-walla* (letter-carrier) with a letter is an event to be remembered and talked of, just as though the postman were a biped marvellous as the Dodo, or a post-letter a phenomenon as rare as an aërolite. The general public (native) does not care for letter-writing, and does not believe implicitly in the security of Her Majesty's mails. Whatever the native has to communicate is generally conveyed by word of mouth, and this system of *vivâ voce* telegraphy supersedes the use of newspapers. News that possesses any general interest spreads among the people with singular rapidity, *malgré* the absence of complete postal arrangements and widely-circulating journals. Rumour is often busy with intelligence upon some point in the native part of a town before authentic information about it has reached

the European quarter. By the passing on from hand to hand of a *chupattie* (cake of unleavened bread), or a branch, the natives can convey a message with a celerity far exceeding that of the post. But, after all, there is no public feeling exhibited by the millions of India upon any but exceptional subjects, and the native newspaper that can boast of a circulation of 500 copies a week, must be considered as occupying a very satisfactory position in the fourth estate.

There is an Anglo-Indian press of more pretension, but it can hardly be said that this represents a great public voice. Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay send forth two or three dailies each. From the capitals of other provinces come journals published twice or thrice a week. And from Allahabad and Serampore are issued the 'Pioneer' and 'Friend of India'—journals of an imperial character that are read by the ruling race throughout the land. The printing press is busy in the interests of the Anglo-Indian. The exiled Englishman is provided with such news and advertisements as may entertain, enlighten or serve him. But there is no *vox populi* that speaks through the Anglo-Indian press, or as the exponent of which any Anglo-Indian journal takes its stand.

It is true that now and again the non-official voice may be faintly heard or raised against the action of Government. In Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay,

non-official communities have existence and weight, and some Hampden of these independent bodies occasionally makes the local paper the Edgehill upon which he fights out the question of a tax upon income—a heavy impost upon hides or jute—or some such parallel of the tonnage and poundage dues that set England a-blaze. A few stragglers from the Anglo-Indian non-official ranks, settled about the Moffussil as indigo planters and zemindars, may at odd times bestir themselves in print when some clause of the rent act or law of contract operates to their detriment. But upon many of the great subjects affecting the rule of the millions of India there is no public voice raised by the independent Anglo-Indian class, and, indeed, little enough interest felt. As an instance of this indifference may be cited the singular absence of curiosity exhibited in respect of the proceedings of the legislative council. In the chamber of that august body are framed laws that may be of vital importance—blessings or curses—to all the dwellers in the land, but the Anglo-Indian public cares little for hearing the debates of the legislators at first hand, and is quite satisfied, if it can be said to care so far, to read them at some subsequent period in the 'Government Gazette,' or (should they be reported, which does not necessarily follow) in the columns of a newspaper. There is no crowded strangers'-gallery where an eager audience hangs

upon the words of the law framers; there are not always reporters to record every syllable that falls from the lips of the speakers; 'cheers,' and cries of 'hear, hear' never disturb the monotony of the legislative performances; and the whole affair as being decorous, tame, and highly uninteresting is avoided by all Anglo-Indians who are not compelled to give their presence.

There are, as we said before, Anglo-Indian newspapers, but there is no corresponding body of independent literary men to write for them, and Government servants of many degrees, as often as not, constitute the great majority of the staff upon which the Anglo-Indian editor depends. At one time public officials were forbidden to write for the press, and nominally the practice is still inhibited, but in spite of rule, officers civil and military have contributed, and do contribute, largely to journalism. And where contributors to the Anglo-Indian press are not Government servants they are generally volunteers, as it were, in the literary ranks—guerillas who fight only in the cause that interests them—and unpaid allies who take up arms only when it suits them and they have nothing better to do.

Even as to its responsible editor an Anglo-Indian paper is not always free from official influence. Instances have been known of a leading journal being edited by a Government chaplain or a junior civilian,

and, though nobody may have questioned the ability with which the editorial duties were discharged by these amateur journalists, it may have been very naturally doubted whether the papers conducted by them could be as independent and unfettered as might be wished. On the other hand independence is sometimes gained by the sacrifice of ability and respectabilty. In India it appears to be the fond hallucination of every half-educated or quarter-educated Anglo-Indian that, if he fail in everything else, he can edit a paper; and the adventurer who as clerk, shopkeeper, pleader, planter, or what not, has been unable to form his own opinion to any purpose, is quite ready, as an editor, to guide the opinions of other people. With a limited conception of the laws of orthography and syntax, and a happy-go-lucky slapdash way of writing loud-sounding emptiness about things that he does not understand; and armed with a book of classical quotations in languages that he never studied—two or three books of reference—and a well thumbed 'Webster's Dictionary,' he is prepared to deliver his dictum upon art, science, trade, state polity, theology, the strategy of war and the amenities of peace. Nothing comes amiss to him or finds him unequal to the necessary quantity of written matter. Utterly ignorant of simple fractions, he will analyse the most abstruse calculations of a Colenso: barely knowing the difference between a

railway sleeper and an architrave, he will point out the errors of a Brunel: and sublimely innocent as to the language, literature and history of ancient Greece (or any other country as far as that goes) he will toss you off a minute and depreciatory criticism of the *Juventus Mundi* or last translation of Homer with as much confidence as though he had been the boon companion of Ulysses and an intimate acquaintance of every man, woman, and child within the camps of Priam and Agamemnon.

The leading journals—those to which we have alluded as the productions of the several Anglo-Indian capitals—are ordinarily conducted by editors of education and position. But even these occupants of the editorial chair have often commenced their career in one of the Indian services, and have the official leaven, the bias and prejudice of soldier or civilian, still strong within them. *Au reste*, these first-class Anglo-Indian prints are to a great extent dependent upon the official world for their supply of news and leading articles. Jones, a magistrate and collector, who feels strongly on the subject of tenant right, sends essays upon proprietary titles, prescriptive rights of occupancy, the comfort of the peasantry who enjoy the land system of Belgium, and the misery of the English labourer and Irish cottier under the farming system of Great Britain. Brown, who is in the political department, contributes his

opinions upon the government of independent States, the advance of Russia upon the confines of British India, or some other subject of a diplomatic character. Robinson, of the Department of Public Works or some financial department, directs the public (as far as there is a public to be directed) as to the Budget, and points out errors in the management of revenue and expenditure. And Ram Chunder Ghose, a writer in the Commissioner's office, gives the local news of the little Peddlington in which he lives.

As for the smaller journals published in the Moffussil we can compare them with nothing known to English readers except, perhaps, the 'Eatanswill Gazette and Independent.' The 'Bubblinuggur Scarifier' (we need hardly say that this title is assumed) with a circulation of forty-five copies (twenty-three of which are given gratuitously and eleven not paid for) is a literary anomaly whose existence can only be accounted for upon the assumption that it is necessary that everything affirmed by the 'Jam-jampore Scourge' should be contradicted. The 'Scarifier' has been known to pass into the hands of three editors in one week (although only published twice in seven days). It has been edited by a *littérateur* whose personal reminiscences embrace a month's detention in jail, and several appearances in a prominent position before the criminal courts of the

country. It has been edited by Englishmen, by Eurasians, and by Baboos. It has adopted as its policy the hearty abuse of everything and everybody. And it has tried the course suggested by the melancholy Jacques of finding good in everything (always excepting the 'Jamjampore Scourge') and lavished eulogy upon everybody, save the editor of the rival journal. But its fortunes have never prospered, and its subscribers have rarely extended beyond those few weak-minded people who have preferred taking in the paper to being abused by it; and thus paid a literary black-mail for immunity from scurrilous attack.

This may appear to be an over highly coloured description, but, though it is by no means applicable to all Moffussil journals, it is accurate enough to one at all events, and, with a few modifications, might be fitted to half a dozen. But let us see what are the contents of an average specimen of the Moffussil paper.

In the first place there is an editorial—perhaps there may be more than one. The leader may be devoted to the purpose of demonstrating that everything said by some other paper is incorrect—without attempting to show what is not so; or it may relate to some purely local matter—the high prices of articles of food in the *bazaar*, or the lighting of the principal thoroughfare of the town with kerosene

lamps (gas being unknown out of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay); or it may be a pirated essay, obviously plagiarised from another source, upon some subject of wider interest.

Then come scraps that are more or less personal, in the following styles:—'It is rumoured that our respected Deputy Commissioner is about to be promoted to a Commissionership.' 'We hear that there is every probability that the Judge of Budge-budge will proceed to Europe on furlough at the end of the cold weather. His successor may possibly be Mr. Blank Dash.' 'We beg to remind our readers that the amateurs of the 155th Hussars will this evening give their dramatic performances of "Box and Cox" and "As Like as Two Peas."' 'Yesterday afternoon a horrible and double murder was committed in the Chandni Chowk. A mother and her young child (a girl aged three) were first killed (their heads being literally beaten in by some heavy instrument) and then thrown down a dry well fifty feet in depth. The perpetrator of this terrible crime is suspected to be the husband and father of the two victims, and jealousy is assigned as the motive of the dreadful crime.' Possibly in the next number these scraps are turned to account again, served up as a *réchauffé* by a contradictory process. Thus, 'Rumour erred in saying that our Deputy Commissioner was to be promoted, for it proves that,

owing to some mismanagement of his office, he is to be degraded.' 'There is no truth in the report that the Judge of Budgebudge is going home on furlough. That officer is only now coming out and is not expected at Budgebudge before the end of the month. Mr. Blank Dash, who was named as his successor, retired from the service three weeks ago.' 'We were wrong in our statement about the Amateur Theatricals of Tuesday last; the performance was fixed for Wednesday; the *corps dramatique* was that of the 132nd Foot, not the Hussars; and the pieces selected were the "School for Scandal" and "Othello," not "Box and Cox" and "As Like as Two Peas."' 'Upon further inquiry it proves that no murder occurred in the Chandni Chowk on Monday last. The facts are, that a girl aged eleven fell into a well and was followed by her mother, who gallantly jumped in after her. They were extricated with little difficulty as the water was within a few feet of the surface of the ground, and the only ill consequence of the accident was a slight bruise on the mother's head which came into collision with the side of the well. The statement that the husband of the mother was the suspected criminal has injured nobody, for the woman has been a widow for ten years.'

Law reports serve to fill one or two columns; though why they should be supposed to amuse any-

body it is difficult to understand. The legal entanglement involved in the civil appeal, No. 27,363, of the Agra High Court—Ramjai Dass (Plaintiff) Appellant, *v.* Sanki Beebee (Defendant) Respondent, an appeal which relates to the inheritance of several thousand acres—is hardly likely to be read by any one except a judicial officer, and he can read it in the selected reports with far more certainty of having the right version than he can anticipate in the newspaper edition. There is possibly something more inviting about a good sensational criminal case, such as the trial of Beharee Lall for the murder of half a dozen of his nearest relations, or the indictment of a gang of mild Hindoos for Thuggee, poisoning, housebreaking and arson; but, then, the Anglo-Indian hardly recognises the value of these thrilling incidents of real life among the natives, and infinitely prefers those imaginary horrors that are so very much more graphically depicted in some of the novels of the period.

Critiques of amateur theatricals and descriptions of public entertainments occur exceptionally, and the events that give rise to them are highly prized windfalls to the hard-pushed editor. The tone of these productions depends a good deal upon circumstances. If the editor has received tickets for good seats; if the amateur performers are subscribers to the paper; if the printing work, programmes, &c.,

have been given to the press from which the journal is sent forth; if, in short, the editor is well disposed towards the players, a theatrical criticism ordinarily consists of nothing but a string of panegyrics. The manager, the writer of the prologue, the scene-painter, the actors, the scene-shifters, the orchestra, and the man who attended to the lights, simply managed, wrote, painted, acted, scene-shifted, fiddled, and lamp-lighted to perfection. Every one of the performers, from the leading comedian down to the footman with a line and a half to speak, might be a Charles Mathews or a Sothern, were it not that the versatility of his genius makes him also a rival of Phelps, Toole, Blondin, David James, and the only Leon. We are told that Colonel A.'s rendering of the part of Sir Anthony Absolute was perfect in delivery, look, and byplay; that Mr. B. as Captain Absolute was equally unexceptionable in byplay, look, and delivery, that Captain C. as Bob Acres, kept the audience in such roars of laughter as could only be produced by one upon whom the mantle of Liston had fallen; and that everybody else in the cast was similarly superior to any but the few and far between planets of the professional stage. But if the players be not in the good books of the editor, spots, and sometimes very large and dark spots, are discovered on the discs of these stars. The critic is grudging of praise, and instead of

enthusiastic cries of *euge, euge,* vilipends the unhappy mimes in terms that exhibit no inclination of such mildness as hinting a fault and hesitating dislike. The descriptions of other public entertainments—banquets, balls, and what not—offer fewer facilities for lavish praise or vituperative condemnation, but they afford opportunities for a considerable amount of florid writing which are gladly seized.

Lastly there are rambling accounts of the doings at out-stations—probably written by a keranny in some office, or by some Baboo in a subordinate position under Government. The remuneration for these chronicles of news is not very munificent. On a first class paper it may be three-halfpence a line; more frequently it is only a free copy of the paper. But it can hardly be said that the work supplied is worth much more than the price paid for it.

At the best the English composition of the native is not modelled on the style of a Macaulay or any known British classic. Even when the Baboo sits down to manufacture a leader which shall appear in a foremost position of the paper and full sized type, the result is not ordinarily any very striking one. What he produces when he sets himself to a little easy writing, with no higher object than discussing local news, may be easily imagined. Let our readers judge for themselves what the Baboo's leaders are

like. We give them an average specimen taken from a native Calcutta paper, the 'Indian:'

Since the very introduction of the railway system into India has the cry against railway accidents never ceased, and yet our paternal Government, with the most sublime indifference, is enacting the part of a mere looker-on. As to the directors, they will never trouble their heads by looking into these trivial matters, as long as their purses are annually well replenished. Who is to look after these accidents? The Government won't interfere, and the directors won't interfere; who will then? Not a single day passes on which we don't hear of some serious and fatal railway accidents. How many lives are thus lost annually? Are any statistics of the number of accidental deaths by railway collisions, &c. published by the railway authorities? And if so, don't they tremble at the immense loss of life occasioned by their carelessness? Where are they who are thus untimely cut off by the culpable carelessness of their fellow-beings? What becomes of the widows and orphans they leave behind them? They shall appear again, one and all, before the Omnipotent Tribunal; and you, too, ye directors, you too shall have to appear there to answer, if you can, the dread query that shall be put to each of you all, '*Cain, what hast thou done with thy brother?*'

You are guilty morally, if not legally, of murder. Clear yourselves if you can. Too, too long have we remained silent, fearing lest we should be made to suffer the fate of our contemporary, the 'Hindoo Patriot,' anent the famous Shamnuggur accident case. Railway accidents are daily occurring in some part or other of India, and daily are men suddenly hurled into the presence of their Maker unprepared. Apparently none are responsible for all this needless waste of

valuable human life. But there are means by which these most lamentable accidents can be prevented, partly, if not wholly.

The means of prevention the directors know full well. But have they ever tried to bring their knowledge into any practical use? If not, why have not they done so? Are they not to suffer for thus neglecting to do what they are morally and legally bound to do? We impeach them before the civilised world of having caused the death of innumerable lives by their unpardonable carelessness. Is this the sort of example they set before their *employés*, and is it a wonder that they imitate their masters? When, O when, will the time come when we shall hear of railway accidents no more? Will the railway authorities pay the slightest attention to the universal cry raised against this annual slaughter of the innocents? When shall we have the good fortune to hear that they have taken the right steps in the right direction?

'But what is done can't be helped,' is a saying the truth of which one cannot but admit. Let bygones be bygones.

But will the authorities, we mean the railway authorities, arouse themselves from the profound slumber in which they are lounging? When might we expect better days, and sing to the tune of '*Kooch perwani* (never mind)*! good time coming?*'

This is the rhodomontade in which the native indulges when he wishes to write an article that shall be convincing, satirical, and generally overwhelming. It is just in his line to impeach the railway authorities before the civilised world of causing the *death* of innumerable *lives*. With a happy disregard alike of facts and figures, he will exaggerate an

occasional railway accident into the daily slaughter of a hecatomb of innocent passengers. With a rhetorical flourish that means nothing, he will ask where these slaughtered ones are at present. And having threatened the authorities with the Nemesis that must avenge their evil doings, he will suddenly drop from the agony point to the lower range of philosophical and resigned contemplation, and, taking his stand there, declare that what is done can't be helped, and does not, after all, very much signify.

But the out-station or Moffussil gossip of the Indian newspaper is not written in this ambitious style. The Baboo of the Deputy Magistrate's court does not habitually impeach somebody before the civilised world, or aim shafts barbed with satire at a 'paternal government.' He satisfies himself by telling the civilised world what is going on, or might be going on, about the neighbourhood where the writer lives.

Anything does for the Indian penny-a-liner's subject, and the small beer of the smallest stations is chronicled with more or less frequency, though nobody may be interested therein except the writer. Thus run the chronicles:

POGGLYNUGGUR.—The weather here is very hot; the thermometer goes up to 102° in the shade, and the ryots are making *pooja* for rain, which is wanted for their crops.

Owing to this the prices in our bazaar are very high—rice 12 seers per rupee—and the poor Government clerk has difficulty in living on his pay. When will Government increase the pay of its humble and useful clerks?—There is not much news here. Our worthy magistrate is ill and our beloved Commissioner is out in the district. Yesterday commenced the trial of Bunwary Bajpai for the murder of his wife; it is expected that he will be found guilty.—Cholera has broken out in Bausbuttipore, but our energetic civil surgeon has taken steps to put a stop to it; only one old woman and a goat have as yet succumbed to this epidemic, and the death of the former may have been partly due to her great age (she was 97) and a fall of several feet that she met with shortly before her death.—The police have arrested a person who is suspected of being concerned in the Waabee conspiracy: it was thought that some papers found upon him were letters from the leading conspirators, but they have proved to be only some accounts of the suspected party.—The annual examination of our school has just terminated. Out of twenty-three boys the most excellent was Ram Bhose, who has been recommended by our able principal for an appointment in a Government office.—The remarriage of a Hindoo widow has created considerable excitement amongst all classes here: the bride is the daughter of a wealthy *bunnea* (corn-dealer) and the bridegroom is the head clerk in the Commissioner's cutcherry.—A leopard that has for some time infested these parts was killed a week ago by a successful and courageous party of *shikarrees*, and Baboo Shumsheer Doss, our indefatigable and honoured Deputy-Postmaster, is expected to be promoted.

The above specimen lacks the extravagance that sometimes characterises these gossipings, but it is

accurate enough as an example of the subject matter. The extent to which verbiage may be pushed by the native is best instanced by the following address to a letter:

Most worshipful and whose feet are worshipped.
Srijut (with prosperity) father Thakur

NOBLE IN MIND.

This letter to his respected pair of feet.

From Akna, in Zillat Hooghly, to Ghuri-Thana Katoali, Zillah Nuddea, to the house of much respected Ramchandra Dass of the above-named place, from his obliged son Raghunath Dass.

Reading this, is it to be marvelled at that the long-suffering authorities of the Post Office have been driven to ask the assistance of the educational department in checking the unnecessarily copious addresses on vernacular letters?

Upon the arrival of each overland mail, the Anglo-Indian papers of every degree give to their readers letters from European correspondents. There are letters from England and letters from Paris: letters from our military correspondent, from our sporting correspondent, and from our general correspondent. Those in the journals of the better class are creditable *résumés* of European news, and, with epitomes of Indian news and extracts from other papers, make up a tolerable budget of readable matter. But the

European letters of some of the second or third rate Moffussil papers, are not unfrequently concocted by the local editor after a perusal of the home journals, or boldly pirated from the home correspondence of the first-class papers.

And now turn we to the consideration of the rulers who should be controlled by press and public, did press and public exist. In no respect has time—i.e. the time within the last five-and-twenty years—worked greater changes in India than in the *personnel* of the administration. A quarter of a century since the only service of importance was the covenanted civil service. The Punjab, Oude, the Central Provinces, and the ceded districts of Berar had not then given employment to an able and numerous body of military officers in civil employ, and that class found only a comparatively small field for the exercise of administrative talent in the few appointments open to them in the diplomatic service, and the non-regulation districts of the South-Western Agency and Burmah. So, too, the uncovenanted civil service of that day was restricted to a smaller extent of country and subordinate positions, and the uncovenanted civilian who found himself at the end of forty years' service a first class deputy-magistrate in receipt of 400*l.* or 500*l.* a year (his covenanted contemporary being then a Sudder judge on as many

thousands) had to thank his stars for an exceptionally fortunate career.

The covenanted civilian of that period enjoyed what was almost a monopoly of the loaves and fishes of the country. To him alone, as a Government servant, was accorded the privilege of shaking the pagoda tree, and his service was made as light as was consistent with the avoidance of a complete dead-lock in the administration. There was no indecent haste then to set the young civilian to work. Landed in the country, after passing through Haileybury, he had to get through a preliminary examination in two languages of India before he was considered qualified to hold an appointment; and while some embryo Hastings took seven years to master these Asiatic tongues, it was thought highly creditable if the neophyte passed out of college in eighteen months. Now-a-days the competition *walla* passes a stiffer examination in two or three months, and has for his place of study, not some large capital where he may spend a few years as an idler about town and ornament of society, but some quiet Moffussil district where there is little or nothing to distract him from his books.

Things were made very pleasant for the young civilian of that day certainly. He had nothing to do while in college but appear before the Board of

Examiners once a month and *not* pass, unless he wished to be more actively employed. Appraised in the matrimonial market as worth 300*l.* a year, dead or alive, he was looked upon by mothers and guardians as a highly eligible *parti* whom it was desirable to cultivate. And as he was sure, whatever his failings or shortcomings, to rise to a judgeship, tradespeople gave to him unlimited credit that allowed him, while enjoying an income of 350*l.* a year, to live at the rate of 3,000*l.* Whether these were unmixed advantages is not so certain. Marriage between Anglo-Indians in India is always a rather precipitate proceeding. A couple are introduced on Monday, flirt a little on Tuesday, spoon each other for the rest of the week, are engaged on Saturday, and married within the month, without knowing more of each other than that the lady dances well or sings tolerably, and the gentleman smokes more cheroots than should be tolerated in a well-disciplined Benedict. Anglo-Indian engagements are of mushroom growth, and it is said that young ladies occasionally go out to India with the specific object of hunting down a husband, armed with all the nesessary blandishments that captivate, and a *trousseau* that includes the necessary virginal costume and orange flowers specially dedicated to Hymen. To the eligible male there was always danger of being captured in the toils of these fair huntresses, and the

young civilian, as being decidedly eligible and an idler, was above all liable to this risk.

But worse than the danger of being led to the altar *à pas de géant* was that which lurked in the unhealthy system of credit that he sometimes fell into. The lady acquaintance of a week might (and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred did) prove a model wife—a guide, philosopher, and friend. But the tradesman acquaintance of years rarely improved upon acquaintance when time failed to bring a settlement of his account, and too frequently dropped the character of a humble servant for that of a greedy and dissatisfied annuitant. In those good old days a young civilian sometimes left college, after a course of three years, owing bills to the extent of 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.* From one point of view, he had enjoyed himself. He had denied himself nothing. He had driven tandem or four-in-hand; had kept his stud of saddle-horses, and perhaps his pack of hounds; had entertained his friends with noble hospitality; had stuck pigs with the tent-club; had shot tigers with civilians of ten times his service and twenty times his pay; had raced, hunted, danced, acted, and, in short, done everything that cost something and produced nothing that possessed any appreciable pecuniary value. And what if he commenced life in earnest, carrying weight in the race of the world to the extent of two or three lacs' indebtedness? The hope of

getting to the top of the tree buoyed *him* up. The certainty of his reaching a judgeship, on 3,000*l.* a year, buoyed up his creditors, and both parties looked forward with some amount of complacency to a protracted system of payment by instalments, which, in the course of time, should clear off the liabilities incurred with so little trouble, and to such scant purpose.

In these more prosaic times, not only has the young civilian fewer opportunities of running into debt, but there is less credit given to those who have ample opportunity of obtaining it. The civilian is actively employed after a brief novitiate; he is posted, at starting, where neither society nor tradespeople can tempt him; and, sad to say, it is no longer his prerogative to be landed on the judicial bench, as in a harbour of refuge for official incapacity. It is not long since that a Lieutenant-Governor, with little respect for conservatism and the traditions of the service, rudely dispelled the idea that a civilian might be a judge although he knew little of the language and less of the law of the country. It was a sad infraction of a time-honoured custom when this pro-consul haled from the seat of justice sundry judges for no better reason than because justice was just the article that they could not be expected to dispense. But this blow at incompetency, once struck, left a lasting impression, and it is now a re-

cognised fact that a civilian can only rise to eminence by his own exertions in the right direction, and that, without ability or perseverance, he may serve for twenty years without ever reaching a position higher than that of joint magistrate. This is only a minor reason—one of many causes—for the change as regards credit; but it is hardly necessary to trace out all the influences which have brought about a system of cash payments or short credit, instead of that which once prevailed, to the injury, and sometimes ruin, of the young Anglo-Indian.

Even when he had passed out of college and was in active employ, the civilian of the good old time had no very Herculean labour to perform, unless he voluntarily sought to discharge his duties thoroughly. It was the custom then to record all evidence in the vernacular, and the decision in each case (nominally dictated by the judge, magistrate, collector, assistant or other presiding officer) was also written in the native language. The person upon whom fell the duty of committing evidence and orders to writing was one of the native officials (the *sherishtadar*), and there was no obligation upon the responsible Anglo-Indian officer to make a note of any sort upon what passed before him. Smoking his cheroot, and indulging in some day-dream, or possibly enjoying some dream strongly resembling those of night, the judge might then preside in his court for hours, and

decide half a dozen heavy and intricate cases, without the slightest effort, physical or mental. The *sherishtadar* cross-examined witnesses, droned out the proceedings when they were recorded, prompted the decision, and placed the completed case before the judge for signature. And there was rarely any fault to find as to the completeness of the file or the logical sequence of the decision from the evidence. The *sherishtadar*, though not above imputation as a knave, was seldom a fool; he had a very good idea of law, however little equity might engage his attention or meet with his respect; and where it was necessary to arrive at a particular decision (i.e. where he had been paid for it beforehand) he was not above such ingenious tergiversation of oral testimony and shuffling of documentary proofs as were necessary to make the final order defy appeal.

That was the halcyon time for the court *amla* (native subordinate officials), and those rich litigants who could afford to pay for justice (or injustice) as they required it. The *sherishtadar*, whose direct income was 60*l.* a year, received ten times this amount by an indirect process, and it was nothing extraordinary for a court *moonshee* to live for years at a rate far exceeding that of his pay from Government, and then retire upon very substantial savings. Even where the presiding officer (Anglo-Indian) judged for himself, the *amla* imposed upon the igno-

rance of the people by representing themselves as all-powerful, and were paid for services that were not rendered. The *amla* were generally believed to have the power of influencing decisions; and the people, having no means of finding out the truth, often paid for assistance that could not be of any possible advantage to them. All this has changed for the better; evidence has now to be recorded by the presiding officer, in English, or at least he has to take notes of the evidence in his own language; and the decision has invariably to be recorded in the handwriting of him who is responsible for it. Court *amla* may still receive bribes (or shall we say gifts?) for petty services, but that court must be managed in an exceptionally bad manner in which it is supposed that justice can be bought or sold out and out.

Besides not being overworked, the civilian of twenty-five years ago was allowed considerable license in other respects. Eccentricities that would now involve official disgrace—perhaps ruin—then only brought down upon their author a mild remonstrance. Many are the stories current as illustrations of those official irregularities. One civilian earned celebrity by the manner in which he accustomed his horse to stand quiet between the shafts while people mounted the carriage into which it was harnessed. He had the vehicle (a buggy) pulled up at his cutcherry-door, and every native desirous of entering that

temple of justice had first to pass through the buggy. But greater far than he was that Anglo-Indian judge who, having sentenced a man to death for the murder of his (the prisoner's) brother, refused to alter the sentence, although that brother, in the full enjoyment of life, appeared in court. He had passed his order—the fiat had gone forth—and, whether there were a murder or not, it was a principle of law that a judge could not reverse or change his own decision, and there was an end of it. The story of a magistrate allowing a son to go to jail as the father's proxy is tolerably striking, and it is true. The father was convicted of theft and sentenced to imprisonment: the son pleaded that his father was likely to suffer more than average discomfort from incarceration in jail and forced labour, and volunteered to expiate his father's offence in his own person. The magistrate, fully appreciating the value of this filial devotion, acceded to the arrangement, and the majesty of the law was vindicated by substitute; not vindicated for any time, however, for the son appealed against the sentence, and, it is hardly necessary to say, was released. But the time has passed for these departures from the ordinary course, and the civilian who does not wish to waste his sweetness in a very subordinate position must know something of his duty and perform it.

The starting-point of the covenanted civilian's

career is one for all men—an assistant magistrateship in a regulation district, or an assistant commissionership (of the lowest grade) in a non-regulation district. As an assistant magistrate and deputy collector he learns all the duties of those departments to which, in the ordinary course of things, he will have to devote the first ten or twelve years of his service. The promotion that he naturally looks for is from an assistant to a joint magistrateship, and then to a full magistrate and collectorship. During all these years he is a district officer, whose time is fully occupied with executive, revenue, and magisterial duties. He has mastered the penal code and code of criminal procedure. He has at his fingers' ends the details of the rent law, and is an authority upon most revenue matters, from the settlement of estates to the management of excise. He has undergone such a training as was required to make of him a commissioner of revenue or a member of the revenue board. But, unfortunately, his next promotion is not in the direction for which he is fitted, for the natural step from a magistrate and collectorship is to a judgeship, and as a judge he is called upon to exercise a knowledge of civil law that he does not possess, or to which at least he has served no apprenticeship. This change in the civilian's position is equivalent to the elevation of Mr. Knox from the Marlborough Street Police Court to the

bench of the Court of Common Pleas, and the anomaly of the proceeding is exaggerated by the fact that the new-made judge (a very neophyte himself) has to direct and supervise the work of uncovenanted subordinate judges who have spent the best part of a lifetime at judicial work.

But the sudden transformation of a revenue and executive officer into a judicial functionary is not the only objectionable feature in the normal sequence of a civilian's appointments. Another metamorphosis may immediately await him, and by the time that he has learnt something of the law and practice of his court and forgotten much of his revenue experience, he may be promoted into the revenue line once more as a commissioner. It is true that the civilian of second or third rate ability may end his career in a judgeship and give more than half his time of service to this particular branch, but it can hardly be desirable that experience should only be obtained on the district bench as a consort of mediocrity; and the movement that now favours the idea that the judicial and executive departments may be separated is one that must obtain consideration and support.

In the non-regulation provinces the system of training and promotion is less objectionable. The assistant commissioner early commences practice as a civil judge. He is a subordinate magistrate and collector like the assistant magistrate, but he adds to

his occupation in these capacities the duties of a subordinate judge. Promoted to a deputy commissionership, he advances in all branches. He is then a magistrate and collector with full powers and a civil and sessions judge with modified jurisdiction; and his next promotion to a commissionership gives him the position of a regulation district judge, with the authority of a regulation divisional commissioner of revenue.

Through all the grades to a judgeship or commissionership promotion falls to average officers with average regularity; but thereafter advance comes of powerful interest, or, more frequently, exceptional talent. There are some few highly lucrative and comfortable appointments, for which high-class ability is not commonly considered an indispensable qualification. An opium agency is generally believed to be an official harbour of refuge for a civilian whose ambition does not raise within him an objection to being shelved in a well-paid sinecure. The Board of Revenue has been more than once labelled as an asylum for intellectual poverty, although work of an important character is required of its members, and some superior men have found a seat there. But the higher appointments generally—the prizes of the service, such as the posts of High Court Judge, Member of Council, Secretary to Government, Chief Commissioner, and Lieutenant-Governor—fall, as a

rule, to those whose talents and energies have advanced them beyond the crowd.

Nor does it always follow that the young civilian goes steadily through all the grades that form the official scale above described. The man of more than ordinary capacity may strike out a career for himself before promotion in the regular course has fallen to him. He may be drawn from the ranks of the junior class to fill an appointment in the secretariat, or to occupy some other position in which he will have an opportunity of distinguishing himself in a field where there are fewer competitors for fame. And the man who has no special claim on the ground of official superiority may find it to his advantage to quit the regular line for some exceptional department, such as that of the Survey.

The mere fact of a civilian having quitted the main line of judicial revenue and executive work does not, however, incapacitate him for a return thereto when it is convenient to revert to the old path. It is not held to be an insuperable obstacle to the appointment of a civilian to a judgeship that the nominee has looked at judicial work only from the remote standpoint of the secretariat. It is believed to be possible that a civilian may make a thoroughly efficient chief revenue authority without having undergone any of the drudgery of subordinate offices. In short, it sometimes appears to be a generally

accepted principle that commissioners, judges, and others are, like poets, born to their position, and altogether superior to the necessity of professional training. The proposed separation of judicial from other departments will, when carried out, systematise more correctly the manner of promotion; but our present purpose is the description of what exists, not the consideration of what may result from future reform.

It must not be supposed for a moment that the civilian is underworked. In the great majority of instances he does a fair day's work for a wage that (climate, exile, and other disadvantages being remembered) is certainly not more than a fair equivalent. The actual time spent by judicial and revenue officers in cutcherry is from six to eight hours a day; and during that time the attention of the official rarely flags, while his hand is almost constantly employed in recording what passes before him. The piles of correspondence, the long reports, the carefully weighed *précis*, the intricate accounts, &c. that occupy those of the secretariat and heads of departments involve no slight amount of labour and thought. And to the district officer, whether he be in the saddle, on the bench, or in the writing-room of his bungalow, the affairs of his district are always present—a source of anxious care and toil.

Activity, promptitude, tact, and perseverance are

the characteristics of an efficient magistrate and collector or deputy commissioner, and his life from day to day is something in the following fashion. Up, like Anglo-Indians universally, by dawn, he takes his early breakfast (*chota hazri*) in the verandah, while his native subordinates (*moonshees* or *sherishtadars*) read to him the reports that have come in by the early post of the day or the late post of the preceding evening. Upon these he passes such orders as may be necessary, and then turns to such work—report writing, or the preparation of statements—as he may be able to do at home. Very possibly he has to devote some portion of the early morning to a visit to his jail or to some public work for which he is responsible, or he may have to ride several miles to make a local investigation called for by some case pending before him in court, or necessary for the purpose of replying to a question put by a superior official. Breakfast completed, he has to wend his way to cutcherry, and there give many hours to the hearing of revenue suits or criminal cases, or to the dispatch of the many duties apart from those of a dispenser of justice that fall to his lot. And it is well for him if there be not more work in the shape of report writing, or correspondence, or decisions, to get through after dinner. It is not every civilian who has to work as hard as this,

but few can afford to be idlers without abandoning all hope of rising in the service.

In the non-regulation provinces the military civilian competes with the covenanted civilian upon almost equal terms. From an assistant-commissionership to a commissionership he ascends the official scale in due sequence of promotion. So far, it rarely happens that a civilian proper passes over him in the ascent. And if, in his struggle to reach the higher appointments, the prize is more frequently snatched from him by a junior of the more favoured service, it must generally be conceded that he who forestalled him had some peculiar claim to the preference. That the blue ribbons of the service are to be won by the military in civil employ experience has fully shown: some of the most important posts in the country are held by them: and to them is consigned all but the monopoly of the diplomatic appointments. The onerous duties of the council, the secretariat, the postmaster-generalship, and other responsible offices of the administration have been imposed upon those whose weapon at the commencement of the battle of life was the sword rather than the pen; and, given the requisite qualifications, there are but few goals that the soldier may not hope to reach.

It is not without the preliminary ordeal of examination that the soldier enters upon a civil

career. To become a civilian he must enter the staff corps, and entrance to that body is only gained by passing an examination—varying in its character according to the nature of the employment aimed at —which is never so recondite as some of those that are used as tests for some other services, but quite searching enough upon all useful subjects. The examinee is not required to give the maiden name of William the Conqueror's nurse, or a detailed biography of the man who burnt the Temple of Ephesus. He is not called upon to parade a quantity of superficial knowledge which is mainly due to some system of mnemonics. But he must exhibit a substantial acquaintance with the native dialects, the law, and the history of the people he is to assist in ruling, and only when he has done this is he qualified for civil employ.

Besides giving civilians to the civil administration, the staff corps supplies officers to the Indian local army; and in thus providing a wide field for those who wish to make a career in India, the staff corps attracts to its ranks many subalterns from the British regiments. This fact is felt to be a grievance by some of the senior officers of Queen's troops. The newly attached ensign, knowing little of his work, is next to useless, and before he has well mastered the mysteries of the goose-step and platoon drill, he has learnt that India affords to the energetic

Englishman more lucrative employment and a greater chance of earning distinction than are to be discovered in the barrack or on the parade-ground. Before he is half a soldier he abandons his regiment for the staff corps: and the vacancy he leaves has to be filled by another to whom the goose-step and drill manual are yet unrevealed *arcana*. In the course of time provision may be made for keeping up the supply of staff corps officers without drawing upon the resources and reducing the strength of our British troops. Officers may be elected for Indian service by competitive examination, or reared in some new Addiscombe. But under existing conditions the evil complained of (if it be an evil) is inevitable; for, until junior officers were drafted from the British into the local army, there impended the dilemma (a dilemma to which Americans do not object) of having native regiments officered by only lieutenant-colonels.

Last of the three civil services is that of the 'uncovenanted.' It is the misfortune of this branch that it includes grades that are widely divided in every respect but those of the most importance. They are all uncovenanted. As far as this distinctive title is concerned, the commissioner of a non-regulation division, who performs all the duties of a covenanted judge and commissioner and receives a salary of 3,000*l*. a year, is one with the native writer

who copies papers mechanically and is liberally remunerated by 2*l.* a month. And more than this—for both of these (or at least for every gazetted, uncovenanted official) the leave and pension rules are the same; and for neither of them is any provision made by the Government table of precedence.[1] Nominally equal for all, the leave rules operate in the most unequal manner upon English and native uncovenanted servants. To the native it is easy enough to visit his home once a year when he takes the one month privilege leave allowed after eleven months of service; or he may spend two or three months of every second or third year at his home by accumulating this leave. To the Englishman it is only possible to visit his home upon longer leave, and, unless his health break down, this longer leave can only come to him after tedious intervals, and even then there is nothing singular as to its length. The amended rules of the other services permit the covenanted and military civilian to visit Europe, on favourable terms, after every four or five years; and they allow as much as three years' furlough at a time. The unamended rules of the uncovenanted give as the first instalment of leave, claimable of right, one year's furlough after ten years' service, *or* six months' leave on private affairs after six years' service; and this furlough, or

[1] By recent orders a distinction has been made as to leave rules of the higher and lower grades of the U. C. S.

private affairs leave, is alike for all the races (European, Eurasian, and native) of the uncovenanted body. The matter of precedence is one that might well be lightly heeded if it did not extend beyond social regulations. It may be galling to the pride of Jones *maximus*, an uncovenanted of twenty years' standing, to find himself with no recognised *status*, and see his brothers Jones *minor* and *minimus* (respectively a captain of ten and covenanted civilian of five years' service) rank above him in society. But it would be infinitely more galling to Jones *maximus* to find his younger brothers pass over him in official promotion; and such a disaster as this is not altogether beyond the bounds of possibility.

While the military civilian is not to be found in the regulation provinces at all, the uncovenanted is only to be discovered there at a disadvantage to himself. Up to a certain point, the uncovenanted advances in the non-regulation provinces stride for stride with members of the other services. In regulation districts he is an official helot—never rising above the dignity of a deputy magistrate or deputy collector or principal Sudder Ameer. It is true that in either of these capacities he performs most of the duties of his covenanted superiors. He has full powers as magistrate and collector and judge. His decisions have the same weight, and are appealable in the same manner as those of the covenanted

magistrate, collector, or judge. But he can never hope to arrive at anything like the position or earn the salary of his more favoured brother worker, unless he can escape to a non-regulation district.

It may be argued that those who enter the uncovenanted service adopt this career of inferior prospects with their eyes open, and that any favour shown to them must be granted to the detriment of the prospects that covenanted civilians have been led to believe their peculiar right. But there are many 'uncovenanted' who entered the service of Government at a time when it was universally believed that the uncovenanted service was to be materially improved, and even after an Act of Parliament had opened to all Europeans of a few years' residence and experience in India who possessed certain qualifications nearly every appointment in the country. In some provinces this law has been little more than a dead letter, but to the uncovenanted it is yet a dream of the future that this indulgent enactment may be brought into operation, and military officers in civil employ live in the same hope, with less reason to despair of seeing their hope realised.

And now for a few words as to the manner in which these services are employed in the civil administration of British India. Controlled in some measure and upon certain points by the Secretary of

State for India and his Council, the Viceroy and Governor-General, as the representative of the Empress of Hindostan, is the monarch—and to a great extent a despotic monarch—of our Indian possessions and its dependencies. India is too remote from Whitehall to admit of anything like constant or direct rule by the India Office. There is, as we have already tried to show, no public opinion as a local check upon the Government. And except that he has a council whose voice is often heard, the Viceroy is subject to little more control than the Satrap of Egypt.

Assisted by his ordinary council, the Viceroy determines all questions of policy that concern the empire, supervises the proceedings of governors, lieutenant-governors and chief commissioners, and, aided by his legislative council, frames laws for general application. It is not, however, absolutely necessary that every act of the Imperial legislature should be applied to every province; exceptions are of frequent occurrence, and governors and lieutenant-governors have councils of their own to frame a local code. To the legislative bodies non-official members —leading merchants, barristers, and others—European and native, are admitted; but the ordinary or executive council of the Governor-General is a select body, composed of one representative member from each of the provinces—Bengal, Bombay, Madras, the

North-West provinces and the Punjab—a financial, a military, and a legislative member; and the executive councils of the Governors of Bombay and Madras are exclusive bodies on a smaller scale.

In subordination to the Governor-General, lieutenant-governors and chief commissioners rule over the provinces committed to their charge. Upon chief commissioners the supervision of the supreme authority has a greater controlling power than that exercised upon other proconsuls. Upon many points, such as the appointment and promotion of officers, &c., the chief commissioner has to obtain that authority of the Governor-General that is not required in similar cases by a lieutenant-governor or governor; but even with these restrictions the power of the chief commissioner (over a population of, perhaps, eight to ten millions) is little short of regal.

Similarly subject to the direct control of the supreme Government are the residents and political agents at native States,—those diplomatic officers who, with a limited staff, watch and often direct the proceedings of the native princes of Gwalior, Hyderabad, and elsewhere.

In each province of the British dominions there is a court of final appeal and superintendence in matters judicial and civil. In the larger provinces the court is one of several judges. In the smaller provinces one judge, styled the judicial commissioner,

exercises these offices. So too in revenue affairs there is a chief authority, although widely differing in character. In Bengal and the North-West provinces there are commissioners in subordination to the chief controlling revenue authority—a board of several members. In Madras there is a board without commissioners. In Bombay there are two commissioners, who are also the board. And in the smaller provinces the commissioners look to a board which is represented by one member—a financial commissioner. In each province there is also an inspector-general of police, who is responsible for, and chief of, the whole constabulary of the many districts in his jurisdiction; and there are heads of other departments: inspectors of schools, customs commissioners, and others, who are paramount with their immediate subordinates, although immediately controlled by some superior executive or revenue authority.

Somewhat like that celebrated story of the house that Jack built is the description of official supervision. The assistant magistrate is looked after by the joint magistrate; the joint magistrate is a subordinate of the magistrate; the magistrate's commitments and appeals go to the judge; and the high court exercises authority over the orders of the judge. And it is the same with deputy collectors, collectors, commissioners, and board of revenue; and

with inspectors of police, assistant district superintendents, district superintendents, and inspectors-general.

To go into a detailed description of the system of governmental departments would be inconsistent with a work which only aims at painting life in India in its social aspect. It might prove tedious without being proportionately instructive to go into all the minutiæ of departments. And we therefore quit the subject of the rulers in India after briefly showing what are the salient points in the three civil services, and the most prominent features of the administration.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

In the good old days when India was only approached by the route struck out by Vasco di Gama (and those days were yet dawning considerably less than half a century since) the voyage round the Cape was a formidable undertaking, not to be thought of save when stern necessity made it inevitable. The eastward bound traveller of that time was, as compared with the modern specimen, an adventurous navigator like unto the Argonauts. Embarking at the East India Docks or Gravesend or Portsmouth, he had to abandon himself to a life on the ocean wave and a home in the good ship 'Bellerophon,' or what not (1,000 tons A1 for 13 years), for the next three, six, or nine months. It was with him much as though he took unfurnished apartments with the view of settling down for a reasonable period; his cabin was made over to him bare, and he adorned it with such articles as he pleased to place, or could find room for, therein. If of simple tastes, he contented himself with such

necessaries as a cot, washhand-stand, and chest of drawers—if of a luxurious turn of mind, he encumbered his small cell with many things that were not absolutely indispensable, and that were very much in the way in the first gale of wind. Sufficiently monotonous was this long sea voyage with its daily routine, the repetition of the routine of every preceding day for months. It was an agreeable relief to this monotony to see a school of porpoises or a stray dolphin. To speak some passing vessel was an adventure that afforded passengers and crew healthy mental occupation for several hours. And the chance of seeing land (even though it might be some uninhabited reef) was matter of anxious thought and curiosity for two or three days. There was certainly some degree of probability that the voyage would be attended by some incident that was not necessarily anticipated, but then the novelty was not always on the side of advantage. Adverse winds might take the good ship far out of her track, and give her a chance of making the intimate acquaintance of an iceberg in the southern seas. Becalmed upon the line, she might for weeks float upon the placid ocean an idle log—her sails flapping lazily against the masts. The victim of a storm, she might have to put into the Cape for repairs, and thus afford the passengers an opportunity of learning something of some of the

interesting races of Africa; or tempest-stricken, she might drift about the waste of waters until relieved by some ship sailing in her course, or sink—her tale of agony untold—out of the reach of aid and far from the sight of man, for ever.

It was a voyage that had to be prepared for with due forethought and deliberation. Far from the cleanly services of the laundress, the voyager had to depend entirely upon the resources of his wardrobe to ensure his occasional appearance in clean raiment. Six dozen shirts and other articles in proportion constituted a stock that had to be carefully and economically drawn upon until it was certain that the voyage would not be a singularly slow one, or until, the vessel putting in at some port, there was a chance of sending things to the wash. If he required soda water, or anything from Holloway's pills to œil de perdrix champagne that was not to be had of the steward, he was compelled to lay in such a stock as would carry him through. And, unless he possessed the sleeping power of a dormouse, he had to furnish himself with such a store of books, cards, chess paraphernalia &c., as would assist him in killing the time not employed in the regular and often repeated duties of eating and sleeping.

The society on board one of these marine prisons was guided by the strictest rules of precedence, and formality was often there more rigid than it was on

shore. The government was of a despotic nature, tempered (very badly tempered sometimes) by the peculiar characteristics of the captain. Captain by courtesy—master in point of fact—the skipper was a power in his own ship. To his right as the point of honour at the dinner-table was placed that lady whose husband occupied the uppermost rung of the social ladder, on his left sat the lady next in degree, and ladies of less importance had to content themselves with positions right and left of the chief officer and doctor. Though some were hardy enough to declare the captain to be only the master of a floating hotel, he was to the majority (including himself of course) a ruler whose smile gave pleasure and whose frown caused terror to all around. To those of the weaker sex he was a condescending companion who entertained them with agreeable discourse about various marine wonders—the sailing powers of his own craft, and so forth. To the youngsters of the male sex with fast proclivities he was a hard task-master, who ordered lights to be extinguished at a preposterously early hour, and threatened to put in irons those passengers who were sociably and innocently mutinous. The inhabitants of the saloon (cuddy more correctly) were as one family of which the captain was a foster or step-father, and the senior officers and doctors close relations; everybody knew everything (or pretended

to know, which was much the same) about everybody else, and nearly everybody quarrelled more or less with nearly every other body in a strictly family manner. Strangers met on board at Portsmouth to part at Calcutta dearest friends and forget each other most completely six weeks afterwards. Bachelors and spinsters wooed and were won—married at the Cape—and reached their destination as old married people whose honeymoon had long since waned. Half a dozen people who came on board with spotless fame quitted the vessel without a rag of reputation left. And successive batches of passengers upon parting with the captain softened his agony at losing them by presenting him with a testimonial in the shape of a small piece of silver, and a very long letter that represented him as being a happy compound of the skilful navigator and polished gentleman.

There are some few people who still attempt the long sea voyage between India and England. People who think they require a long rest to mind and body, and much sea air, occasionally patronise this route. But for the world in general the overland route is the only one dreamt of. A different affair altogether is this overland trip. Though a shirt-collar and tooth-brush would barely suffice for it, a man might very well attempt it with little more *impedimenta* than a carpet bag. To the overland

passenger it does not occur to have to think of furnishing a cabin—that is done for him. And the journey from port to port only occupying a few days, he finds repeated opportunities—at Malta, Alexandria, Suez, Aden, Galle and where not—of buying anything that may be necessary to his comfort.

Being on board an overland steamer the passenger finds none of that formality which distinguishes the sailing vessel. He is one of a large party occupying an hotel, and, whether count or cobbler, receives such accommodation as he pays for. There is no rule of precedence to indicate his position at the dinner-table. The only known law at that hospitable board, is, First come first served; and he who is first to come may take up any position (save those set aside for the officers) that he selects. To the purser he is a number, like a convict at Portland. To the stewards also he is a number: and to the captain he is nobody.

Very mixed is the society on board one of the P. and O. or Messageries Impériales steamers. Civilians and military officers of all grades, indigo planters, barristers, gentlemen (perhaps noblemen) of fortune who go out to seek amusement, gentlemen of no fortmne who go out in search of the root of all evil or the pagoda tree, tradespeople, Bengallee Baboos, Egyptians, and others, are thrown together in a state of cómplete confusion out of which they

may extricate themselves as best they can. There is A.——the High Court Judge—a judicial dignitary of high standing and mature age, doomed for two or three weeks to sit between B. and C.: B. being a youthful mechanical engineer who drops his aspirates, eats peas with his knife, and loves his beer not wisely but too well; while C. is a young subaltern who is utterly insensible to all civilian distinctions, and recognises only as worthy of his respect the gallant 151st to which he belongs and the rules of whist which he practises. There, again, is D., wine merchant and general dealer (retail vendor of hermetically sealed provisions, cheroots, tobacco, oilmen's stores, children's toys, Birmingham jewelry, &c. &c.) in Calcutta, who, all unknown to European fame, has passed in England as a merchant prince; there is the unfortunate D. located next to an old customer who erst while returned to him sundry bottles of a fluid which he had sold as claret, but which, upon examination by the purchaser, had proved to be more closely allied to vinegar than to any other marketable commodity. And so it is throughout. The several passengers become, as it were, a pack of cards in which there is little difference between the king and deuce; chance cuts them; and the purser deals them with very slight regard to where they fall.

Not altogether luxurious are the accommodation and entertainment of the overland steamers. It is

not absolutely agreeable to be one of four occupying a four-berth cabin in which there is barely room for two to stand upright at one time, and certainly not more than enough space for one to perform his toilette. It is not always particularly pleasant dining in a P. and O. steamer saloon where, flanked on either side by the cabins of passengers, one is kept keenly alive to one's position by the wailings of teething infants and sea-sick adults. To feel perpetually the vibration or pulsation of screw or paddle, and smell incessantly the combined essence born of the engine room and the galley, can hardly be considered the most pleasing employment of the senses of feeling and sight. Nor are matters improved by undergoing these experiences in the worst season of the Red Sea, when it is agony to wear the most ethereal garments and an anxious task to keep one's self reasonably dry and as far removed from fever heat as is possible. But then, whatever our discomforts may be, the journey is comparatively soon over, and the philosopher accepts his sufferings with resignation, knowing that the end is not far off.

To post a letter in London on Saturday the 1st that shall be delivered in Bombay on Thursday the 20th, is a fact that may be accomplished now, though half a century since a missive was on its way as many months as it now is weeks; and the passenger, by good luck, may be equally expeditious.

Three years ago the passenger leaving London on Friday night (1st), was at Marseilles on Sunday morning (3rd). If not impeded by luggage he snatched his hand portmanteau and hat box from under his seat in the railway carriage, jumped into the first well horsed cab waiting outside, and got on board the steamer while the mails were being taken in. Leaving Marseilles on the 3rd he in all probability arrived at Alexandria on the 8th. The journey across the desert is an affair of twelve hours, and on the 10th he embarked again at Suez. Touching Aden early on the 15th, he found himself at Bombay on the 24th, and possibly on the 23rd.

But this does not represent the most rapid communication now possible; and (setting aside the dream of the Euphrates valley line and India's great iron way, that is to bring England and her great dependency within a few days of each other), the existing route may speedily be very materially shortened and improved. The route by Brindisi occupies two days less than that by Marseilles, and it is quite possible, by improved running on the French and Italian lines of railway, to make the saving more substantial. The route by Trieste is also shorter and similarly susceptible of improvement. And the hope is not wholly vain that within a reasonable time rail communication may have still further superseded the services of steamers westward of Alexandria.

On the side of India greater facilities of internal communication are necessary, and in some instances have been projected. While the mails for every province of India go in the first instance to Bombay, the means for distributing them are very far from satisfactory. Those for Bengal, the North-west Provinces, Oude and the greater part of the Punjaub, pass from Bombay through Allahabad (the capital of of the North-west Provinces). The distance from Bombay to Allahabad is 977 miles, and is accomplished by rail in thirty-six hours. From Allahabad the Bengal mails go south-eastward, and those for Oude and the Punjaub to the north-west. The 544 miles from Allahabad to Calcutta are traversed by rail in twenty-eight hours. The greater distance to Lahore, in proportionately good time.

But then, there are but few branch lines of rail ready for traffic, and not any adequate number seriously contemplated. Tracts of country as large as England are yet to be found in India destitute of every vestige of an iron way; and journeys of several hundred miles have yet to be undertaken by some method of progression that has passed out of the memory of the Briton in England. Nor can it be said that the main lines have by any means done what might be expected of them. A link is yet wanting in the chain that is to connect Bengal and many important points; and a great many links are

required to complete the connection between Madras and Bengal. From Calcutta, Madras is best approached by sea: a letter sent overland from one capital to the other could only be expected to arrive in twelve to fourteen days, and the traveller who attempted this route might never be expected to arrive at all.

Returning to the consideration of the overland journey, we will describe some of its principal features in respect of Eastern experience. It is at Alexandria that one obtains the first glimpse of oriental life. Here, as it were, east and west meet and struggle for mastery. In the European quarter, the west (principally represented by France) is paramount. In the bazaars Asia and Africa predominate. The whole place is a jumble of the scenes favoured by Haroun Alraschid, and those happy streets in Paris in which three houses out of four are cafés. The peculiarities that first suggest themselves to the newly-arrived visitor are dirt, heat, and fleas; those that immediately follow are the ascendancy of the French in Egypt, and the frequency with which you come upon natives who have less than the normal number of eyes or fingers. The canal possibly explains the former; the conscription fully accounts for the latter. Military service under the banners of the Pasha does not meet with the approval of all the Pasha's subjects, so, as all

who are physically competent are liable to be called upon to serve, it is a common practice with these ingenious people to put out an eye or amputate the trigger finger. One-eyed calenders meet the wayfarer at every turn, and it is hardly credible that ophthalmia (prevalent as this disease is) has caused the loss of vision in so many instances.

In the European quarter one is forcibly reminded of *la belle France*. The principal thoroughfare might be taken as an abbreviated edition of the Rue de Rivoli, with the gardens of the Louvre (on a small scale, and without the Louvre itself) in the centre, instead of on one side. Light-hearted Gauls and Italians, who never seem to have any particular duty to attend to—unless playing dominoes and drinking *eau sucrée* constitute a profession of Alexandria—sit day and night inside or outside the câfés that line the street, or saunter up and down in front of the shops that are kept by more Gauls and Italians. Towards the evening these light-hearted and lightly-worked people may change the scene of their occupations, and go down to other câfés upon the shores of the Mediterranean; but the occupations remain unchanged, and the murmur of the summer sea is chorussed by the rattling of dice and dominoes and the clinking of glasses used for the irrepressible *eau sucrée* and lemonade. At night *cafés* and *caffès*, *casinos*, and *cafés chantants*, tables for roulette and

other games (facetiously called by the proprietor' games of chance, but dreary certainties in fact), are open till midnight. And the traveller who only saw this phase of Alexandrian life might well be in doubt whether he were not back in Marseilles once again.

But going into the native portion of the town the scene is completely changed. Hereaway one mixes in a crowd that represents nearly every known nationality, and might be drawn upon very satisfactorily to furnish a museum of living ethnological specimens. Here one is jostled by a Nubian; there one runs against a Turk. There are around us people of every quarter of the globe—as far as language is concerned the tower of Babel is here paralleled—and the study of mankind from China to Peru might be here accomplished by standing at a street corner and allowing the mob to move past one. Standing at a corner however would be an undertaking of a somewhat formidable character. The bazaars are narrow passages, the roadway between the rows of houses being so confined that the inhabitants on either side can, without much difficulty, hold converse and shake hands (supposing they ever did such a thing as shake hands) from opposite balconies; they are thronged by every description of man, and many varieties of animals; flies swarm above and upon every object animate

and inanimate; the nature of many articles that crowd the open shop-fronts are peculiarly objectionable to the sense of smell; and the complete absence of any sanitary or drainage arrangements makes the air as disagreeable as it is unhealthy. The people of Asia and Africa seem to enjoy it sufficiently, *malgré* all these defects. They hang about the shops where are sold the *kabobs* that one associates in one's 'Arabian Nights' readings with black peppered custard tarts (very nasty lumps of roasted goats' flesh skewered together these *kabobs* are in truth); they linger fondly about the fruiterers', where grapes, green figs, melons, pomegranates, &c. tempt the passer-by much as Proserpine was tempted on her first visit to a sultry clime; they crowd about the vendors of cherry pipestems, *narghilles*, fezzes, tobacco, and other articles, and are to all appearance as happy as they are dusty and perspiring.

Here at Alexandria the overland traveller may, for the first time, hear the muezzin sounding from the mosque top the call to pious Moslims to come and pray. Here he sees the Mohammedan, heedless of passers-by, kneeling on his prayer carpet (spread in the open street) and praying to Allah as the sun dips in the western horizon. Here are Egyptian and Turkish ladies of the harem walking through the bazaar and peering through the eyeholes of their

thick veils upon a world that sees in them only waddling masses of many-folded linen mounted upon preposterously large and clumsy boots. Here are those Janissaries whose duty it is to keep the peace and arrest offenders, and who act in both respects with an efficiency equal to that of our own policeman X, who 'runs in' helpless bank clerks on the look-out for a cab in the Haymarket, but too often fails to 'run in' some individual whose idiosyncrasies have led him to break into a silversmith's, or to arsenicise a father and mother, six children, a cook, a housemaid, and a maid of all work. Here is the cadi on his donkey, and here one may well fancy dear mooning old Alnaschar with his basketful of glass, and many other of the *dramatis personæ* introduced by the inventive Princess Scheherazade into her series of tales without an end.

Leaving Alexandria, the route over the desert to Suez formerly passed through Cairo, and the overland passenger relieved the tedium of the journey by a visit to the Pyramids and Sphinx, and took a good deal of violent and disagreeable exercise upon a donkey of the Sahara. A little more than 13 years ago the journey across Egypt was accomplished in omnibuses upon a small scale, and two wheels, that were supposed to carry six passengers each, and that certainly inflicted as much corporeal punishment

upon the unhappy half-dozen as the human frame is calculated to bear without serious after-consequences. The escape from Egypt was as difficult an undertaking to the overland passengers of those days as it was to the Jews when they effected their exodus from that land of bondage. When the steamers were at all full, the rush for a good place in the vans was something like the struggle for a front seat in the gallery of a London theatre on Boxing-night; the heat to be endured in the vehicles was often a very painful novelty to the uninitiated Englishman; it was far from certain that the conveyance did not upset or break down half-way between two stations; the refreshments to be obtained on the journey were bad of their kind and, in the case of fluids, much adulterated by flies; and flies other than those offered with soup, tea, beer, &c. assailed the wayfarer generally in such numbers as left no doubt as to the failure of any effort made to eradicate that one of Egypt's ten plagues. The time occupied in this pleasant excursion varied from fourteen to twenty-eight hours. The passenger who started in one of the first vans that left Suez or Alexandria had the advantage of being drawn by four fresh horses or mules, and obtained fresh relays at each changing station. To him the journey was a matter of fourteen hours. But the unfortunate who went in one of the vans that started last, found at each stage relays of animals that had

been used before, and accomplished half a mile where the earlier traveller got over a mile.

At the present time Cairo is left several miles from the line of railway between Alexandria and Suez, and the journey across occupies about twelve hours. Although the improvement in point of speed is not all that could be desired, there is a material increase in comfort and certainty of arrival. 'Sooth to say the Egyptian railway is neither the fastest nor the best conducted line in the world; and it might be true to say of it, that it is the slowest and worst conducted. From the senior traffic-agent to the fireman, none of the railway employés appears to consider expedition, regularity, or punctuality of the slightest importance. Officials in fez and blue frock-coat make a show of issuing and collecting tickets, starting trains, and so forth; but it is a grim pretence of business after all. It is not at all indispensable that the passenger should have a ticket, for no one of the officials would exert himself sufficiently to take steps against a passenger travelling without one. It is quite a lottery whether luggage entrusted to the traffic department is ever seen again. And as for the trains keeping time, it is hopeless to expect that, when the engine-driver may stop the train for half an hour to run back and pick up his fez that has blown off. Sometimes the train goes at a reasonable pace that leads one to hope that it has

settled down to its work in a business-like way; then it will suddenly go off at double express speed, that must result in running off the rails were it to last for any time; and then it will subside into a quiet jog-trot of four miles an hour, that admits of the train being accompanied by Arabs, male and female, who offer for sale hard-boiled eggs (the eggs often containing boiled embryo chicks), unleavened bread, and fruit; and carry on their traffic with perfect comfort to themselves while the train is in motion.

But, although much cannot be said for it on the score of expedition as compared with English ideas of railway travelling, the line between Alexandria and Suez answers its purpose reasonably well, and is satisfactory enough to those who look upon it as a temporary arrangement that may be immediately superseded by the employment of the canal route, and ultimately by some superior and more direct railway system. The managers of M. Lesseps' great work promise that steamers as large as the fine vessels of the P. and O. Co. shall be passed from the Mediterranean at Alexandria into the Red Sea at Suez in ten hours; and if this can be accomplished, the passage from England to India will be shortened by nearly one day certain (the saving of time now occupied in unshipping and reshipping mails, passengers, and cargo), and made many degrees less troublesome than it now is.

At Suez, there is little or nothing to see except the works of the canal, and there is not always time to look at these. Embarked again at this point, the overland passenger has the worst part of his pilgrimage immediately before him; the Red Sea passage has to be accomplished before he shall reach wider seas and fresher breezes: and he prepares to meet the exigencies of the occasion accordingly. During the cold-weather months, the Red Sea loses its terrors; and at other times the fortunate traveller may meet with a stiff head-wind that keeps the temperature down to a reasonable point; but for the best part of the year this portion of the overland journey is attended by heat that can hardly be experienced elsewhere upon the terrestrial globe. Few who undergo this trial can venture to dream of sleeping below. Everybody wears the lightest garments that he or she possesses, and as few of them as is consistent with conventional ideas of dress; and in spite of every device to keep cool (or as little hot as possible) it occasionally happens that the Red Sea becomes the tomb of some one or more struck down by apoplexy or some other cause arising out of an excessive temperature.

Though Aden is not an Elysium in any way, the arrival at that port by the outward bound passenger is hailed with delight as the sign that the Red Sea has been passed. As for Aden itself, nothing more

dreary could be imagined as the abiding place of civilised humanity. Bare rocks facing the sea and, beyond, the desert constitute the physical features of this penal settlement for a handful of British troops. Close to the tanks, and not very far from the cantonments, there is a small garden—the evening promenade of the Aden exile—which is kept in artificial verdure when water is to be had for irrigation purposes. Elsewhere the eye searches in vain for a blade of grass. The few trees and shrubs grown in the garden are planted in mould brought from the interior on camels. A rainfall—even a summer shower—is a phenomenon that visits Aden at rare intervals. Sometimes a period of three or four years elapses without rain; and the large reservoirs built to hold the fresh-water supply of the place are often as dry as the rock around. These reservoirs are the only lion of Aden. They are seven in number, and of immense capacity. But they are often useless, and failing the stock they should contain, the inhabitants have to satisfy themselves with the best substitute that is to be obtained by distillation from sea-water. The voyager who lands at Aden derives but little gratification from his run on shore. About the only way in which he can amuse himself on land is buying ostrich feathers, and these, supposing that he requires them at all, may be just as well bought on board. There is no

decent hotel on the shore or near the landing place; the only caravanserai within reach being a miserable pot-house, where no nectar is to be had other than tepid beer and inferior spirits, and no Ganymede appears save a dirty half-breed, who so far approaches, as to his costume, the Olympian ideal, that he has upon him neither coat nor waistcoat, collar, shoes, or stockings. There are vehicles that may be obtained on hire should any one require them, but it is difficult to see why the overland traveller should wish to take a drive over a stony road to see a succession of stony landscapes; and the conveyances — miserable equipages that would have been considered clumsy and discreditable two centuries ago — do not of themselves offer any peculiar attractions to induce any one to hire them.

As far as Suez the course of the overland travellers whose destinations are Bombay, Calcutta, Galle, Madras, China, and Australia, is the same. But from Suez those who are Bombay bound depart in a steamer especially appropriated to them, while those for the other ports remain in company as far as Galle. At Galle the steamers for China and Australia absorb the contingents due to them; and thereafter the residue of passengers is disposed of successively at Madras and Calcutta. At Suez first, and then at Galle, occur those partings that are so

heartrending at the time and so speedily forgotten. Young ladies, who have in six days formed a friendship with other young ladies that is to last for ever, separate at Suez with the avowed determination of corresponding by every possible opportunity, post letters to each other at Aden, commence new epistles, that are never to be finished, directly they have left Aden, and almost completely forget each other before the end of the voyage. Engaging, but unengaged spinsters, who have formed a sentimental alliance with youthful ineligibles of the other sex, exchange vows of eternal regard at Suez, suffer nearly as much from heartache as from heat in the Red Sea, recover appetite and spirits in the Indian Ocean, and are engaged to a general, or collector, or merchant, or anybody of mature age and substantial income within the quarter. And among the sterner sex, Orestes wishes good-bye to Pylades, having given to his friend of a week a pressing invitation to come and look him up at his sheep-farm in Australia, and accepted one to spend a week or two with Pylades at his station under the Himalaya. But, then, these romantic and short-lived friendships are not peculiar to the deck of a P. and O. steamer or any other craft.

After leaving Aden the man who is bound for Bombay makes straight for his destination, but he who goes to Calcutta or Madras has to pay Ceylon a

visit before he touches the shore of India. A few hours spent in Galle are not wholly thrown away.

The place is pretty and characterised by a wealth of tropical verdure that may never be seen elsewhere. The view from the deck of the steamer is remarkably picturesque: on the one hand, a bay fringed by forests of cocoa-nut palms, and on the other the town coming down to the sea, with the sea wall of the fort in the background, and in the foreground the wooden pier and ridge of rocks that stretch into the harbour. While at Aden the only local amusements were being cheated in the purchase of ostrich plumes or throwing small silver pieces into the sea alongside the steamer for the Arab roughs to dive for, there is here at Galle a very much more extended programme. If our proclivities are in the direction of commerce, we may buy precious stones, or stones that should be precious considering the value placed upon them, jewelry, ornaments in tortoise-shell, carved ebony, and other articles, that aim more at the ornamental than the useful. There is no occasion to go on shore to purchase these things, for within an hour of the steamer's arrival the deck becomes a busy mart, and active Cingalese drive a brisk trade with no better counters than the skylights, the benches, and the planks upon which we tread. There, are exposed diamonds from Golconda, set in virgin gold, and valued at one or two hundred

pounds; and there, too, are exhibited diamonds from Birmingham, set in virgin copper, thinly gilt, that are offered for two or three pounds, and may be bought for as many shillings. There, are the dealers in the other knick-knacks above described. There, are hard at work the money-changers, who take every possible advantage of the stranger in the matter of exchange. And there, are the eager traders in ices, fruit, parrots, and other local produce, who force their wares upon you until, in self-defence, you submit to the trial of eating one or two very indifferent strawberry creams, or ransom yourself by accepting for future use a few melons, pine-apples, plantains, or green parrots.

On shore there is an excellent hotel, kept by a limited company, where you can get a very tolerable table-d'hôte dinner, at a table that can accommodate over one hundred people; and where there is a very good bar for those who patronise the cocktails, slings, pick-me-ups, I.O.U.'s, corpse revivers, &c., of America, or the simple brandy and soda of England and the Anglo-Indian. And he who leaves the steamer may amuse himself for an hour or two by visiting Wakwalla and the cinnamon gardens. Wakwalla is a small garden house, four or five miles from Galle, whereat, sitting in the shade of a grove of cocoa palms, you may eat ices and consume other refreshments (including the milk of the green cocoa-

nut), while you admire the view stretched out before you. The house is upon a small hill, the ascent of which, over a road thickly strewn with stones (boulders rather than pebbles), is a work of labour and time; but the approach to it is through such scenery as well repays the excursionist,—now through a wilderness of palms, then by the sea shore; now through some picturesque village, imbedded in a mass of foliage, then through a range of small but splendidly wooded hills,—and the height of Wakwalla once gained there lies stretched out below a panorama of river, hill and plain, that feasts the eye far more satisfactorily than does any of the Ceylon refreshment feast the inner man. But even in this scene of beauty the trader of the island is present. Here again are offered for sale those jewels that owe their origin rather to the imitative skill of Birmingham than to the riches of Golconda: here may be purchased canes and walking-sticks of cinnamon, camphor wood, coffee, &c.; and here, as indeed everywhere else in Galle, bunches of grass tied together with one or two wild flowers (supposed to be bouquets), or other articles of equal intrinsic value, are held to be marketable goods, which the visitor is bound to invest in. In other words, a large section of the Galle native community is composed of men, women, and children who cover their real profession of begging, and its collateral trade

stealing, with a flimsy cloak of trading: and members of this class look upon the newly landed overland traveller as a victim whom it is especially desirable to prey upon, and follow him over the place accordingly.

The spicy gales of Ceylon are so much a matter of notoriety that a considerable amount of interest is necessarily felt in the cinnamon gardens. Ancient mariners have always made a point of sniffing the aromatic zephyrs wafted to their ship from Ceylon—over many a league of sea. Novices, under similar conditions as to position, have done their best to believe they smelt cinnamon and spice and all things nice when directed to do so. And the spicy gales, born of Ceylon, to be met with in the Indian Ocean, have been, and are, as much an institution in all poetry and some prose as the burning mountains of "Afric and India's coral strands. Strange to say, however, the overland passenger who goes to Galle falls in with none of these perfumed breezes. The odours of the engine-room, the hold, and the galley have it all their own way on board as the steamer rounds to her moorings, and continue to predominate while she is in harbour. Going ashore the passenger escapes from the odours of the steamer, but he searches in vain for those of the spice gardens, and when, at last, he goes to the cinnamon gardens themselves, disappointment is his portion. He ex-

pected to find a wilderness of odoriferous shrubs—a labyrinth of tangled sweets; he discovers, in fact, a desert of gravel walks with here and there a small oasis covered with a sickly cinnamon or barren coffee shrub. There are cocoa-nut palms in abundance to be sure, and there are other specimens of tropical vegetation, but nothing is to be seen of such an extensive plantation of spice-bearing trees as would justify the title of cinnamon gardens or in any way account for the spicy gales aforesaid.

In point of fact, Ceylon is not, as far as the soil is concerned, so richly productive as is often supposed. Vegetation is rank enough and to spare in this small tropical island, but rice and cocoa-nut trees are the only useful specimens of vegetation that can be said to flourish, and the commissariat of the European residents is often uncertain and generally dependent on external supply. Butchers' meat is frequently a luxury that can only be obtained at considerable cost; nor is the scantiness of ordinary provisions compensated by such luxuries as oysters, brought from a point half-way between Galle and Columbo, birds'-nest soup, or seaweed pudding.

Having traced the overland route from Marseilles to the last port touched before leaving India, we may leave those passengers who are bound for Bombay on the one hand, and Madras or Calcutta on the other,

to pursue their way, unattended by us, from Aden and Galle respectively.

Accepting it as a fact that a crowded P. and O. steamer is all mankind's epitome, let us see how the overland passengers spend their time during a sea voyage of three or four weeks. As we have already hinted, eating and drinking consume a considerable portion of the day. Tea or coffee and biscuit at six; breakfast at nine; lunch at twelve; dinner at four; tea at seven, and supper at nine. These are the meals of the day, and at the moderate average of half an hour each, they dispose of three hours of the twenty-four. Sleep occupies a still more prominent position in the day's programme. Lights are extinguished in some vessels soon after ten, in others soon after eleven, and the passenger left in the dark has seldom any inclination to remain awake at night. Then there is no particular inducement to get up early in the morning to witness the operation of washing decks, and, finally, the gentle languor that attends digestion, combined with the brain-churning action of the screw or paddle, induces occasional siestas after breakfast, or tiffin, or dinner, or all three, as the case may be. Allowing that the passenger gets up in time to secure his bath before breakfast (i.e. in time to stand waiting for his turn an hour or so) it may be assumed that he gets through from ten to twelve hours in a state of complete or partial somno-

lency; but even taking the longer period and adding thereto the three hours employed at meals, there still remain nine hours that have to be disposed of, and we will endeavour to show how the society of an overland steamer conducts itself during these wakeful hours.

Of course, at the time of leaving Europe the passengers are to a great extent strangers to each other. The old Anglo-Indian, returning to the sunny land of his exile, has consulted the list of passengers beforehand, looking for well known names, and being on board glances round to see if there is any face that he recognises. To the Anglo-Indian of some few years' experience it very rarely occurs that he does not know some of his fellow-passengers; but to him or her bound eastward for the first time it may well occur to see none but utter strangers around. Jones, the Collector of Bubblinuggur, has gone on board cheered with the thought that his old friend Brown, captain in the Ahmedabad Irregulars, is down on the list as a sharer with himself of the delights of the P. and O. steamer *Jubbulpore*; and as soon as Brown and Jones get together they proceed to find out who everybody else is. It does not necessarily follow that their combined information should be infallibly correct, but the chances are, that between them, they know a good deal about half the people on board, and that before the termination of the journey they know as much as they

care to ascertain about all. For instance, while yet at Marseilles or Southampton, they have detected in the pseudo Captain Podgers—a person of ultra-military appearance, exuberant moustache, and peculiarly belligerent swagger—a travelling agent for Messrs. Cape and Druggit, wine merchants, whose only connection with the land forces of his country was that which he enjoyed as corporal of a volunteer corps of two rank and file, a drummer and five officers of various grades. Then Brown points out Lieutenant Filer of the 44th Dragoons (a gentleman whose loudness of voice and monopolisation of the conversation might be tolerated were he a Charles Dickens, and all his fellow passengers holders of extreme back seats in St. James's Hall), and breaks it to Jones that Filer was a 'ranker,' and that having been promoted from the ranks, Filer makes himself a public nuisance in his attempt to assume a gentlemanly ease for which his only training has been in the barracks and canteen. Further, Jones proceeds to point out certain civilians of various degrees and provinces, who are more or less known to him; while Brown reciprocates by indicating those officers of British regiments, native corps, or civil employ, with whom he has any acquaintance, or whom he knows by sight. But then even an old stager such as Jones *may* be mistaken, and, for example, call attention to a dressy

individual of oily demeanour as 'a very nice gentlemanly young fellow, you know'—'probably a young civilian of Madras'—when in truth the nice person alluded to is only an apprentice going out to mix drugs and retail tooth-brushes, &c. in a chemist's shop in Calcutta.

But doubts as to the identity of fellow-passengers are to a great extent cleared up in the course of a few days. The steamer-atmosphere ripens acquaintance with marvellous celerity: and people who never met before in their lives when first they were brought together at Marseilles, become, before they reach Alexandria, sworn friends or ardent lovers. How very rife intimacy becomes in the genial air of the Mediterranean may be best judged from the following little episode of real life.

There are seated at the saloon table of a steamer, in the Red Sea, three persons. One is a man of mature age, loud voice, and unparalleled assurance, who is going out to India, leaving a wife in England; another is a younger man, with much the same qualifications of voice and assurance but no wife; and the third is a damsel of twenty summers, and *not* too prepossessing appearance, who is proceeding to India for the first time, to marry there upon her arrival the husband of her choice. But what is the improving conversation in which this interesting trio are engaged for the benefit of themselves and

about a hundred other passengers? Is the senior of the party acting as Mentor to the others—pouring out words of wisdom, the reasonings of the philosopher, or the consoling dogmas of the pious Christian—to which the younger ones reverentially listen? They have all just parted with those boardship acquaintances who from Suez take their course in another steamer, and for the philosopher and preacher alike there exists the opportunity of speaking about the vanity of human wishes, the evanescence of human joys, and so forth. But are the members of this trio moralising in this sort? Not a bit of it! Rather it should be said that they are immoralising; for all three, led by the grey-headed *pater-familias*, are talking about the objects of their flirtations on board the steamer they have left. The married man bewailing his lot at having been parted from a young spinster who might have been his daughter as far as age is concerned; the bachelor bemoaning over his separation from a married woman who was on the way to join her husband; and the fair *fiancée*, who looks forward to being united to one man in the course of a fortnight, talking much sentimental twaddle about that unkind fate which sunders her from another man whom she never met with until within the last fortnight, and who has no more idea of marrying her than he has of liquidating the national debt.

Happily acquaintance does not often ripen to such purpose, or conversation assume such a tone as is above described. Wives going out to India to join their husbands, or coming home from India to join their children, and girls going out to marry men to whom they are, or hoped to be, engaged, constitute no small section of the overland steamer community. But the former are generally too wrapt up in domestic matters to give their whole attention to a flirtation, and, at all events, too prudent to talk about it; while the latter, even supposing they had the inclination, are generally too well watched by some lynx-eyed chaperone to have the necessary opportunity. But the exigencies of the voyage inevitably bring about some degree of intimacy between many passengers of both sexes who were strangers but a short time before, and we will see how, being introduced to one another, the passengers combine for the general entertainment.

Few are the voyagers upon that Eastern route who are adventurous enough to propose any active amusement in the early portion of the day, Before breakfast the ladies do not appear, and up to that time those of the male sex are sufficiently employed in struggling for their bath and through their dressing performances. After breakfast ensues a period of calm repose, wherein it is necessary for the smoking section to indulge in a cigar or pipe, while the other

section dozes over a novel or a piece of fancy work. Lunch brings this period to a termination, but, possibly only to inaugurate a new *régime* of pipe, cigar, novel-reading, and general drowsiness. But after dinner, and sometimes after lunch, people think of what is to be done to amuse themselves after a gregarious manner. Croquet played with flat discs instead of balls is introduced for the exercise and relaxation of the fair sex; and quoits, bowls, and bull answer the same purpose (besides stimulating a little quiet gambling) with the ruder sex. Quoits, it may be observed is the land game, only that the quoit is a circular piece of rope, and the object aimed at a pail. Bowls is nothing but the nine-pins played on shore; and Bull is a game the players in which try to score a certain number (50 or 100) by throwing leaden discs covered with canvas into squares that are numbered 1 to 10. The bull-board is however, divided into twelve squares, and, while the numbers 1 to 10 occupy ten of these, the remaining two squares are occupied by a bull's head. The bull's head squares are two of the easiest to be made, and the result of making them (i.e. of lodging the disc in either) is that 10 are taken off the score of the thrower. These are the recognised athletic sports of the P. and O. steamer—these are to the Anglo-Indian voyager what the cestus and the chariot were to the young patrician athlete of

ancient Greece—and it only occasionally happens that they are interlarded by games calling for a greater display of energy or strength.

Cards, backgammon, chess, &c., have their votaries and victims here as elsewhere in the world. Old Dr. M'Gillicaddam will sit down and play backgammon for sixpenny points with man, woman, or child for any number of hours between 10 a.m. and that untoward moment when the lights are put out for the night. Dr. M'Gillicaddam and cautious men of his stamp have been known to almost pay their passage-money out of their winnings—working their passage, as it were, by throwing doublets—but there are many less careful gamblers to whom this tortuous method of winning sixpence does not commend itself. There are generally in a crowded steamer two or three whist parties, who sit down occasionally between noon and dinner, and invariably (Sundays excepted) during the postprandial period. There are steady old players to whom a revoke or a misplayed card is an offence of a far greater character than any recognised by the penal code—uncomfortable people who criticise the play of each hand as though it were a newly published novel, asking why that lead in hearts was not returned—that queen pressed—or trumps led—with as much solemnity as if upon the solution of the question depended the welfare of Europe or the solvency of

the Bank of England. The whist-players of this stamp play in an atmosphere of religious silence, and whether the points be the gold mohurs of the Bengal Club or shillings, think of nothing but the game in hand. Then there are whist-players of quite another calibre—happy gamblers, who look upon the scientific game much in the same way as they do *vingt-et-un*, and, trusting the game to Fortune and four by honours, combine card-playing with all the delights of conversation and *badinage*. To men of this class, however, whist is not always as acceptable as loo or some other round game that involves no pretence at great mental exercise; and so one finds them collected six or eight strong for a turn at Fortune's wheel. As long as the hand of Fate holds them up out of the slough of complete insolvency, grouped together in some secluded nook on the fore-castle or quarter-deck by day and in the saloon at night, they play loo (unlimited) for points that vary from one anna (1½*d.*) to four annas (6*d.*). Men of all ages and very varying means may be there. Colonel A. who can afford to throw away 200*l.* sits side by side with young Cornet B. who cannot afford to lose twenty shillings. C. joins the party with a pocketful of gold and silver taken from his cash-box, D. is there with a pocketful of cards for writing I.O.U.'s upon, his cash-box containing no medium of exchange more substantial than his own paper.

And it is observed after a few days that some of the loo party retire from the contest and thereafter are models of economy who defy the allurements of the lotteries, &c. in which nearly everybody joins, and deny themselves every enjoyment not furnished by the steamer—from a run on shore at one of the coaling stations to a bottle of soda-water.

That form of gambling which is most general on board these steamers, is that of lotteries. An hour or the day of twelve hours is divided into parts equal in number to the number of subscribers to the lottery: each subscriber draws a ticket whereupon is written one of these fractional periods, and he who draws the time at which the anchor falls or the engine stops at the next port, wins the sweep. As the steamer approaches the next port a good deal of excitement exists among the sporting community as to the determination of the question of time. The fall of the anchor of the P. and O. steamer *Bumbulpore* might be the running of Pero Gomez and Pretender for a 2,000 guineas match, so keen is the anxiety displayed by betting men in respect of it. Now A.'s time is considered the favourite period, and A. is offered, but refuses, many times its original value. Five minutes later A.'s period is out of the field and has no market value whatever, even to B. who has bought up more than half the tickets, and stands to win 10*l.* or lose 20*l.* And so on to the

fatal moment when the anchor falls and the lottery is won; as likely as not won by somebody who was made, *nolens volens*, to take a ticket—who has never exhibited the slightest interest or hope in the result, and who is now calmly sleeping in his berth altogether unmindful of the windfall that is his.

But games fail to interest or occupy all—novels and magazines cease to be peculiarly entertaining when read a second time; and, accordingly, as soon as the chill of British insular reserve has been worn off, some of the passengers make attempts at combining for the public amusement. There may be (there often is) a piano on board—an instrument that is principally dependent for its approach to concert pitch to the invigorating effects of sea air—and, given the piano, some one is sure to start the idea of having music—perhaps a regular concert—perhaps a ball. It cannot be said that the music is always of a very high order. Christy Minstrels mostly prevail. There is a good deal of 'Just before the battle, mother,' and 'Beautiful Nell' melody. The audience hear quite as much as could be desired, even by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, of the interesting men and brothers, and women and sisters, who used to grow cotton in the Southern States of South America, but who now (happy examples of the beauty of liberty) do nothing but vote the ticket and drink fluid as

much like pure alcohol as they can get it. But there may be other music. The passengers may have their minds elevated by selections from operatic gems. They may be told in the words of the poet Bunn, and to the music of Balfe, how 'When other lips and other hearts' do something or other (what we do not rightly remember), 'then you'll remember me;' and, being told this in a feeble and uncertain voice that ascends to a high note with a screech and falls upon a low one with a gasp and groan, feel that they certainly will remember the vocalist for some time. Or, if fortunate, they may really hear good music pleasingly executed. But on the outward voyage mediocrity generally prevails. One man is as good as another, if not better, when nobody's powers are known, and everybody gives himself his own character. Mr. A., who being asked if he can sing, replies that he can a little, has a voice which is a happy compound of the humming of a blue-bottle in a narrow necked bottle and the groaning of a stone roller upon a gravel path. Miss Z., who also describes herself as singing a little, possesses that amount of musical talent that enables her to pitch upon a true note about once in a bar. And as no one can very well say that he sings more or better than a little, Mr. A. and Miss Z. start fair with an amateur Santley or Nielsson. Once at the piano there is no reason why the male A.'s and fe-

male Z.'s should not retain possession against all the talent of the world. On the homeward voyage there is more chance of the performers being known and less probability of female mediocrity being exhibited. Mr. A., who used to say that he sang a little, has in the course of ten years' Indian experience been driven to the conclusion that he cannot sing at all; and Miss Z. (now Mrs. A. and the mother of seven children) has quite superseded her employment of singing by the more useful though less romantic one of making bibs and mending infantile garments. But outward bound the field for the exhibition of discord or harmony diluted is a boundless prairie, and instances have been known of a grand concert taking place on board one of these vessels, the programme of which contained some two to two and a half dozen pieces vocal and instrumental, while the combined talents of the dozen performers would not give a musical result equal to the qualifications of the bass drum in the Covent Garden orchestra. It may be that the concert is got up in aid of some charitable institution—some useful object such as the relief of the widows and orphans of shipwrecked sailors, or some questionable piece of benevolence such as providing the beardless and bootless Andamanese with shaving brushes and Warren's blacking—but it does not always follow that the hand which is open to charity is accompanied by an ear that is deaf to

sounds of torture; and these concerts are, therefore, sometimes failures.

A ball is not so easily contrived on board one of these steamers. Skylights and other fixtures interfere with the progress of dancers, and the captain and quartermaster have generally anti-Terpsichorean views that regard the extinguishment of the lights at the regulation hour as incomparably superior to the idea of keeping up the giddy waltz or melancholy quadrille far into the night. Besides, there is generally a difficulty as to lady partners. On the outward voyage, young ladies who are engaged do not care to dance, because the Charles or Harry, to whom they speed, may not approve of such a proceeding. Young ladies who are not engaged avoid this lightsome exercise because mamma has forbidden it, or because it may militate against the realisation of some Charles or Harry who is yet an ideal. And while of the married ladies, many who *can* dance, will not: it often happens that most of those who *will*, cannot. On the homeward voyage the difficulty is the same though presented in another form. Here it is not ordinarily the objection raised by some Charles or Harry *in esse* or *in posse*; but the living and present obstacles of some half-dozen duplicate copies of the once ideal: the ladies are almost all wives, and many are grass widows; but to the majority dancing has ceased to be a possibility—ill-health,

the cares of the nursery, the veto of the absent husband prevent it, and though Ensign Pipps (who can dance everything from a minuet to a cellar-flap break-down, but cannot write half-a-dozen lines without as many errors of orthography) may persuade two or three giddy spinsters to whirl round the deck and break their shins in his company on the outward passage, he cannot cajole a dance—cajole he never so wisely—out of the ladies who are turned westward ho.

But theatricals may be attempted with more hope of success. There are often stowed away in the hold of the overland steamer some relics of bygone stage festivities—a proscenium, a scene or two, some miscellaneous scraps of wardrobe, and odds and ends of properties, that remain as evidences of the fact that former voyagers have attempted to propitiate Thalia and Melpomene. Not unfrequently the doctor or the chief officer, or the purser, is a theatrical planet of the first magnitnde in the amateur celestial system, quite ready to make the necessary arrangements for starting a temporary theatre, provided that he has it pretty well his own way in the management. But, failing this theatrical talent among the ship's officers, it is generally found that some five or six of the passengers are (from their own modest estimate of their capabilities) just so many Garricks or Listons, Tooles or Sotherns who only

require practice in prominent parts to bring out dramatic powers that shall electrify the world. Unhappily they have not had the desired opportunity hitherto. Captain Flats, who has been an amateur performer ever since he joined his regiment as ensign, has never been cast by the manager of his regimental *corps dramatique* for any part more honourable than that of 'a corporal of the guard' or a footman with two lines to speak and seventeen exits and entrances to make in silence. Lieutenant Grooves, with slightly superior qualifications, has only been permitted to undertake a miscellaneous and generally useful line, ranging from the young walking gentleman in a very tight frock coat, very white trowsers and a very brilliant necktie, to the heavy father, who persists in wearing the habiliments of his grandfather, who always carries a walking crutch behind his back, as if he were perpetually trying to put it into his pocket, or practising difficult billiard hazards with it, and who infallibly winds up the farce by blessing everybody and giving away two or three million sterling. And Mr. Drop, Deputy Collector of Bubblighar, has only been admitted to play third-rate parts upon the stage of Bubblighar, simply because the limited nature of Bubblighar society made it inevitable to have him or nobody. But Flats, Grooves, and Drop, among strangers to whom their capacity is unknown, are leading spirits

in the theatrical department. They talk knowingly of by-play, stage business, and the rest of the stage technicalities, and are all ready to cast any play in which they are allowed to assume the leading rôle. Strangers are completely deceived by the glibness of these theatrical impostors, and accede to their proposals with little or no demur. Generally, the pieces selected are those farces of Maddison Morton's that are almost invariably written for one player — the *dramatis personæ* consisting of one character for Buckstone or Charles Mathews and three or four dummies that, except for the accident of having to speak occasionally, might as well be played by marionettes. Flats will select 'Cool as a Cucumber,' and cast himself for Plumper, and unless Grooves or Drop be present to dispute this fiat, Flats will carry his point and drive the audience mad by his insipid rendering of a part that the greatest histronic power can only make tolerable. For amateurs of the Flats tribe believe implicitly in the Mortonian farce. The fact that many works by that playwright are nearly the fac-similes of several others does not disturb the faith that Flats places in them. Flats goes on repeating those trite quotations, 'in my mind's eye, Horatio,' &c., that occur so frequently, or reiterates those oft recurring jokes that turn upon some mutilation of the Queen's English, without feeling that they ever pall upon

himself or can possibly pall upon other people. When Flats in a condition of stage excitement, having to say 'pork chops and artichokes,' speaks of 'hork chops and partichokes' and then hurriedly corrects it into 'chork pops and chartipokes'—Flats believes that he has uttered something that is an exquisite jest; and is disappointed if everybody does not see it in the same light. But an audience composed of overland passengers is generally an indulgent one. It is hardly possible to deal otherwise than leniently with an actor who rehearses 'Cool as a Cucumber' in the Red Sea when the heat makes the very mention of coolness a hollow mockery; and where there is so little of amusement it is something like entertainment to laugh *at*, if we cannot laugh *with*, the players who strut their hour upon the stage of the steamer.

In this wise is beguiled the time occupied in the journey between Europe and India, and though our remarks have been more directly aimed at the outward bound voyage they are to a great extent applicable to the homeward trip also. There is a marked difference in the character of the living freight of the eastward and westward bound steamer, but the nature of the daily life of the passengers is just the same whichever way the prow may be directed. On

the outward as upon the homeward vessels there are many men of from ten to twenty years' Indian experience whose Eastern career is not yet completed; but while on the outward passage the remainder of the party are mostly young ladies going out to be married, and young men full of hope in the resources of the yet untried East, we find on the homeward journey that the remnant is composed of sick wives, sorrowing widows, crying children sent home for education, and men of mature age who have left India for ever. But saddest of all the sights that can be seen on board a homeward bound steamer is that of some invalid—some soldier of civilisation who has been struck down in the struggle against that insidious foe climate—brought there on the bare chance that he may survive the voyage and, England once reached, recover. It may be that the invalid is a wife who has lingered too long by the side of her husband, or a father who has stayed on, contrary to all medical advice, that 'one year more' that kills so many who might, flying in time, live for some time to come. Brought on board, the only chance for her or him is that sea air will bring some degree of strength before the Red Sea is reached. In the Arabian Sea, in the Bay of Bengal, and in the Indian Ocean, fresh breezes fan the wan and sickly cheek, and the heat is rarely excessive. But passing

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